

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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## THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

BY JOSEPH P. REED.

PERHAPS a few words descriptive of how I got to the Valley of the Amazon may be useful to entice the reader into the valley itself, for it is of such vast proportions, not only in size, but productions (stories included) that I am inclined to the belief that unless we get the reader well on his way before he realizes the fact, and show him how it is possible for him to go and do likewise, he may reach the conclusion that it is all

a fairy tale, as in truth it is and always will be—a fairy tale. There is a line of comfortable, strong, well-built American steamers, one of which sails from New York city every month, that for a consideration will agree to feed

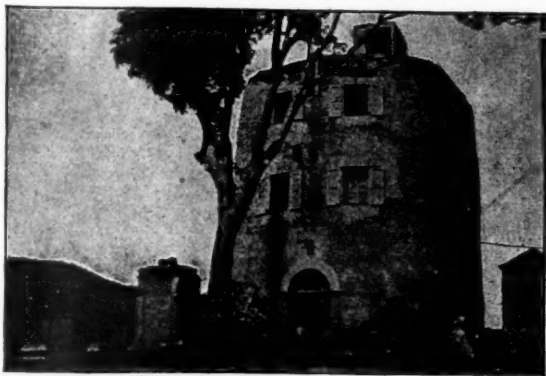
and house you and to carry you across the Gulf Stream, through the Windward Islands, and up the Amazon River seventy miles to the city of Pará, Brazil.

I took this trip once, and taking it once was like eating lotos in Egypt. I took it again and again, and if I had the time to spare I would take it still again.

To one who has always lived in a Northern climate the change from New York to St. Thomas or Martinique is wonderful, but the Amazon is still more

wonderful. We left New York a few days before Christmas, wearing heavy clothing and big overcoats. In three days we could hardly find any clothing thin enough to keep us comfortable, and when we found the people at St. Thomas getting ready for Christmas by trimming the houses and churches with evergreen and pine-trees it seemed so ridiculous that we had to go and ask the captain if it really was Christmas down there in the

summer-time. The captain laughed, and told us Christmas came but once a year and so did summer, but summer lasted three hundred and sixty-four days longer than Christmas. This was his way of telling us we were in the



BLUE-BEARD'S CASTLE, ST. THOMAS.

land of perpetual summer.

The most remarkable thing about St. Thomas to a stranger is the fact that most of the boys seem to live under water, for long before the steamer was secured at the coal wharves she was surrounded by countless small black boys with nothing particular in the way of clothes to interfere with their summer gladness, who kept shouting for "*silver*." I saw a man who had evidently been there before toss a dime out into the bay,

as far as he could throw it. In an instant there were not less than twenty boys diving for it. I threw away all the small change I had, bought all the steward had, threw it away, and even saved all the change I got ashore and threw it

once "cobra no good, Massa, can't see," and in fact they can't; the silver being bright shines and flashes, and, owing to its flat shape, sinks very slowly they can get it without trouble, but the dark copper cannot be seen under water at all.

"COBRA NO GOOD, MASSA."



away, but not a piece could I get to the bottom.

No matter how far, or where I threw it, some little black fellow got it before it reached bottom. After I first ran out of silver I tried them with a few copper pennies I had, but they all shouted at

There were plenty of sharks in the harbor, but as Mrs. Aleshine said, when she put on her black silk stockings, "They are very particular and don't like black meat," they do not seem to pay any attention to the little divers nor they to the sharks.

The Harbor of St. Thomas, or more properly speaking, Charlotte Amelie, as that is the official name of the town, is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. It is almost land-locked, surrounded by high hills with the town at the end of the bay and an old-fashioned fort at the entrance, with the ruins of two old towers on either side of the entrance, one called Blue-Beard's and the other Blackhead's castle. There are romantic stories told of each, but if we tarried here too long we might miss the steamer and the great Valley.

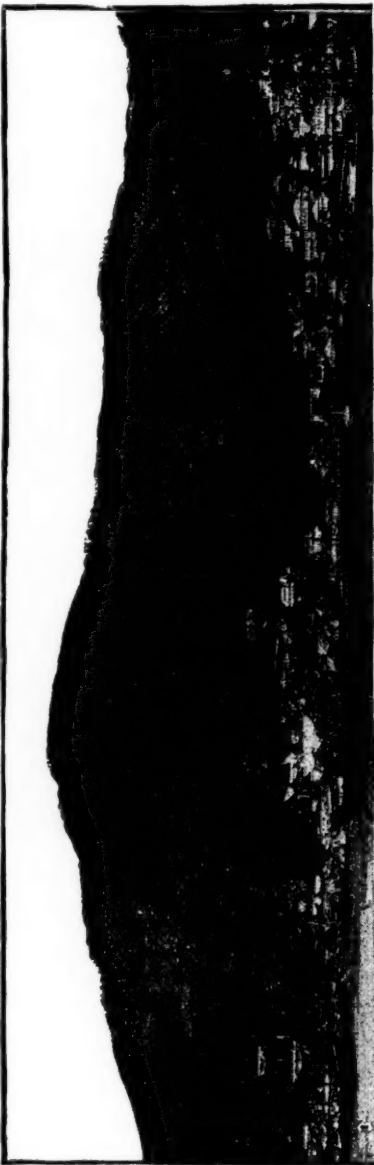
After leaving St. Thomas the run past the other islands is something to remember for the rest of one's life and longer if you can.

It was during the full of the moon that I first made the trip, and if I had been sentimental at all I can't imagine how I ever could have gotten back to this country.

I am not able to describe the beauties of the white sand that covers the bottom of a large portion of the Caribbean Sea, with water so clear that you can see it and all between; so why should I attempt to write of this glorious summer country at all, except to give facts and figures, and even they are hard to comprehend.

If the average human intelligence could realize the value of figures—figures alone would serve to show that the Amazon Valley is the most extraordinary and extensive valley on earth. To say that the area drained by the Amazon River and its tributaries is variously estimated as from two to three million square miles carries no definite idea save to the mathematician. One must contrast, one must make comparisons with other great areas of territory before the proper sense of wonder and amazement has been aroused. The Amazon Valley, then, is not only larger than the basin of the Mississippi, the basin of the Danube, the basin of the Nile, the basin of the Hoang-ho, but it is larger than all of these immense basins put together. The Amazon Valley is not only larger than the area drained by the Mississippi—but, if we accept the larger estimates, it is as great as the great coun-

try in which the great Mississippi River forms only one of many side shows—it is



THE CITY OF ST. THOMAS FROM THE STEAMER.

as great as the whole United States of America.

You see it is a very respectable bit of

property to which we now propose to call your attention.

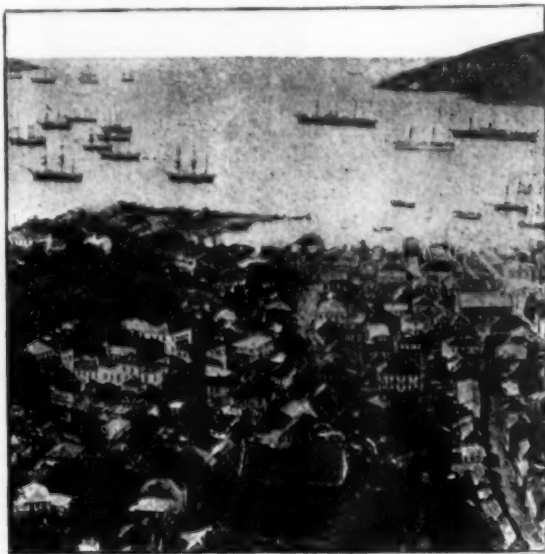
Perhaps with reminiscences of your school days—the good old days when you loved your geography—you would like to have it bounded? The Amazon Valley, then, stretches from the Atlantic shore on the east to the foot of the Andes on the west, and from the highlands of Guiana and Venezuela on the north to the table lands of Matto Grasso on the south. It has an ocean, you see, on one side and a wall of mountains on all the

tween the beginning of the valley and its end is so great that the flora of the one differs as much from the flora of the latter, though both are in the same latitude, as the flora of Canada differs from the flora of the West Indies.

The basin of the Amazon has been compared to a shallow trough lying parallel to the equator, the southern side having double the inclination of the northern, and the whole gently sloping eastward.

The channel of the magnificent river which traverses it, and gives it its name, lies not in the centre of the basin, but somewhat to the northward. Thus the hills of Almeirim rise directly from the river, while the first falls of the Tocantins, Xingú, and Tapajos are nearly two hundred miles above their mouths; the rapids of San Gabriel, on the Negro, are one hundred and seventy-five miles from the Amazon while the first obstruction to the navigation of the Madeira is a hundred miles further from the river toward which all the tributaries tend.

So mighty a system of river and tributaries is unknown to any other portion of the globe. We are wont to brag that the Mississippi is the greatest river in the world. We call it proudly the Father of Waters. If by greatest we mean the longest, we can only prove it by taking it in connection with its chief tributary, the Missouri. But in every other respect the Amazon exceeds it. So wide is its channel that the influence of the tides is felt in it at a distance of more than four hundred miles from its mouth, whilst the volume of water which it pours into the sea is so great that the river current is distinctly perceptible in the ocean for more than two hundred miles from the shore, and even in the



THE TOWN AND HARBOR OF ST. THOMAS.

others except the north, where, in the rainy season, the waters of the great Orinoco River and the north branch of the Negro meet or start from the same points.

But the greater part of this region is not so much a valley as an extensive plain. Careful statisticians have estimated that the average slope from the mouth of the Napo to the ocean is not more than one foot in five miles, and the slope is quite gradual. Nevertheless, though the slope appears to be so inconsiderable the difference in altitude be-



great estuaries the water is hardly brackish.

The region drained by the Amazon and its tributaries is covered with vast forests, full of the most magnificent vegetation. "If," says Humboldt, "the name of primeval forest can be given to any forest on the face of the earth, none perhaps can so strictly claim it as those that fill the connected basin of the Orinoco and the Amazon." The tangled depths of these forests are almost impenetrable by land, on account of the enormous growth of climbing and creeping plants that choke the way. Even the daylight rarely enters. Palms, leguminous trees, and giant grasses flourish in great luxuriance. Along the river banks are many valuable timber trees, whose wood is remarkable for hardness, tint, and texture. But the very profusion of the vegetation offers a bar to the progress of civilization. The Amazon Valley is probably, with the exception of the Polar zones and the African deserts, the most thinly-settled region known to geographers. There are not more than sixty thousand souls in all outside of the few cities, and this population is almost entirely confined to the circumference of the Valley, and there only on the banks of the rivers. And by a curious paradox, these people living in the midst of the greatest forests in the world import much of their building timber from North America, while some of the steamers lately introduced on the rivers find it cheaper to consume American coal than to burn the wood which grows so abundantly on every side.

An infinitude of beasts, birds, and insects, many of a variety unknown to our clime, swarm in these regions. Perhaps the most permanent impression made on the mind of the traveler is that made by the butterflies. Nowhere else are they so large, so beautiful, so multitudinous. Sometimes a velvety black

and green, sometimes a delicate rose or a vivid blue, they flash along in the sunlight, or gleam in the cool verandas, or else in the forest alleys you watch them flitting around like wandering



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AND WHARF, PARÁ.

flower-petals. Many of them measure as much as seven inches across their outstretched wings, and, as these wings are often silvery, often spotted with gold, they emit a sudden dazzling flash with every flap as they come sailing on—a flash that can be seen for a quarter of a mile away. Besides butterflies there are large moths, which, both in look and action, resemble humming-birds. And there are genuine humming-birds also. When the orange trees are in bloom both the humming-birds and their mimics may be seen by scores, whirring about the trees, darting from flower to flower, poisoning themselves just long enough to probe the tubes in search of the sweetness which they exhale.

Strange to say there are few song-birds. Almost the only one is a small brown wren, whose sweet, plaintive tones are most frequently heard in the rainy season, when a few trees shed their leaves, as if announcing that the melancholy days had come—the saddest of the year.

Not many other noises heard in these regions are musical. The harsh cry of the cicada, the drum and scream of the tree-frogs, are the chief sounds by day, except when a flock of parrots fly over you, and at night the imitative jaguar reproduces the notes of other birds and beasts which in the daytime intermittently vary the chorus of the cicada and the tree-frog.

Specially interesting to the naturalists are the columns of ants that may be met with moving among the dense thickets, the main body throwing off foraging parties, and the whole vast army stopping now and then to concentrate its efforts in despoiling some rich citadel—perhaps the papery nests of wasps built in low shrubs, perhaps some mass of rotten wood abounding in insect larvæ; and then the army marches on, laden heavily with its spoils. Now and then, however, arrived at a sunny nook the word of command seems passed for a "halt" and a "stand at ease." The military discipline is suspended for a moment, while some of the ants dress

What is called the umbrella ant is a most interesting creature when on its travels, for each one seems to carry a small sunshade over its head just as a summer-girl would at the shore on a hot afternoon, and, as they always seem to travel in bands of several thousands, the sight is a striking one to say the least. For a long time no one could tell why they did it, but at last it was discovered that they used the leaf of a particular plant only, and only at certain seasons of the year, and then by careful observation it was seen that they dried these leaves for food for their young, and so they were only laying up supplies with their proverbial industry, and, by the way, the ant, mosquito, and flea are the only things that are industrious in the tropics, but they make the average good for all the others.

Quite as interesting but less pleasant is the blood-sucking bat, which attacks the tip of the toe or the tip of the nose, wherein it affixes one long tooth as a resting point and whirls silently around, boring a hole, while with the soft fan-

ning motion of its wings it gently lulls the victim into a deeper slumber. Then there are spiders, spiders of monstrous size and enormous appetites, some that spin webs wherein they catch the small birds upon which they prey, others that crawl into the human skin, and irritate it to a frightful pitch, sometimes even causing death. There are centipedes also, and scorpions, repulsive enough in appearance, though their bite is seldom dangerous. And then there are winged insects in great variety nearly all of which have



LOADING THE STEAMER AT ST. THOMAS.

themselves, and others dress each other—one stretching out each leg in turn to be washed or brushed by its friends, the antennæ coming in at the end for a friendly wipe.

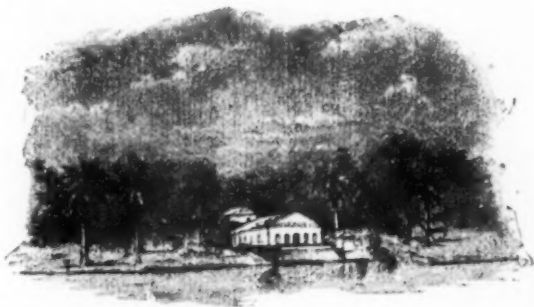
either a sting or a bite. There is our dear old friend the mosquito—a great many of him indeed, some varieties working by night while others by a beautiful provision of nature relieve them in

the daytime. In the middle Amazons and especially on the Marañon River in the rainy season, these pests make life intolerable. A traveler once experimented upon himself, and found that by letting the mosquitoës have their own way he lost three ounces of blood per day. Well may the Ticuna Indians give these blood-letters the name of Ah! There is also an engaging creature called the Pium or sand-fly, of small size but so numerous and so vicious that it is a formidable rival of the mosquito. Its bite leaves a small circular red spot on the skin which is sometimes aggravated into a spreading sore. These are only a few of the poisonous insects which make the middle Amazons an undesirable neighborhood, and are sufficiently prominent in other portions of the valley to be heartily disliked. On the mountains jiggers and fleas abound, particularly near the Pacific Slope, where if you attempt to sleep in any Indian hut, you will be glad to pick up the wretched remains of your body long before morning dawns.

Such attacks as these form the chief danger of the Amazonian traveler. From wild beasts there is little to fear. On the Amazon the jaguar indeed is heard roaring during the night, and leaves his footprints in the sand around the traveler's encampment, but he rarely attacks a human being without provocation. The cayman lurks about the bathing places of the villages, on the lookout for prey, but he is a cowardly brute who takes ignominiously to the water if a bold front be presented; and the great water boa, or anaconda, occasionally seizes on a baby for a victim, but his preference is for the lesser animals.

The ordinary boa is kept in many of the huts and houses as a pet for the purpose of killing rats, mice, and the small animals that are so numerous, for cats and dogs cannot live (at least not long) on account of the many fleas that make life too great a burden.

And who inhabit these strange regions? Various races, whites, Indians, and negroes, and the mixture of these three in varied proportions. No prejudice exists against those who show marks of a mixed



ON THE BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

strain; indeed the cross of black or Indian blood seems so general that it is considered bad taste to boast of a pure white pedigree. Nor indeed have the whites in most cases any special reason for arrogating superiority, the lower Portuguese immigrants adopting the indolent habits of the Indian and Indian half castes with great success. All the races seem to think more of their religious festivals than of anything else. These are very numerous, and some of them last for nine or ten days; their most important feature apparently consisting in getting drunk on hot rum and ginger in honor of the saints. In most other respects the inhabitants of the Amazon Valley generally possess at least a negatively good character. Acts of violence and dishonesty are rare, and morality is no lower than that of other tropical countries. Among the Indians the status of womanhood is very low. The men hunt, fish, and row, but leave all other employments to the women, even to carrying on board the boats all the necessary accoutrements, including oars and paddles, and this takes us back to the very origin of the name bestowed upon the great river by its first European navigator Francisco Orellana, because of "bands of armed women," so described by him, whom he saw along the banks of the river through-

out a great tract of country. In reality the women then, as now, carried these arms in their capacity of attendants upon their husbands, who were then as their descendants still are the lords and masters of their wives. In no part of the world are women more completely subject to men than here, and there is a curious sarcasm in the name the "River of the Amazons" which Orellana thought so neatly appropriate.

The most valuable commercial products of the valley are Brazil nuts and india-rubber, and in the collection and shipment of these consist the main industry of such whites, Indians, and ne-

will realize its immense capacities for trade and commerce, and enter into a dazzling industrial future.

Pará,\* the chief city of this great valley, is a place of intense interest to a Northerner for many reasons. The first thing that attracts your attention on arriving in this Amazonian city is the great number of *zipalotes* (vultures) that blacken every church spire and house-top, and look down upon you with meditative air, as if speculating how soon you will be likely to make a meal for them. Should you be so unfortunate as to fall dead in some sequestered spot unnoticed of the living, be sure they

would find you out in the twinkling of an eye, and in an incredibly short time prepare your clean-picked skeleton to grace some doctor's shop. A heavy fine is imposed for killing one of these huge carrion-birds, and were it not for them your chances of life in this locality would be appallingly diminished, since they do more than all the city fathers toward keeping this hot,



"THE STREET OF MERCHANTS," PARÁ.

groes as care to work—a very small proportion of the population. But indeed the resources of the country have been most curiously neglected. Partly, of course, this has been owing to the reactionary policy of the Brazil government, which has not been inclined to allow any privileges to foreign enterprise and foreign capital. All this is now at an end. Steamboats ply along the Amazon and some of its tributaries. The eye of the speculator has been fixed upon this modern Eldorado. It is to be hoped that within a very few years the country will be opened up. At the touch of steam, settlement, and cultivation this magnificent river and its vast water-shed

undrained, vile-smelling city in a state of comparative cleanliness.

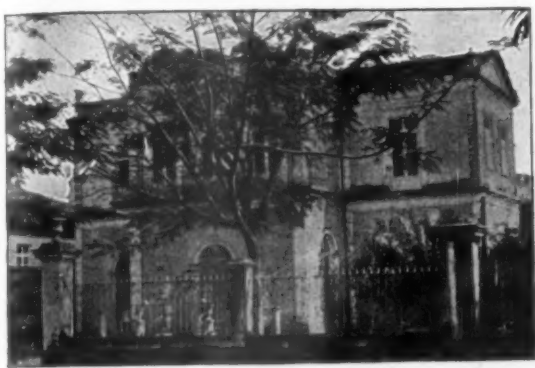
Naturally the next thing you notice is the picturesque custom-house, for thither you must go immediately upon landing, to the rescue of your luggage. A fine old church and convent have been appropriated to this ignoble use, and in the shady cloister-garden with its wealth of graceful, long-leaved plants and thorn-crowned heads carved above every arched doorway, you undergo the customary tussle with suspicious officials. The next move is to seek an abiding place, and you

\* Pronounced with the accent on the last syllable, and with the long sound of a as in father.

will probably take everybody's advice and go to the Hotel do Commercio, which is in reality the only decent one

the coin of the country, the charges seem absurdly high, 7,500 reis per diem to each person—until you remember that

that sum represents only about \$3 of our money, and that you are enjoying all the comforts of a New York hotel, with the luxuries of the tropics thrown in, away off here on the Amazon River in the interior of Brazil, within a hundred miles of the primeval, untrodden forest. In Pará the fashionable time for promenading is early in the morning, between *de sayuno* (bed-room coffee) and the regular eleven o'clock breakfast. There is much more bustling activity than one expects to find in a



A CITY MERCHANT'S RESIDENCE.

in the place, although the name of the others is legion. Ascending some worm-eaten wooden steps, you are shown to enormously large, but bare, apartments which remind you of town halls, but which are redeemed from ugliness by the awning-shaded French windows, each opening on a little balcony.

The tiny balconies, in which it is safe to say that all your time in-doors not devoted to eating and sleeping will be spent, overlook an inner courtyard gay with flowers and caged song-birds and screaming parrots and chattering monkeys and turbaned house negresses—a typical Brazilian "interior" of which one never tires.

When minded to seek the dining-room you find it deliciously cool and clean, its long French windows also opening upon flower gardens, with sanded floors, white cloths, white china, and white-aproned Mulatto waiters, French cooking, and fruits that have attained absolute perfection, especially pine-apples, which grow to enormous size, and are served in ways we have never seen before. Reckoned in

tropical city, especially along the wharves, for scores of steamers come and go every day—not only those plying up and down the Amazon, supplying the river towns with all the necessities of life, and bringing away the multitudinous products of the interior, but ocean ships, direct from Europe and the United States, and from other ports of the Southern continent, so that Pará enjoys more trade than any other South American city.



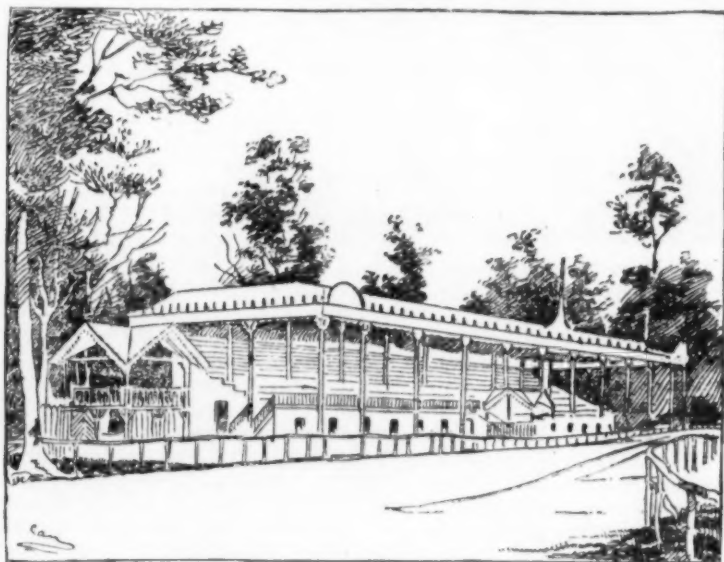
A SUBURBAN STREET, PARÁ.

The foreign ships carry away enormous quantities of India rubber—the staple product of this part of Brazil—besides



hundreds of tons of Brazil nuts, fine cabinet woods, sugar, cotton, cloves, rice, sarsaparilla, farina, cocoa, annatto, isinglass, piassaba rope, turtle-egg butter, and other queer but valuable commodities. Speaking of cabinet timbers, some of the choicest varieties in the world abound here as commonly as pine at home—not

back, called the Rua dos Mercados ("Street of Merchants"), contains all the retail shops; and so on to the limits of the town. A tramway runs down the middle of this Rua Mercados and the two-storied buildings on both sides are painted in all the colors of the rainbow and covered with gaudy advertisements,



THE GRAND STAND AT THE RACE COURSE.

only tulip, mahogany, ebony, cedar, laurel, etc., but many kinds of jucaranda (rosewood), the rare and beautiful tortoise-shell wood, zebra-striped moiracoatidra, violet-tinted paola santo, golden-brown nao de arco, intricately-mottled tuyo, and a hundred others whose names I do not know—all of which are being rapidly introduced into the United States for the inner finishings of rich men's houses, mosaic floors, wainscots, etc.

One knows exactly where to look for everything in Pará, for there is an especial "quarter" devoted to each branch of trade and stratum of society. The first and second streets running parallel to the anchorage ground are devoted to the wholesale stores, ship chandlers, banks, and consulates. The third street

the goods hung in long streamers and otherwise arranged with a view to decorative effect, so that the whole street seems to be draped with flags and pennons.

The street cars are drawn by two small mules, and the conductor (often a woman), blows a horn continuously to let people know of the approach and to warn all carriages or other vehicles to get out of the way.

The merchants used to live above their stores, in the good old Portuguese and Spanish style; but that fashion disappeared a few years ago, and now all the well-to-do reside in another part of the city. All the wholesale establishments remain closed every afternoon, for the merchants consider the hours between

sunrise and eleven A. M. quite sufficient for business purposes and spend the rest of the day in their flower gardens, sipping coffee and smoking cigarettes with friends who saunter in and out.

So far as comfort is concerned, the afternoon is the best part of the day in Pará—when it does not rain. The mornings are extremely sultry; what wind there is blowing from the westward, laden with the humid, sticky fogs and malaria of the tropical lowlands; while in the afternoons ocean breezes blow. The rainy season, however, extends over two-thirds of the year, and heavy showers fall in the afterpart of the day, accompanied with terrific thunder and lightning, which render the nights cool and pleasant, but reduce the unpaved streets to reeking quagmires. Though variable, the climate of Pará is not unhealthy—for South America. To the credit of the zipalotes, be it said that yellow fever has seldom invaded the place in the malignant form, but tertianas (intermittent fever), hardly less to be dreaded, invariably follows the nine months' rainy season, and small-pox is present the year around, often in epidemic form.

The general appearance of Pará is like that of most Brazilian cities, with some points of difference. There are the same white-washed or pale-tinted walls, with red-tiled roofs, narrow streets

laid out on the checker-board plan, and innumerable churches and plazas. But these public squares, unlike any others I



THE CITY OF NAZARETH, A SUBURB OF PARÁ.

have seen, do not appear to be used by the populace, being pathless and overgrown with rank grass. The houses, too, have

their peculiarities. All are large, and many are very pretty, covered with blue and white tiles, and surrounded by palm-trees and strange shrubs. Here the distinguishing feature is the veranda. As in Bahia, it is the jalouse or latticed balcony, every house being surrounded by them, outside as well as in. "A veranda inside the house?" you say. Yes; because the house is built around a patio, or central courtyard, and the wide veranda that surrounds its inner walls overlook this

unknown, but hammocks are hung everywhere, in parlors and halls and dining-rooms, and along the whole length of the veranda, to catch every breeze that is blowing, so that any number of unexpected guests can be "slung up" in a single house without inconvenience. Except in the most expensive residences the front rooms only are ceiled and latticed windows are much more common than glass.

Another thing that strikes the stranger

is the peculiar appearance of the people as compared with those he has seen in other parts of the country. The regularly descended Portuguese and Africans, of course, do not differ greatly from their brethren and sistren in other parts; but there are few here, while the Indian race predominates. In Pará, as in no other city, the aboriginals of Brazil may be seen, both in pure blood and in



IN THE MIDST OF THE AMAZON FOREST.

blooming garden, and is about the most important part of the establishment. Here the children play, and my lady lounges with her mandolin and needle-work during all hours of the day, and the master and his friends enjoy their afternoon coffee and cigarettes when showers drive them to shelter.

Always some part of the veranda, or an apartment opening upon it, is utilized as a dining-room, for the true Portuguese-Brazilian, however indifferent he may be to ventilation in his sleeping quarters, will not feed in close confinement, but insists upon fresh air and plenty of it with his meals. Another improvement is noticeable here in that the dark alcoves and windowless bed-rooms of Rio de Janeiro and other cities are not in vogue, and the largest and airiest rooms of the house are used to sleep in.

Beds, as we understand them, are almost

every possible degree of admixture with whites and blacks, in every strata of society. They occupy the highest government positions, own the grandest mansions and finest estates, and figure as capitalists and servants, priests and politicians, soldiers, sailors, professional men, street peddlers, belles, and beaux. The most beautiful woman in the city, wife of a nabob who rides in an emblazoned carriage, is said to be of 'alf and 'alf, negro and Indian blood. Formerly ladies used to pay their visits and go to church in a hammock, the two ends being carried by men servants who swung the precious burden between them; but now coaches and carriages are the rule, and, in fact, Pará has become sufficiently modernized to have a race-track of the regulation size, and here are held from six to ten races each and every Sunday, and thousands of dollars

change hands on the results, as they are all born gamblers. There are few Americans, but quite a number of Englishmen in Pará, all of whom contrive to make life bearable by having a club where they

go, a thousand miles of the upper Amazon does not differ materially from a thousand miles of lower Amazon. The North American traveler to Brazil who has ascended the seventy odd miles of the delta



SOME UP-RIVER INDIANS.

play poker, whist, and chess, and take most of the English and American papers and magazines, and by doing as the Brazilians do, and as little of anything as possible.

As far as topographical appearances

to Pará has seen from the deck of the moving ship precisely the same panorama of low-lying dense tropical forest fringing a broad yellowish band of water that extends like a ribbon under a bright hot sky in its tiresome way over two thousand

miles due west. The one feature, however, which strikes one as remarkable is that the further toward the source one gets, the bigger the river seems to grow. It at least impresses the traveler as widening.

There are but few towns on the upper Amazon. Such as do exist are generally composed of a store and a row of huts like barracks, which are almost always located on some of the little affluents or tributaries, so that the boat must leave the main river and thread its way up a narrow and not always deep channel for from six to fifteen miles to make a landing. It appears to have been the prac-

and reload cargo at Manáos for clearing-papers, the custom-house for the State of Amazonas being located there.

A gentleman writing from Iquitos as late as August 14th to *The India Rubber World*, says: "As indicating the absence of proper information in regard to the interior country, a recent government publication issued by the 'Bureau of the American Republics,' at Washington, contains an illustrated article which represents Manáos as an Indian village, showing only a few thatched huts and canoes—altogether a most absurd caricature on the capital city of Amazonas, containing an intelligent population of some thirty to forty thousand, doing an extensive trade with North America and the interior, and from whose port steamships sail directly to New York, Liverpool, and other points weekly. There is not a thatched cottage in the place, but quite a number of three and four-story business blocks, numerous store-rooms, a theatre, Cathedral, and *palacios*, the hillside and suburbs being dotted with tasty cottage residences of cultivated people. There is also a hotel in which French cooks are employed, the



HAULING RUBBER TO THE RIVER AT MANÁOS.

tice of the Indians to avoid settlements on the main stream, preferring, for reasons proper enough in their days, to conceal their villages, and the custom is adhered to by their descendants, who are now the principal inhabitants. Perhaps another reason is that they were unable to find any sufficiently high ground on the banks of the main stream.

Unfortunately for trade the capital city of Manáos is located some six miles off the Amazon proper, upon the Rio Negro, which is itself as large as the main river at that point. In consequence of this want of foresight, the immense traffic down-stream from the large affluents of the Amazon is compelled to discharge

proprietor of which will charge the traveler as much as the Fifth Avenue in New York city. There is some agitation about removing this capital city lower down on the main river to Parantins, yet it will hardly be accomplished, as the harbor is superior to any that could be found in the Amazon."

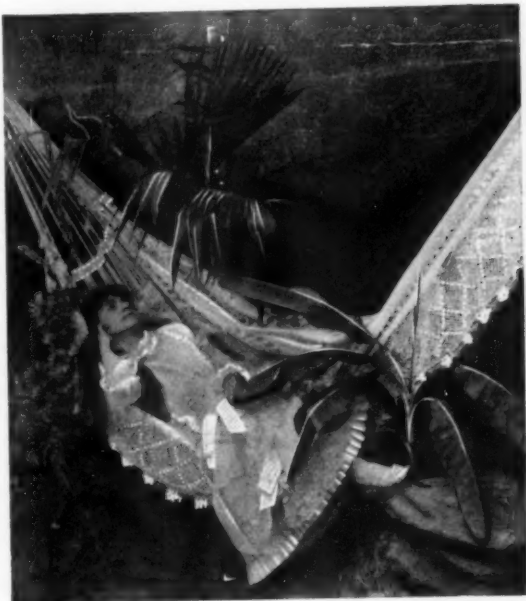
The Brazilians have a capricious way of changing the names of the rivers, as they do their governors and the streets of their cities. Some of the recent geographies and maps from Rio indicate the Amazon as only that part of the river between Manáos and the sea that flows north of the island of Marajo; all that portion west of the junction with the



Negro is marked as the Solinoes; yet despite these makers of rivers on paper, the mighty Amazon will retain its claim to original distinction from the very head waters at the base of the Andes to the sea, and its old gold colored waters force a path for a hundred miles over the bosom of the blue ocean, depositing its sands where may some day perhaps arise another continent, or extend the Amazon Valley other leagues to the east.

Though the "Amazon" was ostentatiously declared free to all nations in 1866, yet few seem to know that the decree of Dom Pedro II literally applies only to what is known as the Amazon proper. The numerous and important tributaries with their separate affluents, each equal in size to the upper Amazon—and far more valuable in natural resources than the main stream—are not yet free to all nations, and can be navigated only by ships carrying the Brazilian flag, unless negotiations have been made by treaty, granting certain privileges in that direction. When one remembers that there are upwards of fifty thousand miles of steam-river navigation in the Amazon Valley, less than five thousand of which is included in the main stream, the importance of the restriction will become apparent. All of the tributaries are navigable for the largest boats. Among these may be named the Tocantins, nearest to Pará, which extends southwardly to an undeveloped region for nearly one thousand miles. Above this the clear waters of the Topajos from the mountains of the far southwesterly interior enter the Amazon at the American colony of Santarem. The Madeira is navigable for five hundred miles to the great falls, where canoes take cargo to interior of Bolivia. The Negro, on which Manáos is situated, extends in a northerly direction, its numerous tributaries

reaching into British Guiana, Venezuela, and Colombia. The Purus, which is said to be wonderfully rich in undeveloped rubber, is navigable into Bolivian territory. The Javary is the dividing line between Brazil and Peru, and is becoming one of the most prolific sources of good rubber, of a fine quality, as also is the Jurua, into all of which it will be necessary to navigate to collect rubber and distribute supplies. As a matter of fact but little crude material is handled on the main river. Pará, being



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the Gate City, and quite jealous of the growth of Manáos as an inland port, and desiring to retain its control of all the rivers, will insist upon the letter of the law which locates Manáos on a "tributary," and also names the "Solinoes" as another affluent of the Amazon proper, restricting the free navigation to Pará and the lower Amazon.

It is one of the curious features, to a North American traveler on the Amazon, to find each State government a sovereignty, so that vessels going from one

State to another are subjected to the same restrictions as if coming from a foreign port. Another of the difficulties attending this navigation is that the Brazilian laws require all vessels carrying their flag to be officered and manned exclusively by citizens of Brazil. The ever-present and always hungry "Custom" officials, health and port officers, swarm about every ship, even in the far interior, like sucker fish. The existence of the government depends upon the revenues exacted from the exportation of indigenous products, supplied to foreign ships and merchants, which bring goods on which import duties are charged greater than those collected by any other government on earth. In order to augment their income, the petty officers resort to the lowest tricks, imposing fines and penalties for the most trivial and unintentional violations of their tyrannical regulations.

The Amazon Steamship Navigation Company, Limited, with a cash capital of over £650,000, owned in London, but ably managed by English gentlemen in Pará, are sadly crippled because of their being under the Brazilian flag and subject to Brazilian officials. Yet in the face of innumerable annoyances the company are doing a profitable business.

The first town on the Rio Javary, the dividing line between Brazil and Peru, or rather the site for a proposed town at the mouth, is appropriately named Esperanza, or "Hope." The Javary region is a most valuable rubber territory, and probably for the same reason it is also most productive of the malignant type of fever. The Javary has the appearance of a very important business stream, there being more activity in the way of steam launches, canoes, and trading-houses than is seen in the preceding thousand miles of the main river.

Of the alleged population of six thousand in Iquitos, Peru, the white element, though numbering not more than one-

fourth of the whole, are the controlling spirit, doing a considerable business in supplying the country, by means of steam launches and innumerable canoes, with goods in exchange for rubber. The rubber trade is, indeed, the great mainstay of business of this valley from the mouth of the Amazon all the way up for three thousand miles. Ocean steamships drawing fifteen to twenty feet of water may come up the main river to the mouth of the tributary upon which Iquitos is located, and during nine or ten months of each year the largest vessels of the Amazon Steam Navigation Co. come into the port of Iquitos. Vessels now ply regularly between New York and Liverpool and Manáos; if Iquitos were more favorably situated, they might as well extend their voyages up the river, saving considerable handling of cargo and proportionately reducing expenses. The freight charge per ton from New York to Manáos is now about \$10, while to Iquitos it is \$40 per ton.

There is much in the conditions here to tempt Americans to extend their trade in this direction. This portion of the Amazon River is the richest of all in the natural production of rubber. Other productions of the soil abound, while the wealth of gold is probably beyond the wildest dreams of prospectors up to date. The Brazilians are more energetic than are the Perunas. Probably by reason of their experience they understand better the handling of rubber, which has profited them greatly, and now that their own territory is becoming more fully occupied they are beginning to invade the upper tributaries of the Amazon in great numbers. Only a few months ago a colony of Brazilians established themselves on a river of Peru, to operate in rubber, and if they should be successful, the result must be to bring to the upper region many thousands of workers from the almost exhausted fields below.



## CROSS CURRENTS.

BY MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

AUTHOR OF "A MIST OF ERROR," "HER INHERITANCE," "A SOCIAL SUCCESS," "KITTY'S VICTIM," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.

SEPTEMBER was over, and the first days of October had followed in its wake. It had been an autumn calculated to atone even for the many sins of the spring which had preceded it—hot, and bright, and settled, as the English climate very seldom allows itself to be; and such happy beings as knew no law with regard to their movements, except the law of their own inclinations, had been very slow in returning to London.

In the beginning of October, London had been what is technically called "empty," though such inferior districts as the City, and Oxford Street and its neighborhood, had been thronged from morning till night with the insignificant working population of all ranks, whose holidays are not to be lengthened by any autumn sunshine. But somewhat to the unchristian satisfaction of this section of the public—to some ill-regulated constitutions it is distinctly trying to be obliged to work in London through holiday country weather—the middle of October brought with it a sudden change. The wind went into the north-east, the rain fell in a quiet, persistent, unobtrusive fashion, until it seemed to have become a confirmed habit with it to do so, and "society" fled back to its winter quarters, shivering and grumbling.

It was about half-past ten o'clock in the morning, and the outlook from the Tyrrells' dining-room window was calculated to depress any one in whose scheme of daily life anything so elementary and barbaric as the weather had a place. The pavements were wet, the houses opposite were wet, sundry wet umbrellas passed with a resentful and depressed splash and patter; the rain came down with dreary monotony. But neither Miss Tyrrell nor her brother, as they faced one another at the breakfast-table, were at all affected by such trifling external circumstances.

Tyrrell had remarked on entering the room that it was an abominable day, and had applied himself to a cursory study of the newspaper, and a more or less interested exchange of comments with his sister. Miss Tyrrell had observed that the room was cold; had rung for a servant to bring some logs of wood, and had contemplated her elaborate early English hearth with a perfect satisfaction in its artistic merits, and a vague consideration of the weather as being especially designed that such an eminently desirable factor in the arrangement of a room might have reason for existence.

They had returned to London only the day before—Miss Tyrrell in the afternoon, Tyrrell from the Continent, late at night, and they had a good deal to say to one another over their breakfast, chiefly with reference to matters connected with their joint establishment and their joint society life during the ensuing winter. Of the past summer months they hardly spoke at all; they had each gone their own way, and neither cared sufficiently for the other to be interested or even curious on any matter which concerned only one. They would probably have made no allusion whatever to their recent individual proceedings—certainly it would have occurred to neither to question the other—but for the fact that Miss Tyrrell on her arrival the day before had expected to find her brother well-established for the winter, instead of not yet arrived. John Tyrrell had delayed his return to town for at least ten days after the date he had originally fixed, a very unusual circumstance with him.

"You have not even had your letters sent on lately, I see," observed Miss Tyrrell as she rose, breakfast being over, and stood for a moment by the fire, preparatory to retiring to her writing-table, where she usually spent the first hour of

the morning. "There is an appalling accumulation waiting for you in your room. You won't produce the new piece as soon as you intended, I suppose?"

"Possibly not," returned her brother, in a tone that was very hard, and did not invite further comment on his intentions. But Miss Tyrrell was reading the paper, and she did not notice the tone.

"Who have you been with lately?" she asked, absently.

Tyrrell did not apparently resent the question; on the contrary, he answered as though he was rather glad to be asked it.

"I've been alone," he said. "I got rather bored, and went off to rough it a bit in Greece by myself."

He came up to the fireplace as he spoke, and his sister raised her eyes carelessly from her newspaper.

"I don't think it has agreed with you," she said. "You are too thin, John. You've been rather foolish not to come back looking younger. Shall I send about those curtains?"

"As you like," returned her brother, without interest. "Well, I suppose I must go and read letters before I go down to the theatre."

He gathered up the letters brought him by that morning's post, and went down the passage into the little room where Selma had taken refuge after her first appearance as a reciter, seating himself at the writing-table, with hardly a glance round the room, though he had not been in it for nearly four months. His holiday, extended as it had been, had apparently done him no good. He was, as Miss Tyrrell had said, very thin; his eyes were rather hollow and very hard, and there was something about his uninterested manner as he arranged his table and sorted the letters to be read which suggested, as his manner during his discussion as to future arrangements with his sister during breakfast had suggested in a less degree, that the life to which he had returned was a matter of business and necessity only, that the capacity for interest was

wanting in him, and that everything was flat. He was dull and apathetic, like a man who is suffering from reaction.

He opened his letters one after another, read them rapidly, and laid them aside with not the faintest change of posture or expression, until he came to the first of two addressed in the same, large, characteristic handwriting. It was very long, and he glanced through it rapidly, throwing it down at the end with a cynical curl of his lips, the normal expression of which had altered indefinitely for the worse in the course of the last three months, as had that of his whole face.

"Little fool!" he said to himself, with a whole world of contempt in his eyes. "Little fool!"

He took up the letter again and re-read a bit here and there, with a smile which grew more cynical and contemptuous moment by moment; and just as he turned to the concluding words for the second time, the door opened, and Miss Tyrrell appeared.

"I am sorry to disturb you, John," she said; "but I want to know exactly what you wish about that new glass."

"Oh! as plain as possible," he answered, "with a monogram only. What do you think I have here, Sybilla?"

"Something interesting?"

"That's as you take it! A letter from Selma Malet to say that she is very sorry, but she's going to be married, and to ask if I will please get her contract cancelled!"

"John! Not really!"

"Really! There is a great deal about her new fancy, and about my forgiving her; but that's the gist of it. So much for women's careers! Little fool! You can read it."

Miss Tyrrell took the letter with an inarticulate murmur in which amazement, horror, and uncertainty as to what was expected of her—to which her brother's tone had given her no clue—were blended in equal parts. She had not read more than half when she lifted her head with an exclamation of pure astonishment.

"The idea of Selma's writing like this," she said. "It is simply the wildest insatiation I ever heard of."

"She will sacrifice her chance in life to it all the same."

"But can you do nothing to prevent it, John? The man is a mere nobody from what she says! Think of the splendid position she might have had! Think of all you have done to introduce her already!"

Tyrrell smiled half cynically, half grimly. "I've done a good deal more for her than that," he said. "By Jove, I've taken pains with that little idiot."

His sister hardly heard him; she was finishing the letter.

"Don't let her throw it all away, John," she said. "The silly girl might marry any one she likes in another year. Hold her to her contract at least, and let her see how domesticity with this colonial cousin strikes her after her first season!"

Tyrrell leant carelessly back in his chair, and looked with absolutely uninterested eyes idly before him.

"My dear Sybilla, why should I?" he said. "I don't care a jot whether she marries or not. Why should I trouble myself? There will be not the faintest trouble about cancelling her engagement, and there will be one fashionable actress the less, that's all."

"John, she would have been an artist!"

Tyrrell looked at his sister with a contemptuous curl of his lip.

"Yes," he said, after an instant's contemplation, "so she would—I had forgotten that!"

"I thought you were so much interested in her. I thought—"

Tyrrell moved as though the subject wearied him.

"A winning fight is always interesting," he said, "and it is worth while to help on the winner. If she does not choose to fight, it is entirely her own affair, and she ceases to be interesting."

There was a short pause, and Miss Tyrrell took refuge in the letter; she handed it back to him after a moment or two with her own hard little smile.

"It is dated August the thirtieth," she observed, "and she begs you to let her have a line of forgiveness by return of post. You have been rather hard on her!

Ah! I see there is another letter from her. What is that about I wonder!"

Tyrrell took it up and opened it leisurely. It was dated a fortnight after the other, and it was a very short and pathetic appeal from Selma for a word of kindness from her oldest friend.

"Poor little fool" was Tyrrell's comment, and "poor silly child," echoed Miss Tyrrell as she read it over his shoulder.

"You'll write to her, of course," she added. "Give her my love—I can't congratulate her."

"I sha'n't write this morning," answered Tyrrell as he folded the letter and put it with those which were not to be answered immediately; "if nothing else turns up I may go and see her this afternoon as the letters have been lying here so long. She's staying with his people I see." And he settled back again to his correspondence as Miss Tyrrell, with a parting lamentation over Selma's backsliding, departed to do her shopping.

Nothing else did "turn up" in the course of the day, and at about half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, Tyrrell, having finished his business at the theatre—arranged for the reading of the new piece which had been waiting his return to town, and set on foot negotiations for a substitute for Selma, amongst other things—and having looked in at his club, was standing in the doorway of that institution, smoking a cigarette with a general air about him of having no interest in anything, and of being utterly disinclined to make the effort necessary for the recovery of his old footing with himself or with his life.

"I must do something I suppose," he argued with himself. "Why can't I rouse up? I'll go and look up little Selma—that won't be any trouble, and it is a form of occupation."

Accordingly, half an hour later, the Cornishes' brisk little parlor-maid, with her eyes rather round, and her cheeks rather pink with awe, opened the drawing room door, and announced:

"Mr. Tyrrell!"

There was very little light in the room, so late on that dreary October afternoon,



but the dancing, uncertain light of the fire, and Tyrrell had not even distinguished who was or was not in the room before the maid's announcement was echoed in a glad, incoherent, impulsive cry, and Selma was standing before him with outstretched hands, and flushed, tremulous face.

"Oh! I'm so glad," she cried; "I thought—I thought— Oh! I thought I'd been too ungrateful to be forgiven!"

"I have been out-of-town," he said. "I have had no letters forwarded to me, and I found both yours waiting for me this morning."

He spoke for the first time that day, as if he was interested in what he said, quickly and gently. The ring of that fresh, sweet voice had roused him in spite of himself.

Selma uttered a little cry of relief and happiness as she looked up in his face in the dim light, letting her hands remain in his, as she said again:

"Oh! I am so glad! I have been so miserable, because you didn't write. Then you are not angry with me?"

"My dear child, why should I be angry?" There was an undercurrent of cynicism in his tone, but he did not say, "Why should I care?" with those soft hands clinging to his. "You know your own mind, of course, and it is for you to decide. Donne is angry," he added, with a smile. "But here is your release."

He drew a paper from his breast-pocket as he spoke, and as he gave it her the parlor-maid, rendered additionally zealous by her desire to look as much as possible upon the popular actor in "a common room"—as she expressed it down-stairs—brought in the lamps. Selma only smiled her thanks to him; but as she did so, the light fell full upon her for the first time, and Tyrrell absolutely started. Standing there, half-turned to go to her chair, with her face raised to his, half-gratitude, half-confusion, with her lips parted in a smile, and the new light in her eyes, which shone there always now that love was the background of her every thought, she was indescribably lovely. For the first time in her life Tyrrell saw her beauty not as an important factor among her

chances of success, but as the beauty of womanhood. The delicate features, with their soft coloring, the perfect lips, with their undeveloped suggestion of power, the dark eyes, and the slender, graceful figure struck him suddenly as though he saw them now for the first time, and he took the chair she indicated to him, with a little graceful gesture, in silence, hardly hearing the trivial words she spoke about the shortness of the October days.

"It is a wonderful developer," he was thinking analytically. "Selma in love with a man is infinitely more beautiful than Selma in love with an ideal of Art!"

Then he roused himself to answer her; and though Selma did not notice it—her perceptions being otherwise occupied—though he himself was quite unconscious of it, that moment's silent realization had brought a subtle change to his manner toward her. It would never be the same again. It was no longer the manner of a master to his pupil, but of a man to a beautiful woman.

"I hope it has not given you much trouble," she said, lifting her lovely, confused eyes to his face, when they were alone again.

There was a little satirical twist about his mouth as he answered her. It struck him as being so like a woman to utter those futile, conventional words when she was recklessly throwing away her whole career, and when no trouble or inconvenience she might have occasioned to him, or to any one else would have weighed one scruple with her.

"Not at all," he said. "It is a little late, but that is not your fault. And you have really given it all up?"

"Really," she answered, with an indescribable intonation, half-ashamed, half-glorying.

"And you are very happy?"

"I—I feel as if I had been asleep all my life, and had only just waked up."

A little pause followed the low-toned, impulsive words.

Selma's head was a little bent; there was a soft flush on her cheeks; her eyes were soft and dreamy; and Tyrrell, studying the girlish, innocent face, was

in no hurry to disturb the picture she made. It was Selma herself who broke the silence. She seemed to put away her thoughts with a consciousness that it behooved her to make conversation, and, lifting her eyes to his face, she said:

"You are later than you expected in coming back to town, are you not? Have you been abroad? What have you been doing with yourself, Mr. Tyrrell?"

The clear, young eyes were looking straight into his as she asked the question, and Tyrrell rose. He walked to the fireplace as he answered her, and, leaning one elbow on the mantelpiece, he took up a little ornament. He was looking at it, and not at her, as he spoke:

"I've been in Greece," he said, rather shortly. "Tell me about your own summer."

She shook her head, and laughed, softly.

"There's nothing more to tell," she said. "I—"

She broke off suddenly.

Voices and footsteps were heard in the hall, and Selma started to her feet with crimson cheeks and shy, expectant eyes.

"Oh!" she cried, "it's— He's coming! I did so want you to see him."

Tyrrell turned toward the door with a quick movement of curiosity, which vaguely surprised him. It opened, and Mrs. Cornish and her eldest daughter came in, followed by a young man he had never seen before. He shook hands with the two former, whose greetings were respectively rather stiff and very shy, and then he turned to Selma, who was standing close to him, with one hand slipped into the young man's arm, her face lovelier than ever in its blushing, happy confusion.

"Roger," she said, "this is Mr. Tyrrell, my very oldest friend. Mr. Tyrrell, this is—Roger!"

Tyrrell held out his hand with a ready, courteous grace of gesture which expressed his sentiment of the moment as little as did his words.

"I am delighted to meet you," was what he said. What he thought, as he took in the manly, unintellectual face with contemptuous certainty of estimate,

was: "A stupid, good fellow. How like a woman!"

"I have heard a great deal of you," returned Roger, as he shook hands heartily. "Selma," he turned to her as he said her name with a mixture of adoration and protection very pretty to see, "Selma has been so anxious to hear from you. May I ask if it's all right?"

"Of course you may," answered Tyrrell, with a smile which turned Selma's hot cheeks hotter still. Roger glanced at her with a proud acceptance of the right in her which Tyrrell's voice so gracefully allotted to him, and as she met his eyes with a shy, happy momentary glance, Tyrrell saw her face. There was a hardly perceptible pause, and then he went on, speaking rather mechanically:

"Yes, everything is settled as Miss Malet wished it."

"Miss Malet!" exclaimed Selma, lifting her eyes from the carpet. "Mr. Tyrrell, what are you thinking of!"

He laughed a little constrainedly.

"I was not thinking at all," he said. "But perhaps the instinct was right. Perhaps it had better be Miss Malet."

"Mr. Tyrrell, what nonsense!" protested Selma. "I never heard such nonsense. Because—because I'm engaged? Roger, of course he must say Selma, mustn't he? I'm not different."

Tyrrell waived the question with a smile, and turned to Mrs. Cornish considerably annoyed with himself. What had possessed him to make such an ass of himself, he wondered? What did it matter to him how the girl looked at the fellow?

"I hope you had a pleasant time in Somersetshire," he said. "Thanks, no sugar," as she offered him a cup of tea, and he took a chair near her.

All the Cornishes were more or less in awe of Selma's distinguished friend, and Mrs. Cornish disliked and distrusted him as an authority in Selma's life against which no word of hers was of the faintest avail. He talked on smoothly and easily, and Sylvia shyly did her best to respond; but Mrs. Cornish was not in the habit of disguising her sentiments toward any one, and the conversation

did not flourish. Neither Selma nor Roger, however, appeared to think it in need of any assistance from them, and after a little while Tyrrell rose to go. He said good-bye to Mrs. Cornish and Sylvia, then he turned to Selma.

"Good-bye," he said.

"Good-bye—who?" she answered, putting her hand behind her instead of giving it to him, and looking at him with eyes which were half-pleading and half-mischief. "Good-bye, Selma!"

He looked at her for a moment, and then repeated, in a voice which was rather strange:

"Good-bye, Selma."

She gave him her hand instantly, with a little, satisfied laugh, and Roger opened the door for him, and followed him into the hall on his mother's "See Mr. Tyrrell out, Roger."

"I feel as if I owed you an apology," observed Roger, in his frank, straightforward way, as Tyrrell took up his hat. "I shall always have a guilty consciousness of having defrauded the public—of having stolen her."

Tyrrell responded to his cheery laugh with a perfectly courteous smile, while his eyes wandered to the young man's watch-chain, and seemed to harden slightly.

"You have stolen her whole heart, at any rate," he said. "I congratulate you. Thanks, I will find myself a handsome, it is not raining now. Good-bye."

They shook hands, and the next moment Tyrrell let set his features contemptuously as he walked down the road, thinking to himself: "An empty-headed colonial fellow like that! And she throws up everything for him!"

Roger, meanwhile having held the door open barely as long as civility demanded, shut it with speed and satisfaction, and returned post-haste to the drawing-room. Mrs. Cornish left the room, and Selma was standing by the tea-table talking to Sylvia, and not knowing in the least what she was talking about, as her cousin told her, because she was listening for Roger to come back. The look she turned to him, as she broke off in the middle of a sentence on his en-

trance was sufficient to excuse the gesture with which he took her in his arms and kissed her, quite regardless of the presence of his sister.

"I nearly did it ten minutes ago," he declared, as she freed herself, laughing and blushing, only to nestle up against him quite undisguisedly, as she said:

"You behaved quite badly enough as it is. Why didn't you talk to my oldest friend?"

She leant her head back against his arm looking up at his face as she asked the question, and Sylvia contemplated the inevitable result with the sensation with which all the Cornish girls still contemplated such proceedings on Selma's part, until Roger's face was pushed away with caressing, insistent hands, and Selma lifted her head from his shoulder. She met Sylvia's wondering eyes and colored crimson.

"Roger, dear, don't," she said, softly. "Sylvia—Sylvia's surprised!"

Sylvia could contain herself no longer.

"I am, Selma," she said, laughing, "I am! I can't believe my eyes sometimes. How often have I heard you laugh at the very idea of—falling in love with any man? Is it really the same Selma?"

Selma did not move away. She drew Roger's arm more closely round her, and lifted his other hand to her cheek.

"No, Sylvia," she said, "this is a new Selma—Roger's Selma!"

"And I think you might go and see after mother now, Sylvia," added Roger. "It's getting late!" and with another wondering laugh, Sylvia vanished.

The conversation after her departure was neither coherent nor particularly interesting for a few moments except to the parties immediately concerned. It was succeeded by a long silence as Selma let her head rest against his shoulder, while he held her hand pressed against his lips. She moved at last, and gently drawing her hand away began to touch his hair with soft, caressing movements.

"How do you like my oldest friend?" she said, dreamily.

"He seems a good sort of fellow! I saw him look at this, Selma."

This was the little gold heart which Selma had lost in the wood. The mystery which had surrounded Roger's non-appearance on the sands at Blue Rocks had been solved, when it turned out that he had spent an hour in the wood searching for it. He had returned it to its owner when they were engaged, telling her that he had meant to keep it in remembrance of a dream; and she had told him, with a lovely smile, to keep it in remembrance of a reality—their first meeting. She touched it now tenderly and lingeringly.

"Poor Mr. Tyrrell!" she said; "I hope he wasn't hurt."

He captured the hand, and carried it to his lips again.

"Sweetheart," he said, "now that it is all over, and you've given it all up, I wonder—I wonder if you will ever be sorry."

His voice was very wistful, almost beseeching. She gave him all that a lover could ask; he might hold her in his arms, her love for him, sudden and rapid as had been its growth, was so undisguised as it was innocent and girlish; but always in his simple, honest soul there was a consciousness that she was in some way beyond him, that there were powers in her which he could only reverence or ignore, realms in her mind where he could never reign. Strong and capable as he was in all the other relations of life, in his worship of her he was uncertain as a child. He never doubted her love, he never doubted her faith, but he doubted himself.

Almost before he had uttered the last word, she drew his head down with a swift, impulsive movement, until her lips touched his cheek with soft, passionate kisses.

"Don't you understand?" she said. "O Roger! don't you understand!"

#### CHAPTER VIII.

MORE than a month lay between the afternoon when Tyrrell made the acquaintance of Selma's future husband and the August evening, about a week after Jim's accident, when she had flung herself into Helen's arms, and, sobbing

out an incoherent rhapsody of love and joy, had told her that she had promised to be Roger Cornish's wife. And that the spectacle of Selma in love was still an astounding one to her cousins was certainly no fault of Selma's.

During the week that passed between Jim's accident and the engagement, nobody could have failed to see what was coming; the only conjecture left to the excited conclaves who incessantly discussed the situation below their breaths, in all sorts of odd corners, was when it would "happen." The whole party had looked on—the majority suffering acutely from the necessity of repressing in public their almost irrepressible amusement and astonishment at the sight of Selma as simply and hopelessly in love as a girl could be, restless or dreamy when he was absent, silent when he was present, blushing when he spoke to her, following him furtively with large, shy eyes, starting and trembling at the sound of his voice or his step, and generally conducting herself in the most orthodox and conventional manner. And the question finally asked and answered—how girlishly and sweetly no one but Roger ever knew—her love was as unreserved as her perfect happiness and as demonstrative. Jim had given it as his deliberate conviction that they were the "spooniest spoons going." Sylvia, Helen, and Nettie confided to one another that Selma never spoke or thought of any one but Roger. Her sister was less astonished than the other girls. Partly because she was herself engaged, and partly because, as she said, she had learnt never to be surprised at Selma, Helen took it altogether as a matter of course, and responded placidly to Mrs. Cornish, when that lady spent long mornings, in the absence of the engaged couple, in monologues of satisfaction. In her aunt's eyes Selma had at last become a satisfactory and understandable girl, and all her past incomprehensibleness was forgiven and forgotten.

It was curious, but perhaps inevitable, that all the surprise of the Cornish family was concentrated on the fact that Selma should have fallen in love. They had

never understood her artistic aspirations; her old scheme of life had been vague and unreal to them every one—with the exception of Humphrey, and Humphrey looked on with quiet, thoughtful eyes, and expressed no opinion—and they hardly realized what it meant that these had died suddenly and completely out of her heart. Every thought, every instinct she had known since thought or instinct had first stirred in her was dominated and nullified by a new emotion. She had looked upon the stage as a means by which she was to devote herself to her ideal; now she thought of the stage no more. She had looked upon John Tyrrell as the arbitrator of her life; she only hoped vaguely now that he would not think her ungrateful. She had in her the fire of genius; it was quenched in a spring-tide of love. Her life was centered in one idea, and that idea was Roger.

Helen and Selma had come back to London to the Cornishes' house, not to their own. Mrs. Cornish had taken it for granted that it should be so, and neither girl had made any objection. Roger was trying to make arrangements which would enable him to settle in London; it was likely that he and Selma would be married immediately, and, until their plans were settled, it was useless to make any arrangements for the future.

It was fortunate that the interest which surrounded Selma as an engaged young lady did not wear off, and it was also fortunate that Humphrey and Helen were a most unexact couple, since, as Jim expressed it, "Roger had nothing to do in London but to spoon Selma; and Selma was always ready to be spooned." Jim himself had confided to Nettie, on going back to school, that he was in consequence "jolly glad to get out of the house;" but his sisters, fortunately, continued to be thrilled with excitement over the precaution necessary on entering any room where the lovers were suspected to be, over Selma's absent-mindedness and Roger's inattention, and their mutual oblivion of everything in the world but one another; and when, a few days after Tyrrell's call, Roger was obliged to go to Liverpool on business, all the resources

of every member of the family were taxed to the utmost for Selma's consolation.

The week of his absence was almost gone; it was Friday morning, and on Saturday he was expected home, and Selma was moving about the morning-room, restless and excited, radiant with expectation. Sylvia was painting at a table near the window. Mrs. Cornish and Helen were working.

"My dear, don't you think the time would seem shorter if you did a little work?" suggested Mrs. Cornish, laughing, as Selma turned with a heavy sigh from a passing inspection of the clock.

"Do you think it would, auntie?" replied Selma, coming across the room, and kneeling aimlessly down in front of Mrs. Cornish, and smiling up at her with a frank impatience in her eyes which made her look like a little child. "There's all the morning, and all the afternoon, and all the evening, and—"

"I think I'd better take you to the Marriotts' to-night instead of Helen!"

Mrs. Cornish's voice was laughing; but Helen took up her words eagerly, and said:

"O auntie! what a good idea; I don't care about it a bit, and Selma would like it, wouldn't you, Selma?"

Selma let herself drop into a sitting position on the floor and considered the question.

"Is it a big party?" she asked.

"These parties are always big," put in Sylvia, lifting her head and contemplating her work critically. "He is the richest man on the Bench, father says, and they've a lovely house, and know lots of people. Mother, take Helen and Selma, and let me stop at home. Helen, come and look at this."

Helen put down her work and rose, as she said:

"Sylvia, really and truly, I'd rather stop at home. It will be a nice quiet evening, you know. Oh! that's lovely."

The meditative figure on the floor, whose eyes had wandered back to the clock, turned at the exclamation.

"Show me," it observed, having apparently passed from a restless to an indolent stage of impatience.



Sylvia handed her the painting as she leant back on one hand, stretching out the other to receive it, and said:

"Will Humphrey be at home?"

"Yes," answered Helen, following the painting, and standing over Selma as she looked down at it.

Selma sighed heavily, and leant her head caressingly back against her sister, looking up at her with great, envious eyes.

"Oh! you happy Helen," she said.

"Of course, you don't want to go to any party."

"And that being the case," responded Helen, brightly, "leave me at home, auntie, and take Sylvia and Selma."

"Would you like it, Selma?" asked Mrs. Cornish.

Selma put her head dubiously on one side, and contemplated the painting.

"Sweet, Sylvia!" she said, giving it to Helen to return to her cousin, as she went on, with unconcealed melancholy: "I'm afraid I shouldn't much, auntie. I should be wishing it were over all the time."

Helen and Sylvia laughed simultaneously.

"Oh! cheer up, Selma!" exclaimed the latter, gayly. "The longest lane, you know! You'd much better come, hadn't she, mother? It will help the evening through, at any rate."

Selma showed no desire to have the evening helped through, and for some time she refused to have anything to say to the idea. At last however, the persuasions of Sylvia and Helen reduced her to saying that she would have gone if she had had a dress; and this excuse being scouted by both the other girls as utterly futile, she finally declared that she didn't care in the least how she dragged through the time, and it was settled for her by her sympathizing advisers that she should do it in the vortex of dissipation.

All Selma's movements at this time sent a thrill of excitement through the Cornish household, and she had been out very little with her aunt and cousins. The Marriotts' party became quite an event in the eyes of the whole family as soon as it was known that she was going to it. Her dress was looked out, discussed and

touched up by Helen, with assistance from Sylvia and Nettie, tentative at first, since Selma in evening dress had been an awe-inspiring vision to them not so very long ago, and waxing enthusiastic at her careless, but to them most encouraging gratitude. And when the time came for her to dress, Selma, with one of her sudden changes of mood, seemed to have forgotten all her reluctance to go out, forgotten that she was merely dragging on a miserable existence until Roger should come back. She was in wild spirits, dancing about the room in various stages of undress, each of which seemed to make her more youthful and irresistible than the last, first with Helen, then with Sylvia, who was vainly trying to accomplish her own dressing with all speed, that she might assist in the adorning of her cousin, then with the much-excited Nettie, who was acting lady's maid to her own intense satisfaction.

"Selma, one would think you'd never been to a party before," cried the latter, as Helen captured the graceful, dancing figure, and seated her by main force in a chair, preparatory to doing her hair for her.

"I never have, Nettie," returned Selma, gayly; not since I was your age—not properly. I hated parties last spring; oh! you don't know how I hated them, and that's why I shall enjoy myself so to-night."

A chorus of "Selma, what do you mean?" greeted this declaration; and Helen added, peremptorily, "My dear, you really must keep still," to which admonition Selma replied with a kiss, but which was without further practical result.

"It'll be so different, don't you see," she said. "I shall have nothing to do but enjoy myself, and I shall revel in it. Oh! thanks, Nettie!" as she took her dress from the girl's arm.

There was a few moments' breathless silence on the part of the three ladies' maids, while Selma kept up a running fire of comments, jokes, and thanks, and then the last touch was given, and Nettie broke out with:

"O Selma! I never saw anything so lovely. Oh! isn't she beautiful!"

The dress was of soft, faint yellow silk, very simply made, with the long draperies which suited Selma's slender gracefulness so well, and the delicate yellow setting from which it rose seemed to give an added loveliness to the lovely, dark head. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkling, and her lips were curved into a smile. Even Helen, to whom she was always perfection, thought that she had never seen her look sweeter, and she said, tenderly:

"What a pity Roger isn't going!"

The instant she had spoken the words, which had risen instinctively to her lips, she regretted them. The light died out of the beautiful, sensitive face suddenly and completely, the very color faded, and Selma's lips trembled as she turned away from the glass without another glance.

"It doesn't matter how I look," she said, disconsolately. "I wonder why I'm going?"

She went down stairs sadly and silently, and nothing they could say, none of the admiring comments she received, could win a smile from her. She was depressed in proportion to her previous high spirits, and she moved and spoke when it was necessary, as though her thoughts were far away—as indeed they were—until she was aroused to the consciousness that she was standing in a brilliantly-lighted room, in a brilliantly-dressed crowd, by a man's voice at her elbow.

"How do you do, Mrs. Cornish?" it said. "What have I done that you cut me—Selma?"

She turned with a little cry of pleasure.

"O Mr. Tyrrell!" she said, "I never thought of seeing you! How very nice!"

His eyes rested for a moment on her face in its sudden glow of pleased surprise, and he said, rather mechanically:

"I did not know you knew the Marriotts."

"Uncle Dick"—began Selma; and then she broke off with a little laugh, which was more than half vexation. "Old Lady West is bearing down on me," she said, rapidly. "I shall have

to talk to her. Oh! do manage to have a little talk to me by and by."

His smile of comprehension and assent had something rather strange about it, and he turned quickly, as Selma shook hands with an old lady evidently bent on congratulation, and, finding acquaintances almost at his elbow, was soon drawn on further into the crowd. Quite half the people in the room were known to him; every one who knew him was anxious to speak to him, and every one who spoke to him that night thought that John Tyrrell had come back after his holiday more delightful than ever. He had been talking, smiling, listening for nearly half an hour when Selma found him, it seemed to her by the merest chance, close beside her, as she stood talking to a mutual friend close to the entrance to the conservatory. A few minutes afterward, the mutual friend having drawn John Tyrrell into the conversation, drifted away, and Selma said, quickly:

"This is delightful! Let us go to the conservatory and talk."

It was still comparatively early in the evening, and the conservatory was nearly empty; it was softly lighted with Japanese lamps, and among the tall palms and wonderful ferns were quaintly-made seats, with richly-colored cushions. It was a charming picture as they entered, and Selma's graceful figure made it more charming still.

"Why are you not dancing?" Tyrrell asked, as the distant sounds of dance-music reached them as he stood for a moment beside the seat she had taken.

She lifted her eyes to him, and the color rushed to her cheeks.

"Roger isn't here," she said, softly.

"I see."

Tyrrell had seated himself before he spoke, and there was another instant's pause before he went on, as he leant back in his seat and crossed his legs.

"And why isn't he here?"

"He is away," said Selma, turning her lovely, melancholy face toward him; "he has been away a week. Ah! you don't know how dreadful it has been! But he is coming back to-morrow."

"And when is it to be?"

"When—— Oh!" Selma's color deepened, and her eyes dropped suddenly. She did not see the look on the face of the man beside her as he watched her, sitting quite motionless, in his easy, graceful attitude. "It—it depends on so many things," she said, after a moment, shyly and confidentially. "You see, Roger doesn't want to take me to New Zealand; he says I shouldn't like it; and there may be a good deal of trouble before he can settle down in London. But there's just a tiny chance that he might be able to arrange something in England at once—something very small, you know; and then—then——"

The sweet young voice died away, and there was a moment's silence as she sat, a lovely picture of confusion, bending a little forward, playing with her fan as it lay on her knee.

"I see," he said again, mechanically, without moving his eyes.

Selma suddenly clasped her hands softly together, and went on, eagerly:

"You see it would be a very little house, of course, and we should be rather poor; but we shouldn't mind that, either of us, a bit. That's what I tell him."

She was looking straight before her with earnest, childish eyes, and as she finished, she suddenly turned them upon him. Tyrrell moved slightly, but very suddenly, and his voice, as he spoke, had a new tone in it—the tone of a man who is feeling his way, though he spoke lightly, almost banteringly:

"There will be no more of this kind of thing," he said, with a slight gesture toward the brilliant crowd that passed and repassed before the entrance to the conservatories. "Ah, there is Lady Dunstan. She asked Sybilla to bring you to her 'at home' next week; but that was in the capacity of young lion, not domestic mouse, of course." He paused, and bowed to the lady in question, and then went on: "This is almost your last appearance, I suppose, even in a private capacity?"

"Yes," she assented, brightly, "I suppose so."

"It seems hardly worth while to have

made such a sensation for 'one night only,' " he observed with a smile—the smile of open admiration and congratulation of an old friend, stretching out his hand for her fan as he spoke, and unfurling it carelessly.

Selma looked at him wonderingly.

"I don't understand," she said.

Tyrrell furled the fan with a swift turn of his wrist—he was one of the best fencers in London—and laughed as he said:

"If any other girl said such a thing as that to me, I should say that she was fishing for compliments, Miss Malet." Then, as she drew back a little, half-wondering, half-hurt, he added, quickly and gently: "Don't you understand that everybody is talking about you, Selma? Half the people in the room have been asking who you are, and I've seen half the people in the room introduced to you."

"Have you?" exclaimed Selma. "Yes, lots of people have been talking to me; but I didn't know you saw me. I thought you had lost sight of me altogether, and I was so afraid we shouldn't meet again."

Tyrrell passed over her words with a slight smile.

"Haven't you enjoyed it?" he asked, lightly. "Are you not the least bit sorry to give it up—to think that you will never set a whole roomful of smart people staring and talking again?"

Selma laughed.

"Not the least little bit," she said.

"Not the very least little bit."

There was a pause. Two or three couples strolled in from the dancing-room, and Tyrrell furled and unfurled the fan in his hands, gazing at it absently as he did so. Then the dance-music began again—a dreamy, alluring waltz, and Selma's feet began to move restlessly. He looked at her and she laughed.

"It's such fascinating music," she said. "It makes one long to dance."

He waited a moment, watching the girlish figure as it swayed slightly in time to the music, then he echoed her laugh, and said:

"There is only one way of taking up such a cue as that. My speech obviously

is, 'Miss Malet, may I have the pleasure?' "

"Thank you, Mr. Tyrrell, I am not dancing to-night. That is the end of the scene, isn't it?"

She leant back in her chair with another light laugh, and held out her hand for her fan. But he retained it.

"I mean it," he said. "Would it be treason in you to dance this with such an old friend?"

Selma turned to him as though he had proposed that they should fly to the moon together.

"Dance with you, Mr. Tyrrell!" she exclaimed. "Why, you never dance!"

"That's no reason why I never should," he answered. "Come."

He rose as he spoke, and she followed his example, obeying him as she had obeyed him all her life.

"I've never danced with you in my life," she said. "It seems so funny."

He made her no answer, and she slipped her hand into his arm as he offered it her, and walked away with him. The dancing-room was very full, and as they stood a moment waiting to start, he said, as he looked down on her:

"What a successful frock! Why have I never seen it before?"

Selma smiled.

"You have," she said, "often!"

He put his arm round her, and they glided off into the stream as he replied:

"I don't remember it."

There were only a few turns left before the waltz came to an end, and Tyrrell talked lightly all the time about the party, the people, and anything that they suggested to him. Selma, after the first delight in her partner's perfect movement, gave herself up to wishing that he was Roger. But when it was over and he released her, the tone and manner of his "Thank you!" startled himself as it could not fail to have startled her if her thoughts had not been many miles away. John Tyrrell was not an accomplished actor and a man of the world for nothing, however, and as he took her back into the conservatory, and they walked up and down there while she fanned herself slowly, his voice and expression alike

became again the voice and expression with which she was familiar.

"That was delicious," she said, recalling herself with an effort from her thoughts of Roger. "What perfect dance-music!"

"It is," he asserted. "Let me fan you!" He took the fan from her in spite of her laughing protest, and began to move it slowly up and down; and then fixing his eyes on her face as his occupation gave him an excuse for doing, he said, carelessly, but with keen attention in his eyes: "Have you heard much music since you came back to town? Have you heard Moritz?"

Moritz was a young pianist who had made his first appearance in the London art world during the last season, and Selma had met him several times, and taken a sympathetic girlish interest in her fellow *débutant*.

"No," she answered, eagerly. "What is he doing this season?"

"He is working splendidly," returned Tyrrell. "He seems to me to make a step forward in power and technique every time I hear him." He paused as Selma uttered a little, quick, enthusiastic exclamation of sympathy, and then went on, still with the same intent watch on her face: "Do you remember how angry he used to get with himself over those Volkslieder? I heard him play them the other night to absolute perfection, and I told him so afterward. He shook back that mane of his, his eyes lighted up—you know—and he said: 'Ah! I have done it! It is my own. I stand now upon his difficulties!'"

"Oh!" exclaimed Selma, "how lovely for him! How he must have worked. Do tell him I congratulate him."

The excited face and shining eyes were turned full toward him, and he studied them as he would have studied an open book, as he said, deliberately and slowly, in a lower tone than he had used yet, as though the subject were painful to him:

"He asked after you, and what you were doing. I told him that you had given up work, and he couldn't believe it. Ah!" he added, with quick change

of manner, "here is Miss Cornish looking for you, I'm afraid."

He did not look at Selma, but there was an instant's pause before she took her fan as he offered it to her, and he knew that her face had changed suddenly and completely. She hardly spoke as they rejoined Mrs. Cornish, and her face was still dreamy and thoughtful when Tyrrell shut the carriage door on them and turned away.

He went straight home, though it was so early, and had smoked two cigarettes before Miss Tyrrell, who had also been out, came in with an exclamation of surprise at seeing him.

"I told you it would be dull," she said, carelessly, as she unwound an artistically-arranged wrap from her artistically-arranged head. "Who was there?"

"Nobody," returned her brother. "Selma was the sensation."

"Selma Malet! I should not have thought of her being there. And how does the silly child like the idea of giving it up?"

Tyrrell smiled cynically.

"She has no ideas of any kind, at present," he said. "She is in love."

"And will it last?"

Her brother flicked the ashes from the top of his cigarette, and his face was more cynical than ever.

"Who knows!" he said.

#### CHAPTER IX.

AT about three o'clock the next afternoon the Cornish household, which had spent the morning in a state of sympathetic excitement and expectancy, subsided into satisfied quietude. Roger had arrived in time for lunch, looking radiant and triumphant, but he had said nothing as to the result of his absence; his family understood that Selma was to hear all about it first, and withdrew to compare notes on Selma's expression of bliss during lunch, to tell one another how glad they were that Roger had come back, and to speculate as to the news he had brought.

The lovers, left to themselves after a parting of a whole week, concerned themselves at first neither with the future

nor with the past; and when the present ceased to be all-sufficient for them, lengthy experiences had to be exchanged as to the desolation of the last six days, and much consolation to be given and received before anything so comparatively matter-of-fact as future prospects could be thought of. At last Selma leant back against him as they sat together on the sofa with a little sigh of absolute contentment; and, as he looked down into her sweet face, he moved her a little, suddenly and diffidently, that the light might fall more directly upon her, and said, anxiously:

"Sweetheart, why do you look so tired?"

She opened her eyes and smiled up at him.

"Do I look tired?" she said, dreamily.

"It must be dissipation, I'm afraid. I did not sleep well; I had dreams—"

She broke off suddenly, her face changed, and she moved so that he did not see it for a moment. Then she turned to him suddenly, and nestled very close to him, as she said:

"You haven't told me yet anything about what you've been doing."

"I've been thinking about you."

"All day and every day?"

"All day and every day."

"That must have been very bad for business."

She laughed a low, delighted, musical laugh, and Roger echoed it, as he said:

"No, it was first rate for business. Things have turned out far better than I expected."

He spoke with the triumphant and important tone of a man who has something to tell, and Selma moved interestedly, and sat up, leaving both her hands in his, and waiting eagerly for his next words.

"I won't go into a lot of business details," he said. "It would bother you, wouldn't it? But I've arranged an exchange—a very good exchange. I give up my berth in Nelson, and sign a contract with a firm here, which means a first-class position in a few years' time, and something to offer my darling now."

His voice was full of happiness, and



Selma's flushed face was radiant, as she cried:

"O Roger! really and truly? You are not giving up anything to stay in England? You are quite satisfied?"

"I should be hard to please if I were not," he answered, with a ringing laugh. "You know I would not risk the future—I would sooner wait for you, my darling; but this is far better than anything I could have hoped for in Nelson. You have brought me good luck."

He lifted her hands to his lips as he spoke, but she bent toward him impulsively, and pressed her cheek against his.

"I would like to," she murmured, girlishly. "O Roger! you know I would like to!"

There was a little silence, and then Roger moved, and put his hand into his pocket.

"I wanted to bring you something," he said, diffidently; "only I could not find anything really good enough for you. I—do you like it?"

He had been opening a little packet as he spoke, his strong, man's fingers absolutely shaking with nervousness, and with the last words he produced a little pearl bracelet, dainty and slender as the little wrist at which he glanced as he put it into her hand.

"O Roger!" she cried, as she took it and the hand that gave it her together. "Oh! how sweet of you! Like it? It's a perfect duck."

"Is it what you like?" he asked, anxiously. "I saw it in a window, and I thought it was pretty. But nothing ever seems to me pretty enough for you, Selma. Everything that comes near you ought to be like you."

"Dearest!" she answered, softly and impulsively, looking up from the little bracelet into the simple, adoring eyes that met hers, "you think too much of me in every way. There is nothing you should love me for, Roger, except that I love you. And I should love anything you gave me—you know that," she went on, when he released her, which was not soon. "Even if it was not the sweetest thing I ever saw, as this is. Put it on for me."

He hesitated a moment, and then he said:

"Look at the inside, Selma."

"The inside? Oh! Why there's something written, Roger—a date. November the second. That's to-day?"

She had risen, as she spoke, that she might hold the bracelet in a better light, and she turned to him as she finished, with soft, inquiring eyes. He rose, too, and stood very close to her, not touching her, however, as he said:

"Yes, it's to-day. Can't you guess how I want to think of to-day?"

She thought a moment, with her eyes fixed on the mysterious date, and then she whispered, happily:

"It's the day when you came back to me."

"No, it's not that. I don't mean that. I want it to be more. Selma," he drew a step nearer, and gathered both her hands into his own, "tell me to day when it may be."

There was a little inarticulate sound of confusion, the wondering eyes changed suddenly, and Selma had drawn back a step, her lovely crimson face bent very low.

"O Roger!" she murmured.

"My darling, why should we wait? That you should care for a fellow like me is what I never can explain; but—you do. And I—Selma, I want my wife."

"Your wife!" She lifted her head with a sudden start, and looked at him for an instant, her very throat crimson with the swift rush of color the word had produced, her eyes half-startled, half-pleased, as if with a new and wonderful idea. "Your wife!" she repeated in a voice in which pride, excitement, happiness, and shyness were inextricably blended. "Your wife! O Roger!"

He drew her into his arms with an assurance of touch which he had never used to her before, and she yielded to him with a vague thrill, of which her youthful excitement was hardly conscious.

"Does it sound strange to you, darling?" he said. "I have said it to myself, over and over again, till I've hardly been able to believe in my luck. My wife!"

She hid her face for a moment on his shoulder, and then she lifted it again, glowing with happy, proud confusion.

"It—it takes one's breath away," she whispered.

She looked more like a sensitive, enthusiastic child than a woman, as she let her arms rest so gently on his shoulders, and her eyes only got brighter and happier as he said again:

"Why should we wait, dearest? Tell me when? In a month?"

"Roger!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands as they met behind his head, with a little emphatic gesture of protestation. "In a month! It's most utterly impossible!"

"Six weeks, then! Two months! To-day is the second of November. The second of January, darling!"

"O Roger!" with a world of hesitation and indecision in her voice. And then she added quickly, with a laugh in her eyes:

"It's a Sunday!"

"It's not! It's a Tuesday! Say it shall be then."

He held her very close, and, as she met the honest blue eyes, she laid her face down with a gesture of childish devotion on his shoulder.

"Yes," she whispered.

"My darling!" A moment later he drew one of her hands down, and slipped the bracelet on the little wrist, and as he did so she lifted a very rosy face, and watched his fingers.

"I shall wear it always and always," she said, softly. "And I shall love it almost like my ring. O Roger!" with a sudden change of voice, as the clock on the mantel-piece struck five. "Listen! I thought it was very dark. Oh! they will be bringing tea. I must go! I must go and tell Helen!"

He held her fast for an instant more.

"I may tell my mother?" he said.

"Oh! yes; you may do as you like. Only let me go! I must tell Helen!" She returned his kisses with innocent, undisguised fervor, and then she was gone.

She fled up stairs, with bent head, and the step of a very fugitive, to the room she shared with Helen, opened the door

with noiseless haste as though a moment's pause was intolerable to her, and the thought of drawing attention to her unprotected self by any sound was not to be borne, shut it behind her almost in the same instant, and threw herself into her sister's arms before Helen was well aware that she was near.

"O Nell!" she cried. "O Nell, Nell!"

Helen was well used to such demonstrations on Selma's part. Reserve, where she was sure of love and sympathy, had never been of the latter's characteristics; and through all her life her easily excited, emotional temperament had been accustomed to find an outlet in Helen's arms—arms which were always ready to hold her, however little Helen fathomed her emotion at the moment. In the bright, practical consolation or sympathy with which Helen met all her sister's despairs or enthusiasms Selma felt only the love, and was always soothed by it, never missing the comprehension which her sister could not give her.

She hid her face upon Helen's shoulder now as she had hidden it many times before, and Helen pressed a warm, cheery kiss upon the dark hair as she said:

"Well, have you made up for all the week, dear?"

"I've got something to tell you, Nell!"

"Something special?"

"Something very special. He—I—we—Nell, the second of January!"

"O Selma!"

The soft, round cheek was pressed against the dark head, and for a moment the sisters clung close together, and were very still. Then Helen lifted her head, winked her blue eyes rather suspiciously once or twice, and sat down, drawing Selma down on the floor at her side.

"It's quite settled?" she said, brightly. "I'm so glad, dear, so very, very glad. How busy we shall all have to be!"

Selma raised her head excitedly, squeezing her sister's hands in both her own as she rested them on Helen's knee.

"It seems a very little time, doesn't it?" she said, in a delighted, awestruck voice.

"He—he was in such a dreadful hurry!"

"In too much hurry, Selma?"

The flushed face went down upon the clasped hands precipitately, and Selma said, half laughing, half crying: "I don't know, Nell. O Nellie!" As she lifted herself up suddenly, and flung her arms round her sister's neck with a little excited cry: "I can't believe it's true! It seems too good to be true!"

Helen laughed; but, in spite of herself, her laugh ended in a little sigh, and Selma suddenly unclasped her hands, and let them fall again on her knee as she knelt back on the floor.

"Oh! what a selfish girl I am!" she cried, remorsefully, under her breath. "O Nell! darling, shall we wait until you and Humphrey can be married, too? Oh! you must be dreadfully unhappy?"

Helen drew her close, and laid her cheek so that Selma should not see her face.

"No, dear," she said, softly and quickly, "I didn't mean to sigh. I'm quite content to wait as long as we must wait. It's only now and then!"

"Will it be long?" said the fresh, pitying, young voice.

"Yes, dear."

Selma made a little inarticulate moan over her as if such a state of things was too terrible to contemplate.

"It does seem so unfair!" she cried, at last. "Everything is perfect with Roger and me, we haven't to wait or anything, and we've only known one another two months—just think, Helen, two months ago I hardly knew there was Roger in the world. And you and Humphrey have cared so long! Oh! it makes me feel quite wicked."

But Helen was her own hopeful matter-of-fact self again, and she kissed away the two bright tears which stood in the lovely, grieving eyes.

"Goose!" she said, brightly, "you haven't anything at all to do with it. Come, we must go down-stairs to tea. Does auntie know?"

"Roger—I said he might tell her," answered Selma, sorely divided between the thrilling interest of her own affairs, and loving pity for her sister; but the former became for a moment all absorb-

ing as Helen, having smoothed the ruffled hair in a practical, business-like way, drew her toward the door.

"O Helen! must I go down so soon?" she said. "Oh! suppose they all know!"

It was quite impossible to doubt that they all did know as Selma and Helen went into the drawing-room together—Selma, with very flushed face and down-cast eyes, trying to appear unconscious of the universal exclamation which greeted her, "Here she is!"

They were all there; Mrs. Cornish, pouring out tea; Sylvia, Nettie, sundry other cousins—even little Elsie. And, in addition to this strong muster of Cornishes, there was a little figure in a seal-skin hat and coat, which sprang up as the sisters came in and cast itself precipitately upon Selma, crying, in a little, quick, eager voice:

"O dearest thing! how glad I am to see you!"

"Mervyn!" exclaimed Selma and Helen, simultaneously; and Helen added, as Selma was rendered temporarily incapable of speech by a rapid series of speechless, eloquent kisses:

"I didn't know you'd come back. How nice!"

Mervyn Dallas was the only daughter of an old friend of Mr. Cornish. She had been motherless from her babyhood, and when she was a wild, erratic little school girl, Mrs. Cornish had been always very good to her, and she had spent nearly as much time in the Cornishes' house as in her own father's. She had been sent abroad to school when she was about fifteen, and had come home two years later to be her own mistress, and the mistress of her father's house, just at the time when Helen and Selma were established in the little Hampstead house. She had come back two years older in years than when she went away; but she had altered hardly perceptibly, and she had taken up all her old ways with the Cornish girls as though two days instead of two years had passed, running in and out of the house at all hours of the day, always full of excited interest in all their doings, always demanding and obtaining

sympathy for her own enthusiasm, teased by the boys, laughed at by the girls, and loved and petted in a careless, protecting fashion by the whole household. Being so much with their cousins, she had of course seen a great deal of Helen and Selma, and her first admiration of the latter had speedily developed into enthusiastic devotion. Her adoration from the first had been perfectly frank and unconcealed, and had no trace about it of the awe with which Selma was regarded by her cousins. And Selma, taken by surprise, had let herself be worshiped, half laughing and half touched, had been sweet and gracious to her devotee—as she was to every one with whom she came in contact—and had gradually grown very fond of the little thing.

She returned her kisses now, laughing a little, and blushing very much, for the pressure of Mervyn's small hands conveyed a great deal that could not be said in public, and then the latter drew back, and said, as a sort of explanatory apology to every one, with a shy glance in particular at Roger:

"It's so exciting for me, you see—not to know anything at all about it, and then to come in like this and find you all talking about the wedding-day. O Selma! I am to be a bridesmaid, am I not? How you can all have been so very horrid as not to write to me I can't think!"

"We didn't know where you were?" said Sylvia.

"That's nothing to do with it, Sylvia. I mean you might have written somewhere, and I should have got it."

She had been traveling abroad all the summer and autumn with her father, and during the last two months their movements had been so uncertain that the Cornishes really had not known where to write to her; though, no doubt—as Mervyn's last incoherent speech was intended to imply—they might have found out if they had not very much preferred the idea of telling her by word of mouth, and enjoying her excitement—always a standing joke with the whole household.

She had a quick, impulsive little way of speaking, the natural expression of an

enthusiastic, quickly-beating little heart, and her little, thin, brown, childish face seemed at the moment to be all eager, brown eyes. She was unusually small, with tiny hands and feet, and her figure looked more like that of a child than of a girl of eighteen; her hair, too—rough, curly, brown hair—seemed to accommodate itself with difficulty to the "done-up" stage, and was always tumbling about, to be unceremoniously seized and tucked away again.

"It's always all ends when anything happens," she exclaimed, quaintly, now, when Helen took hold of her and tucked sundry stray curling bits under her hat, as Selma turned to Mrs. Cornish, who was waiting for her with a beaming smile.

"So it's all quite settled," she said. "My dear child, I'm delighted. I don't like long engagements," with a pitying look, which Helen fortunately did not see; "and I'm thankful to think that there is no need for you, at any rate, to wait. Come and sit down here, dear child. The children are wild with excitement; and if you don't let them talk about bridesmaids' dresses, I don't know what they'll do."

And Mrs. Cornish, who seemed scarcely less excited than "the children"—which generic term embraced Sylvia and Elsie alike—themselves, drew Selma down on to the sofa beside her, as Roger offered her the cup of tea which he had annexed, in her behalf, directly she appeared. She raised a flushed face and a shy pair of eyes to him in thanks; and then she stooped, and held out her hand to Elsie. This little sister had rewarded Roger's exertions in the wood with devoted attachment, and she was clinging to him now with one hand, while she embraced a large doll—just brought to her by Mervyn Dallas—with the other.

"Come and kiss me, Elsie," said Selma, rather incoherently.

Elsie dropped Roger's hand, and trotted obediently up. But she did not give the required kiss. She stood gravely in front of her cousin with serious, uplifted face, and said:

"Please, Selma, may Elsie be Woger's bridesmaid?"

There was a shriek of laughter at this confusion of ideas; and as "Woger" lifted his bridesmaid on to his shoulder, Selma felt that she had hardly effected the diversion she intended. And after the laugh every one began to talk at once, and Selma had nothing to do but sit blushing and smiling, and turning her shining eyes from one to the other until, upon a perfect babel of voices, Mervyn Dallas leading, and the Cornish girls acting chorus, the door opened and closed quietly, and Helen—the only one who had heard it—turned quickly, with a happy smile, as Humphrey came up to where she was sitting.

"Has anything happened?" he observed, quietly, dropping the remark into the first pause of the chatter.

Nobody, except Helen, had noticed his entrance, and every one turned to him with an exclamation of surprise.

"How uncanny," said Mervyn Dallas as he shook hands with him. "Yes, something very thrilling has happened. Selma is going to be married!"

"So I have heard," he remarked, with a slight, amused smile at her excited face.

"Yes; but directly, this minute—I mean on the second of January."

"Is that so?" He turned to his brother with a quick glance of inquiry, which altered, as Roger made a delighted gesture of acquiescence, to one of infinite congratulation; and then he turned again to Helen with a look which no one else saw, and which she answered with a smile which said, as plainly as any words could have done, "Patience!"

"O dear! I don't want to go a bit," said Mervyn Dallas, pathetically; "but I really must tell you. Good-bye, Mrs. Cornish, isn't it exciting? Good-bye, dearest darling," to Selma with an enthusiastic hug, and then she came to Roger and stopped short. "Good-bye," she said, shyly, giving him her hand; and then, with a little burst of confidence, "Oh! you don't know how much I congratulate you!"

He accepted the congratulation in all simplicity, and went to open the hall door for her as she went out of the room es-

corted by all the younger Cornishes, leaving Mrs. Cornish, Helen, Selma, and Humphrey. Mrs. Cornish had something she wished to talk over with Helen, and they went away together—very little consideration was shown to Helen and Humphrey now that it was an established fact that their engagement might last for years—Roger was caught in the hall by Sylvia, who was very fond of him, and had given him up to Selma heartily, but with a struggle, and Selma and Humphrey were left alone.

He stood for a minute or two looking into the fire rather sadly, and then he roused himself and said:

"I am very glad to hear that it is settled, Selma!"

"It is very sweet of you!" answered Selma, impulsively. "I feel as if you must quite hate us."

He smiled as though the words were not worth a more serious answer, and said, with a different tone and manner as though to change the current of her thoughts: "I've been to hear Moritz this afternoon. He is giving two concerts this month you know."

"Moritz!" Selma hardly uttered the word, and he did not notice that she had changed color suddenly, though he had been looking at her with that expression of speculation with which he always contemplated the new Selma. He was the only member of his family to whom she had become, instead of ceasing to be, incomprehensible.

"You should go and hear him, Selma!" he went on, speaking with an enthusiasm he very seldom showed, except to Selma and Helen. "He is an artist! If he perseveres—"

He was interrupted by a little, sharp sigh, as Selma laid her hand suddenly on his arm.

"Don't, Humphrey!" she said, quickly. And then she stopped herself and laughed, rather uncertainly. "It's very nasty of me, I'm afraid," she said; "but—I don't like to hear about people who persevere?"

And before he had well taken in her meaning she was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## MIDWINTER SONGSTERS.

BY LEANDER S. KEYSER.

TO the student of bird-life a mild winter is a boon whose value he cannot well over-estimate. Many birds which would otherwise remain in their Northern homes, are driven Southward by the rigors of a severe season, and the colder the winter the farther South they are likely to go. My own observations confirm these statements. The winter of 1889-'90 was quite mild, many days being as bland as spring, as if nature, by some happy blunder, had got the seasons confounded. As a result many birds remained here throughout the cold months, and often fell into a tuneful mood. The early part of the next winter, however, was more severe, and drove many of my feathered intimates of the previous season to a warmer clime.

But there are other birds that remain no matter how cold the weather. Among these are the tree-sparrows, hardy and brave little soldiers that they are. These birds move about in the woods in scattering flocks like feathered nomads, chirping a little sadly as if the season were not wholly to their taste. They sing far too rarely for the bird lover. In 1889 and 1890 they several times treated me to a wisp of melody; but it was not until on the 11th of January, 1891, that I had an opportunity to hear them at their best. On that day I listened to a whole colony of them "rolling their psalm to the wintry sky." It was a glorious concert. Before that day I had never heard more than one singing at a time, and even then he kept himself well out of sight.

As the minstrelsy of these birds has never, so far as I know, been fully characterized, I will describe it as best I can. Much as I dislike to fall into the critical mood when speaking of a bird, I must concede that the tree-sparrow's song is somewhat crude in execution; it lacks nicety and precision of touch, and does not pass smoothly from one part to another, the intervals being far too often

filled up with mere half-tones. Yet, in spite of these defects, there is something childlike and naïve about his music that lends it a peculiar charm. Its winsomeness, as well as its artlessness, would be sadly marred by the accession of more art. The enchantment of his song consists chiefly in the sweetness of his tones, which almost distance the most dulcet tones of that peerless triller, the song-sparrow. If he had his cousin's technical skill he would indeed be hard to excel among the minor feathered chordists. In general form the tree-sparrow's canticles are much like those of the box-sparrow, although his voice is less resonant and pitched to a higher key. Usually they open with two or three clear, prolonged notes, and close with a little trill of rare sweetness having a somewhat remote air. The songs are often superimposed upon the semi-musical chirping of the birds, and quite often one of them will begin to chirp, but before he is aware his voice has glided up into the sphere of melody.

Feathered Castors and Polluxes are the tree-sparrows and snowbirds in the woods I frequent, keeping one another company through all the cold and stormy weather. The snowbird, though a sprightly little fellow, is more characterless than his relative just described. He sometimes comes to town for his dinner when his sylvan larder becomes exhausted; but he is quite parsimonious of his songs, his half-musical, nervous little run, *tsip-tsip-tsip*, being usually all the tune he vouchsafes. Yet I occasionally hear him singing a tuneless but varied little ditty, enough to give him a place in my list of midwinter minstrelsy. The Carolina wren—brave, hardy, little captain—quite often rouses the echoes of the wintry woods by his bugle call.

My little Beau Brummel, the crested titmouse, does not often really sing in any season, although he has a great vari-

ety of calls; yet he will sometimes twitter a tune of considerable beauty even in January. However, no birds of my acquaintance have been so lavish of winter minstrelsy as the song-sparrows. One winter they did not leave this neighborhood at all, but beguiled the brief days with their cheerful strains, even singing while snow was falling. The next autumn, however, the weather turned cold, and they went away without even bidding me adieu; but during the first week in February a balmy air-current from the South bore them back to their summer trysts. "The subtle essence of spring" was already in their veins, and I wish you could have attended their opera festivals. I have never before or since heard them acquit themselves quite so well. Every bird seemed to be a winged Orion or Orpheus combined as he trilled his fantasia.

In one of my rambles about here—it was St. Valentine's Day—a little before sunset, I strolled out to the marsh about a half mile from my house. Seated on the rail fence I lent my ears to an enchanting medley of song. Loud and clear, far and near, soft and sad, cheery and glad, the strains blent together in a rich variety that carried my spirit captive.

When I had harkened to this satisfying melody as long as the minstrels would let me I reluctantly trudged on to the lower end of the swamp. One sparrow near by attracted my attention, and I resolved to study his song and characterize it as far as possible. At first he trilled in a clump of bushes, a little saucily, I thought, as if challenging me to find him if I could. Presently he flitted up into a sapling not more than two rods away, and then gave himself up to the lyrical ecstasy that had obviously taken possession of his mottled bosom. He was one of the choicest trillers I have ever heard. I think he must have been the chorister of the winged choir. While I listened he reeled off at least a half-dozen different tunes. Tiring of one, he would drop into an-

other, usually shifting his position at every change.

Some of his trills were loud, clear, and almost sonorous; others, soft, subdued, and exquisitely sweet. Some were cheerful and buoyant; others, far-away and pensive. Occasionally he would hold his voice on one string of his lyre for several seconds, and then pour forth a cascade of liquid melody. Once or twice his attention seemed to be diverted, perhaps by some movement of mine, when he stopped mid-quaver, remained silent a moment, turned his head interrogatively, and then resumed his song. Several times it seemed as if one of his harp strings were broken, or as if he were growing hoarse, but he would clean his wind-pipe, and then break forth again in a paroxysm of song.

The gloaming settled down upon marsh and meadow and upland; the chill "westerly wind" complained in the bushes and saplings like a troubled spirit seeking the rest it could not find; but the blithe little sorcerer and his tuneful mates chanted all sadness out of my mind.

Up to the latter part of December of last year, the weather was very changeable, but at no time exceedingly cold. At the beginning of January, however, a polar wave struck this latitude and gave us a real taste of winter. The song-sparrows remained in the neighborhood, seeking shelter in the large brush heaps and thickly-matted weeds that fringed a pond back of my house; but I did not hear a single trill from their throats after the middle of December; whereas two years ago, when the weather was very little, if any, warmer, they sang so frequently. There is no accounting for the whimsies of the birds. Perhaps, however, it is an error to call their erratic conduct by so disparaging a name: they may, after all, be merely obeying a law of their nature—a law that may be just as imperative to them as the law of gravity to the universe in general.

## THE REVELERS.

BY ROBERT N. STEPHENS.

AT two hours after that December midnight the streets in all this part of the city were deserted and silent. Few people were out to receive the benefit of the great areas of light diffused by the lucent electric orbs aloft upon their sentinel-like poles. The last belated Christmas shoppers had gone home, and the houses presented dark and lifeless fronts.

The city slumbered beneath the clear winter sky, dreaming, perchance, of the jocund awakening upon the Christmas morrow. Windows seemed like eyes with closed dark lids, having the black lustre that glass assumes at night.

At irregular points, far apart, a few windows were yellow with light. One here upon the top story of the house at the right, another seen high above backyard fences a block away, a third somewhat nearer and protruding from the sloping roof of an attic, had the dim glow which tells of some human wakefulness here and there amidst all this sleep in the windy night.

It is pleasant for a thinking man to watch the few little windows in the late night and to conjecture what may dwell behind them, what death or birth or pain, what ungarmenting of beauty after time of pleasure, what awakening of early toiler, what vigil of student or poet or dreamer or lover, what scene of gaming or love making or carousing, what hope or despair, may cause insomnia and light in the midst of sleep and darkness.

Come now from these few faint gleams scattered sparsely over the city, and concentrate attention upon the one small rectangular surface of light that marks the end window of the fourth story upon the front of a building half-way up a solid block of tall and massive houses. The window next it is feebly luminous, indicating that the two pertain to the same apartment, and that behind the second a blind is drawn close.

Seeing this light, high where the wind moves, from some point of vantage a half-mile away, whence it looked but a faint flame touch against its black background, one might have guessed all night and not have guessed the strange scene that was passing within the chamber from which the light came.

The spectacle was this:

Rich rugs of dark hues covered most of the varnished floor. Pictures, book-cases, and a sideboard concealed much of the wall. Incandescent lights circled around the chandelier that depended from the centre of the low, painted ceiling. Maroon velvet *portières* hid the closed door. The furniture was heavy and comfortable. Upon the side of the room opposite to the windows was a fireplace where live coals glowed. In the centre of the chamber was a large writing-table, covered with magazines and bric-à-brac. At the right of this table was a smaller one upon which were grouped bottles of champagne in a bucket of ice with decanters of brandy and a box of cigars. This drinking-stand was at the left of a great soft arm-chair, the back of which touched the writing-table. The chair faced a broad mirror that rose against the wall from floor to ceiling. In the chair sat, or lolled, a man, and in the mirror was his reflection.

The man was jovial and in laughing mood. The drowsiness of long drinking was manifest in his lazily smiling countenance and in the droop of his hands over the arms of his chair. His left fingers barely retained the brandy-glass from which he had last drunk, and the grasp of his right was lax upon a half-smoked cigar. The man was in evening dress, and his falling chin almost touched the bulging white front of his shirt, as his limp position caused his attire to be somewhat disarranged.

The man who kept this vigil with drink and smoke was tall and plump and graceful of form, round and merry of

face, his countenance being all smooth shaven. His brown, slightly undulating hair had very little of gray, yet his features told of at least forty years. A quizzical smile trembled about the fleshy extremities of his full lips and the lids of his eyes, whose pupils were light blue. In the yellowness that soiled the white parts of the eyes and in the acquired ruddiness of his prominent nose and cushion-like cheeks were the signs of long acquaintance with liquor and dainty food.

A logical whim was this of John Hillhouse, the good liver, to royster out this yule night alone with his reflection in his lodgings, because he was without kith or kin, and could not follow the custom of most men at this joyous time to gather about them their beloved of their own blood.

He might have spent the evening with acquaintances had he sought an invitation, for he was accounted a prince of good fellows, and had many who called themselves his friends, but who at Christmas-tide forgot him because their hearts now turned to their own people.

He might have passed the night with other lonely spirits at one of his clubs, but he knew the gloom of these gatherings from repeated experience. There is falseness in the labored merriment of kinless men when they meet together at Christmas time in order to avoid the regrets that solitude brings to them at this happy season.

"I shall be gayer alone," he had said, at eventide, "and in better company! I'll drink away the night with myself, and this shall be my merriest Christmas morning in ten years. If I need the stimulus of jolly society I shall have only to look at myself in the glass."

As the theatres had no more allurements than the clubs or riotous public balls on such a night, and as he had nothing in common with the rushing crowds of shoppers (for it is the poor, they whose Christmas offerings are the most precious because of the preliminary self-sacrifice, who are so belated in their purchases), he had gone to his apartments in the Leyburne lodging-house at nine o'clock, had turned on all the in-

candescent lights, and had placed himself beside his bottles and before his mirror.

So constantly he drank as to keep at distance the memories of years long past that might have stolen upon him now. And the more he drank the louder he laughed, for merriment, with no specific cause, seemed to have taken possession of him. All about him assumed to him a droll aspect.

Four hours of unflagging imbibition and smoking had caused a pleasant lethargy to supersede the period of hilarity, and thus at two o'clock on this cold Christmas morning John Hillhouse sat smiling sleepily at his own image.

The stroke of the hour from the time-piece upon his mantel-shelf, followed by the clanging of many clocks in many towers and steeples, aroused the roysters, John Hillhouse and his reflection.

He sat upright and filled his glass with brandy and lighted a fresh cigar.

"Come, old man!" he said to his image in the mirror, "have another with me! The night's not near over yet. We'll stay in the race, we two night-owls! We'll keep it up till the sun shines through the window there. I'll promise not to fall out before you do! We're the gayest pair in the world, you and I—or I and myself, rather! Here's to you, dear boy!"

And when he had swallowed his drink, John Hillhouse felt an impulse to sing. He staggered to his feet and waved his glass and cigar in harmony, facing his animated image with a smile, as in a resonant uncultivated baritone voice he shouted the first refrain that came to his tongue.

"For we're two jolly good fellows!"

The zest with which he sang soon produced a vocal and physical exhaustion that made him drop back into his chair. As he did so, his glass slipped from his fingers and fell to the floor. He ceased smiling and leaned forward that he might recover it.

Thus his head was brought very near the mirror. He turned his face upward to avoid a surging of blood to his tem-

ples. His eyes dwelt upon his mirrored countenance and into their own depths reflected. The smile had passed from his features. The close sight of himself drove thought of the brandy-glass from his mind, and John Hillhouse remained in his attitude, gazing at his own visage.

What was it of darkness and of grossness and of the savage that he now for the first time read upon his face? He brought it still closer to the mirror, and still more repellent it appeared. He knew that it had not changed, that it was invariably thus when in repose, and that none had ever deemed it repulsive.

But none had ever been as close to it as he was now. None had ever scrutinized it for the traces of his inmost thoughts and of his selfish life. Now he saw upon it the coarse reddened convexities that betray the gourmand and the toper. Now he detected, too, the subtle evidences of the evil impulses he had harbored. He saw cunning and unscrupulousness about the eyes, and he detected something of the brute in the hard elastic fullness around the lips.

People called him a "good fellow!" And yet they had seen that face! The vulgarity of it soon ceased to occupy his perception; he was now revolted by its wickedness, its ferocity.

He drew back in horror, shivering and affrighted. His eyes hastily scoured the room as if he were seeking some genial company to help him sustain the terror of that malevolent presence in the mirror. But he was alone—alone with himself.

And he felt that he was in bad company.

The time of night, the stillness, the solitude, the sudden waking from his alcoholic torpidity combined to make his imagination abnormally active and his mind unreasoning, his emotional sensibility preternaturally acute. He arose and drew back from that image in the glass, hiding his face with his fore-arm.

His reason began to work unconsciously and with extraordinary rapidity. The face in the mirror looked that of a criminal. Was he not a criminal in

truth? What though he had never made himself amenable to the law, was he not capable of the worst crimes should necessity or even his own comfort or appetite call for him to commit them? Had he not, in his time, caused others to suffer, some even to die, that he might enjoy? Had he not brought the deepest sorrow to some who had loved him, that he might keep on his easy way through life, remaining unchanged a "good fellow"?

Surely that was a crime, though the law had for it neither name nor rebuke, by which he had destroyed the happiness of a woman who had loved him, merely that he might retain the freedom and irresponsibility of bachelorhood. The world called it simply the breaking of an engagement, and attributed it to caprice or to some unknown special cause. But he knew now that only a cold and calculating nature could have done that outrage to love and to a woman's trust, even at the expense of a few weeks of stoutly-resisted and finally-overcome regret.

And that other woman!—he shuddered as he thought of her wretched death, and he knew himself, not legally but truly, her murderer.

And the many appealing hands held out to him that he had shaken his head at or pretended not to see; the countless selfish advantages he had taken; the numberless opportunities of assuaging the unhappiness of others that he had neglected—all these and many more deeds of commission and omission came up before his mind as he stood there shielding his eyes from the sight of the face in the mirror.

Worse than all that he had done were the things that he had meditated doing, the acts that he might have done had circumstances dictated them.

He took his arm from his eyes and again beheld his countenance in the glass. So they stood, John Hillhouse and his reflection, and the man in the room was stricken with fear of the man in the mirror!

With terrified eyes he moved from his place before the glass, not daring, in his distrust, to take his eyes from the image that duplicated his movements. So he



slunk to the other side of the table and to the door. He turned the lock that he might open.

For the man, in his fear, wished to flee from the horrible counterfeit of himself.

He opened the door and peered into the dark hallway. But ere he could cross the threshold he bethought himself of the futility of flight. No man can flee from himself. Wherever he might go, he could not elude his own baleful, dangerous presence.

He relocked the door and staggered back to the table, across which he saw himself disheveled in the mirror. He placed his hands upon the table for support. The tips of his fingers touched something cold. He gave a start.

The problem was solved, he knew how a man might escape from himself.

The cold thing that met his touch upon the table was an Oriental dagger which he was wont to use as a paper-knife. He grasped it by the hilt. One strong physical effort would rid John Hillhouse forever of that fearful companion with whom he had been carousing—himself.

He held the weapon aloft triumphantly, and with uncertain but rapid and heavy steps he resumed his place immediately in front of the looking-glass. Armed now, he had courage to speak again.

"I'll free myself from you!" he cried, to his reflection. "I'll put an end to you! Turn your hateful face upon me for the last time! We've drunk together, as beasts; we've been fellow-revelers to-night; we'll meet death together, now!"

To steady himself, he brought his left hand down upon the drinking-stand, overturning the bucket and bottles and knocking some to the floor. With his right hand he poised the dagger aloft.

Something made him hesitate. It was a kind of pity for the man in the mirror, so wild was his look, so tautly drawn the muscles of his face, so rigid his attitude, as he stood expectant of death. The firmness with which he awaited the blow inspired John Hillhouse's respect. He

was no craven, whatever else he might be that was despicable.

So John Hillhouse paused, and his pity grew. He lowered his right arm and examined again his mirrored face. And in the far depths of his eyes he saw what carried him back thirty years.

It was the spark of good within him, that much as still dwelt in his eyes of likeness to his mother.

Could that be all bad, he asked himself, which resembled her dear look? He stood as one transfixed, and as his lineaments softened he perceived other inherited lines that called her kind face up before him.

The dagger dropped from his hand; he fell back into the chair; leaned upon the little table until his head lay among the bottles and the spilt wine; and he wept aloud.

That subtle similitude of his own face to his mother's had come to his view as a shaft of light into a deep mine's darkness. He loved that visage now for the sake of her of whose lineaments it preserved the faint suggestion. And now John Hillhouse knew that he was not all evil.

He sat sobbing, his head upon the drinking stand, for a long time. But every such season of tears has end, and so silence fell at last upon John Hillhouse. Then a new, strange longing came to him, and he arose and put on a cape-coat and a high hat, and went quietly from the room, leaving the incandescence lights burning and the wine bottles scattered in confusion upon the floor.

When the Christmas chimes of St. Mary's church were ringing in the frosty morning, and the glad worshipers came in by ones and twos and small groups for early service in honor of the day, they could not but notice an unusual sight in a foremost pew where a stream of dawn sunlight fell in the rich colors taken from a window above the great organ.

It was a man in evening dress and his head was bowed in prayer.

## AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF GOUNOD.

BY ALBERT D. VANDAM.

CHRISTMAS EVE, many, many years ago.

It had been bitterly cold all day, and toward night a white mist had risen from the turbid, swollen river, wrapping its banks and the streets abutting on it in a semi-opaque cloud that shed weird, fantastic shadows on the familiar landmarks and objects all round, and transformed them into so many ghoul-like, uncouth monsters, startling the belated wayfarers and causing them to hurry on toward the wished-for haven—home. The clock of Notre Dame had just boomed forth eight strokes, but the sound fell with a dull thud upon the air and scarcely roused an echo. All but the main thoroughfares leading southward from the Seine were deserted, and in the long, narrow Rue Mazarine, behind the Institute of France, there were not a dozen people abroad. The few that were paid no attention whatsoever to a tall old man who was dragging himself painfully along toward the quay, standing still now and then to indulge in a prolonged shiver, because, apparently, he had not the strength to shiver and to be moving at the same time. He leant heavily on a thick stick, while his left arm held closely pressed against his body an oblong object wrapped in a checkered cotton handkerchief.

He was but thinly clad, in fact, he represented the shorn human creature to whom, unlike to the lamb under similar conditions, the wind was not tempered. A pair of summer trousers, and a threadbare coat, buttoned up to the chin, probably to hide the absence of linen, were all the armor against the raw, icy moisture that fell from above and trickled profusely down his flowing white beard and hair, the latter crowned by a broad-brimmed soft hat pulled over the eyes, as a means, perhaps, to escape recognition, though recognition, Heaven knows, would perhaps have been the best thing that could have befallen him.

When the old man got to the riverside, he stood for a moment undecided, then crossed the Pont des Arts, looking neither to the right nor left; maybe, the water would have proved too strong a temptation to lie down and "have done with it," and he would not yield to it. Entering by the southern gate, he made his way across the Place du Carrousel and the maze of ill-smelling slums which in those days separated the Tuileries from the Palais Royal, and at last found himself in the centre of fashionable Paris, for half a century ago the erstwhile residence of Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin could still lay claim to that title. He seemed fairly dazzled by the lights, the bustle of the crowd, "on enjoyment bent," and made the turn of the gardens several times, apparently unable or afraid to come to a decision. In another moment, however, he stopped in the "Fountain's Court" under a wooden awning at the angle of that busy passage. He firmly planted his back against the wall, put his stick within reach of him, and began undoing the parcel he had carried under his left arm. It contained a violin and its bow. Having examined its strings, he carefully folded his handkerchief in four, placed it on his left shoulder and began to tune his instrument. But at the first notes of the sad and sentimental romance he endeavored to play, the poor fellow himself stood aghast, while a couple of irreverential urchins, whom the sound had attracted to the spot, set up a derisive howl and belabored him with merciless chaff. He stopped short and sank down on the steps of the alley, his instrument on his knees, murmuring to himself: "Great God! I can no longer play," while a big sob choked all further utterance.

He had been sitting thus for several minutes, when at the other end of the passage there entered a party of three young men who were evidently in high spirits, for they sang as they went—they

sang a ditty very popular in those days with the students of the Conservatoire de Musique. They did not see the old fiddler, for one stumbled against his outstretched leg, and a second almost knocked his hat off his head, while the third positively drew back startled as the old man rose proudly, but despondingly, to his feet.

"I am sure, we are very sorry, Monsieur, and beg your pardon, but we did not see you. I hope we did not hurt you?" said the latter.

"No, you did not hurt me," was the answer while the speaker stooped to pick up his hat; but his interlocutor was too quick for him, and handed it to him. Then, and then only, he noticed the instrument in the old man's hands.

"You are a musician, Monsieur?" he said, deferentially.

"I was so once," sighed the old man, while two big tears coursed down his wrinkled cheeks; seeing which the three young men came closer to him.

"What is the matter?" they asked all at once. "Do you feel ill, and can we do anything for you?"

For a moment the old man preserved a deep silence, then, with a look that would have melted a heart of stone, held out his hat to them.

"Give me a trifle for the love of God," he whispered, softly. "I can no longer earn my living with my instrument; my fingers have become stiff, and my daughter is dying with consumption and want."

This time it was the young fellows' turn to be silent. Confusion was written on their faces, and for the first time in their lives, perhaps, they felt ashamed, nay, angry at being poor. They all fumbled in their pockets, but the result of their investigations was lamentable; the combined capital of two was sixteen sous, the third only produced a small cube of rosin, without which the violinist scarcely ever stirs abroad. They kept looking at one another for a few moments, then one spoke up:

"Sixteen sous is of no use, friends; we want more, much more than that to relieve our fellow-artist. A pull, and a

strong pull all together. You, Adolphe, take the violin and accompany Gustave, while I go round with the hat."

In the twinkling of an eye the preparations for carrying out the project are finished; coat-collars are turned up, the hair is brought over the features to disguise them, and, to make detection still more difficult, hats are tilted forward to conceal the eyes. Then the young fellow who has been the prime-mover in the whole gives the signal to start.

"It is Christmas Eve, Adolphe," he says, "and remember that at this performance the Almighty is as likely to be among the audience as not. So do your very best."

And Adolphe does his very best, assuredly; for scarcely have the first notes of the *Carnaval de Venise* fallen upon the air than every window round about is flung wide open, disclosing eager listeners, while below in the galleries and gardens of the Palais Royal, the passers-by stop as if rooted to the spot or else retrace their steps to swell the serried group slowly gathering round the performer. And when the last notes have died away, there is a frantic shout of approval, while the hat of the old man, placed by the lamp-post is rapidly filling, not only with copper but with silver coins also.

The three young fellows do not allow the excitement to cool; in another moment the strains of the violin are heard again, but now they accompany a voice of marvelous sweetness, compass, and purity—that of Gustave, who sings the favorite cavatina from *La Dame Blanche* in such a manner as to keep his listeners spell-bound. Meanwhile the audience has assumed unwonted proportions, and when the singer has finished, it positively "rains money," which the promoter of the entertainment has all his work to pick up. But he is determined that the harvest shall be a good one, and shielding his face as much as possible from the now very interested gaze of his public, he continues his collection.

"One more tune," he whispers to his companions. "and then we have done. You, Adolphe, while accompanying us,

bring out those bass notes of yours; I'll take the baritone part, and you, Gustave, my brave tenor, give us some more of your angel's strains. The heavens will open and the larks drop ready-roasted into the old man's mouth. Let us have the trio from *Guillaume Tell* to finish up with; and, mind, we are singing for the honor of the Conservatoire as well as for a charitable purpose."

There was no need of the reminder, the artistic spirit of the young fellows had been aroused already, and though the attendant circumstances of their performance were strange—some might have said humiliating—they sang and played as probably they never sang and played in after life, when the most critical of European audiences hung upon their lips and instrument; they sang and played so as to galvanize into life the old man himself, who in the beginning had remained seated on the steps, but who now grasped his stick and led the trio with an authoritative gesture that bespoke the practiced musician. He stood perfectly erect, the eyes, so dull and listless but half an hour ago, flashed with intense excitement, he looked transformed, and the executants themselves felt that they were obeying a master.

The performance was at an end, the crowd slowly dispersed—not without comments. "They are not street players," said some, "their voices are too fresh for that." "Street players," replied others, "of course they are not, they have done this for a wager, or perhaps they were hard up, and wanted a good lump sum for their Christmas supper." "Well, they have got it," said a third section, "that hat contains a great deal more money than we think. I saw two different gentlemen throw in a gold piece."

It was true; the hat contained a comparatively large sum; the well-to-do and critical among the audience, not stopping to inquire the hidden motives of the *al*

*fresco* entertainment and merely bent upon testifying their approval, had given without stint, and when the checkered handkerchief was tremblingly unfolded to receive the contents of the hat, the old man stood speechless with surprise and joy. Then he gasped—

"Your names; give me your names, that I may bless them on my death-bed; that my daughter may remember them in her prayers."

"My name is Faith," said the first young man.

"My name is Hope," said the second.

"My name is Charity," said the third, who had looked to the financial success of the undertaking.

"And you do not even know mine," sobbed the old man. "I might have been the merest impostor. My name is Chapner; I am an Alsatian, and for ten years I directed the orchestra of the opera at Strassburg. It is there I had the honor to mount *Guillaume Tell*. Since I left my native country, misfortune has pursued me. You have saved mine and my daughter's life, for, thanks to you, we'll be able to go back. My daughter will recover her health in her native air, and, among those I know, there will be found a place for me to teach what I can no longer perform. But I tell you, you shall be great among the greatest when I am gone."

"Amen," said the three young fellows as they led the old musician gently into the street and shook hands with him for the last time.

But in spite of their attempted disguise they had been recognized by one of the crowd who told the tale.

The name of the young violinist was Adolphe Hermann; that of the tenor was Gustave Roger, and the originator of the entertainment and collector still answers to that of Charles Gounod.

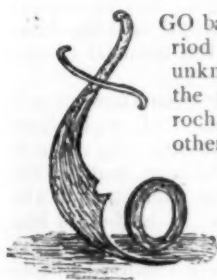
The old man's prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter.

#### TO A WHITE ROSE.

O, lovely rose, go with her to the tomb,  
Both thou and she to perish in its gloom,  
Companions fit in death, as in first bloom.—HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.

# Knives and Swords

By John S. Gibbs.



GO back to that dim period when knives were unknown is to antedate the mammoth, the auroch, the cave bear and other pre-historic animals, which were co-existent with primitive man. That man and the mastodon were on earth together there can be little, if any, doubt. Beyond that is like looking down the escarpment of a precipice on to an impenetrable bank of fog. But the fog that prevails there does not prevent us from returning to the firm ground established by science, and picturing to ourselves one of those early hunting scenes in which the flint knife, following the arrow, was used to deal death to a beast the like of which (save its bones) no man with whom we are connected by the faintest bonds of history ever saw.

Beside the rough uses of the chase, and in flaying the meat afterward, evidences are not wanting to show that this rude knife was capable of work of a much more particular kind. At a very early period in the flint or stone age knives of that material were used in performing the, even now, delicate surgical operation of trepanning, and with such success that out of twenty skulls found by Dr. Prunières in the cave of Homme-Mort, in Lozère, only one fatal instance was observed, the others showing unmistakable evidences of complete recovery. While granting this establishes the fact that

remarkable skill was possessed by early man in working with his clumsy instruments, we should be inclined to think that the successful culmination here noted was largely due to a superabundant vigor enjoyed by that remote generation over the present.

During the reindeer age which, palæontologically speaking, lies between that strata wherein are found the earliest traces of men and the Neolithic period containing fauna similar to our own, men became very proficient in the art of flaking or splintering their flint implements, and knives of this kind discovered in France show that our ancestors had a much finer knowledge of the texture and grain of stone than have the stone-cutters of to-day. Some of the work of that time, it is averred by eminent savants, we, with all our improved implements of steel, could scarcely duplicate.

Some authors have attempted to establish precise dates to the different ages, assigning five thousand to seven thousand years as the most remote limit of the stone age; three thousand to four thousand years as that of bronze; and two thousand years for the iron age. This is more nearly exact than the premises will doubtless permit; it



FLINT KNIFE.



having been conclusively proven that iron *was* used by pre-historic men. We would certainly find it difficult to reconcile the above with the Bible record, Genesis iv, 22:

"And Zillah, she bear Tubal-Cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron."

Tubal-Cain was only the eighth remove from Adam.

In the art department of the Centennial Exhibit, Philadelphia, 1876, a picture drawn from this bit of sacred history attracted considerable attention. At a rude forge, which, if I remember rightly, was at the mouth of a cavern, the herculean form of Tubal bent over a red-hot bar of iron which he was fashioning into a sword. His admiring patrons, some standing, some crouching like savages, were clad in the scantiest of vestments, the skin of a sheep or a leopard, and all intently watched every motion of the mighty smith. Beneath the picture was this quotation:

"To Tubal-Cain came many a one,  
And each man prayed for a good steel blade."

From the Bible we learn that Cain, after the first murder, "dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east side of Eden." None there are who can tell where Eden was, much less point to the site of Tubal-Cain's forge.

For the best specimens of bronze swords and daggers we must look to Ancient Egypt, where that composition was brought to an extraordinary degree of hardness and elasticity. The Egyptian sword is described as two and a half or three feet long, double-edged, and tapering to a sharp point. The Greek sword of bronze was a short cut-and-thrust, leaf-shaped blade, or tapering from hilt to point. The Lacedæmonian sword curved on the sharp side, the back was blunt and the end pointed obliquely backward. The Gallic sword, which had no point and was sharp on one side only, was the type used by Rome until after the battle of Cannæ, when they adopted the Spanish sword, which was short and straight, made for cutting and thrusting. The swords used by barbarians, soldiers,

and gladiators were curved. At the time of the second invasion of the Gauls, 366 B. C., the sword was a favorite weapon of the Roman legions. Livy, in speaking of this terrible weapon, the Gladius, says, "The Romans inflicted blows which cut off arms and legs and even severed the head from the body of an adversary."

At the beginning of the Punic wars Rome had poor swords. Carthage armed her infantry with a short sword; that of the cavalry was about the same length, but much broader.

The love of the Iberians for their swords, as well as the swords themselves, was written about by Livy and Polybius. But however valuable the weapon was then, it did not attain the zenith of its destiny until the sixteenth century, when Andrea de Ferrara's skill as a sword-maker carried the name Toledo as far as his blades went.

The temper of the best Tolédans is such that they can be packed for shipment curled up in a box like the mainspring of a watch.

Though the factory at Toledo still stands, and to some extent is in operation, producing a limited number of blades, fine as of yore, the day of its greatest importance and prosperity has evidently passed not to return. The number of hands now employed there has dwindled, one authority says, to a hundred and twenty; another places the figures still lower, at from seventy to eighty. Milan, also in times past, was famous for her cutlery, but Damascus gave her name to the most wonderful blades the world has ever seen; and they were used by nations having no skill in metallurgic arts long before the Christian era. It was the Crusaders who carried back to England and France the marvelous qualities of the sabres and scimiters with which their foes were armed. Every one is familiar with the wonderful accounts of Saladin's scimitar, and of the poisoned poniard with



BRONZE  
SWORD.

which Edward the First was stabbed, and how Queen Eleanor saved the King's life by sucking the wound—all these, it is fair to presume, were of Damascus origin.

Fabulous sums are said to have been refused for blades whose owners otherwise were far from opulent. The Bedouin of the desert has some such affection for his scimiter as for his horse.

Though more weapons of the kind known as Damascans have doubtless been forged within the walls of that ancient Syrian city than elsewhere, the best specimens are actually said to have come

from the Persian cities Ishpahan, Khorasom, and Sherez. However that may be, the name "Damascus" clings to all blades made of a peculiar steel, after a certain method long hidden from Western Europeans. We now know that this steel comes from Galcona, in Hindostan, where it was, and continues to be, manufactured by the original rude process.



SCIMITER.

The distinguishing features of Damascus blades are exceeding keenness of edge and capacity of retaining it after severe usage, to which is added the magnificent play of prismatic color upon their highly polished surfaces, especially when viewed in an oblique light, watered lines, appearing as white, black and silvery veins, cross, recross, and are gathered into bunches of network on the face of this steel. The art of producing these results may have been simple enough to Oriental cutlers possessed of the finest Himalayan steel, but it long taxed in vain modern scientists to imitate.

Within the last sixty years a General Anoloff undertook to produce blades equal to Damascus. The site of his operations was an isolated spot in the Ural Mountains, where, after experimenting

faithfully and in the most scientific manner for a long time, during which large drafts were made upon his private fortune, he is said to have been rewarded with success. The cost of his steel he fixed at a dollar and ten cents per pound; if he had counted the amount of money expended learning how to accomplish this, the price would have been thousands of dollars for every pound. Soon afterward the eminent experimenter died, and it would appear that the secret perished with him, for never after could his men make blades in quality approaching the master's standard.

The swordsmith's craft is one distinct from any other, and had always been accorded a high place among the mechanical arts, perhaps less so now than in the warlike Middle Ages. The smith must be an expert hammer-man, and have a superb knowledge of the art of tempering steel.

An idea of the diminution in demand for swords, daggers, poniards, and articles of this kind may be had from the fact that within less than two hundred years, all men having pretensions to gentility wore, on dress occasions, some kind of weapon. For this purpose, a rapier, first brought to England in the train of Philip the Second, was long fashionable; but about the middle of the eighteenth century was supplanted by the small sword, a light, concave-bladed weapon forty inches long, and often highly ornamented. The rapier, from a two-edged blade changed to the bayonet-shaped, which yet prevails; and it became famous for dueling and fencing purposes.

In the early part of this century our East India merchant ships were armed to resist Malay pirates, who infested the Straits of Sunda. A more blood-thirsty horde never lived, and many a vessel lying becalmed has been looted by them, and her crew summarily put to death by quick strokes of the snake-like crease. The kris or crease is a favorite Malayan weapon; it is of a variety of forms, short, long, straight, or crooked. Those most prized have a wavy blade whose appearance is not unlike a flaming serpent in motion. Wounds from this weapon are

very dangerous, and to eliminate any chance of the victim's recovery, it is dipped into a deadly poison. Four creases are sometimes seen on a single individual. In Java, women also affect them.



CAVALRY SABRE.

In the English and American army, all officers and some sergeants wear swords; cavalrymen are armed with a heavy-backed sabre, which is sometimes curved at the point like a scimiter. Not very unlike this is the naval cutlass, with which in time of action men-of-war's men are provided. During the old sailing-ship days, when much of the success depended on the dash and bravery of the boarding-officers, the cutlass held an enviable position of importance. The recent death in England, at the age of one hundred and

one years, of Admiral Sir Provo Wallis, "The Father of the Fleet," calls to mind one of the hardest sea-fights in which the cutlass performed a great part. Wallis was Second Lieutenant aboard the British frigate "Shannon" in her duel with the American frigate "Chesapeake," off Boston, June 1st, 1813. When the frigates came together, Captain Broke, of the "Shannon," ordered his boatswain to lash them fast, and while doing so the unfortunate man had his arm hacked off by an American cutlass. A terrible hand-to-hand conflict ensued. Victory was for the British, but at a great cost; nearly all the officers of both ships were killed, or died of their wounds within a few days. It was during this fight, while being carried below, having received a mortal wound, the brave Lawrence uttered his immortal words:

"Don't give up the ship."

Midshipmen in H. M. Navy carry a dirk, which, however useful in other ways, we may be pardoned for fancying

carries little harm to her enemies. In this connection something of an amusing nature is told of a midshipman aboard H. M. S. "Formidable" in the famous action of April 12th, 1782, when England defeated the combined fleets of France and Spain in the West Indies. Admiral Rodney being athirst called for a middy to mix a tumbler of lemonade, and the little fellow went vigorously to work stirring the brew with the hilt of his dirk. Evidently he thought this quite proper, but Rodney objected.

"Child, child," called out the Admiral, "that may do for the midshipmen's mess; drink that lemonade yourself, and send my steward here."

It is recorded that the midshipman showed great alacrity in obeying this order.

American merchant sailors carry in a sheath at their backs a common wooden-handled butcher's knife, and we doubt if any part of their limited equipment is more indispensable to them. It is in almost constant use, while aloft or on deck, and in his watch below;

for cutting strands of rope while splicing, canvas when making or repairing sails, his food from the forecabin "kid," and tobacco for his pipe after his meal is finished. I once saw a knife of this kind under peculiar circumstances. Several years ago I belonged to a ship that lay at anchor on the Bay of Panama, and for a Sunday morning excursion the mate took us cadets to visit the old fort built in the seventeenth century on Flamingo Island by the great freebooter Morgan. Some of us had returned to the beach and were wandering among the huge boulders, others were bathing; presently a shout drew us *en masse* to a thicket of "supple jack," which, at some period of high water, had caught a lot of flotsam. Among the driftwood was the skeleton of a man. Long before this the elements and insects had not only



CUTLASS.

whitened his bones but almost deprived him of any semblance of clothing—a shoe, part of a jacket, one leg of a pair of canvas breeches, a sheath and knife, the latter deeply incrustated with rust, was all we found. Going back to the ship we returned with tools to dig a grave, which done, we buried the poor unknown.

It would hardly do for me, an American, to close this sketch without devoting some attention to the celebrated bowie-knife.

The first one was made for Rezin P. Bowie by his plantation blacksmith out of a rasp or large file. It was first dipped in human blood at the celebrated duel of September 19th, 1828, fought on a sand-bar in the river below Natchez, where James Bowie acted as a second, and all the seconds were drawn into the fight. A lady connected with that family says:

"When James Bowie received the knife from his brother, he was told by him that it was 'strong and of admirable temper. It is,' he continued, 'more trustworthy in the hands of a strong man than a pistol, for it will not snap. Crane and Wright are both your enemies; they are from Maryland, the birthplace of our ancestors, and are as brave as you are, but not so cool. They are both inferior to you in strength, and therefore not your equal in a close fight. They are both dangerous, but Wright the most so. Keep this knife always with you. It will be your friend in a last resort, and may save your life.'

"After this conflict, in which the knife saved James Bowie's life, Rezin took it to Philadelphia, where it was fashioned by a cutler into the form of a model made by him, and I presume it is yet in the possession of some member of the family."

A lawyer of Texarkana once said, "It is an error to suppose all hunting-knives and 'Arkansaw tooth-picks'—so-called

from the readiness displayed in bringing them into affrays—are bowie-knives. The best hunting-knives come from Sheffield, England, and cost about \$2.50 for a six-inch blade; anything over that, up to ten inches, is reckoned at twenty-five cents an inch. There were never more than twelve or fifteen genuine bowie-knives made by the blacksmith who forged the first, and these, like the canvases of the old masters, are all located. There is a man in this county who has one of them, and such is the esteem in which he holds it that no man can borrow the knife for a single day. He has refused offers of large sums of money for it, and justly, for in my mind it possesses qualities which I have been unable to find equaled in any other knife. The edge is so keen that a hair may be cut with it, or one can drive it through a silver dollar without the slightest injury to the blade."

In the city of San Antonio, Texas, there yet stands a stone building which bears the name of the Alamo. If this building were endowed with speech it could tell a tale of blood,—a tale which no American has heard aright, for within its walls on Sunday, March 6th, 1836, one hundred and eighty-three Texans were killed by Mexicans under General Santa Aña; none escaped. One thousand Mexicans are said to have been slain. Among the defenders of the Alamo were Colonel James Bowie and Davy Crocket, who, after their ammunition had given out, fought with bowie-knives until overpowered. Mexican accounts say that Crocket, his face streaked with blood from a wound, was last seen alive standing in an angle of the Alamo, wielding a huge knife with such fury that at least twenty of his opponents lay in heaps around him. This, without doubt, is the greatest work ever credited to the bowie knife; indirectly, it cut Texas from Mexico, and gave her to the Union.



## GENOA.

BY LEIGH NORTH.

"GENOA la Superba" is the title by which many writers have distinguished this Italian city, now coming into its rightful place in the hearts and on the lips of every loyal American.

Situated on an arm of the sea, built in a semicircle on ranges of hills, with a background of mountains, overlooking the gulf, it shares with Naples and with Constantinople an exceeding beauty of position.

The vast arch of sky, the wide expanse of water, flecked with sails, offers to the eye an ever-changing panorama of loveliness.

The view of the town from the bay is also most impressive. Palaces, churches, and other fine buildings rise one above another, interspersed with terraces and gardens, and crowned by fortifications. A nearer inspection, however, detracts somewhat from this effect. Dirt and squalor are to be found in many quarters, and the frequent narrowness of the streets interferes with the favorable display of architectural design and proportion.

The present population of Genoa is about 140,000. Its three-fold attractions are its commanding situation, its noble palaces, and its claim to being the birth-place of Columbus. However modern criticism and research have endeavored to dwarf the flame of America's great discoverer, he remains one of the most striking figures in history. Whatever errors and infirmities were his, were largely due to the age in which he lived, and the trials and difficulties of the circumstances by which he was surrounded. His enterprise, courage, patience, and zeal for the faith, cannot but command both admiration and respect.

It is in Genoa, says one writer, that in going southward we first taste the flavor of Orientalism; and there is something of barbaric splendor in the suggestion of past wealth and magnificence which the remains of its numerous palaces still afford, albeit many of them have been

altered from their original purpose and now hold the seats of the money-changers, or serve even more ignoble ends.

Orange trees, with their golden fruit; crimson pomegranates, yellow and red cacti, purple and white magnolias, pink and white camelias, tulips of varied hues, hyacinths and other flowers unite to make a veritable paradise of the gardens and pleasure grounds; while the blue of the Italian sky, the verdure of the foliage, and the changing tints of the water enhance and complete the fascination of the scene.

A glance at the history of Genoa shows its origin to be involved in obscurity. A province of Liguria, it owned the sway of all-conquering Rome. Even when first mentioned during the second Punic war it is said to have been a place of some importance. Favorably situated, both for navigation and commerce, it held through many centuries a commanding position in these respects. Under the succeeding empire of Lombards, Franks, and Germans it still asserted and retained a measure of independence. Fiercely jealous of its maritime and commercial supremacy, it became involved in wars with the sister republics of Venice and Pisa, and foreign conflicts in succession to and conjunction with internecine strife form a large part of its history for centuries. Like the rest of Italy, it was distracted by the great Guelf and Ghibelline factions, and the blessings of peace were rarely known in its borders.

Its form of government was changed from time to time; Consuls were succeeded by "the Podesta," he in turn by "Captains of Liberty," and finally by Doges, but through all changes the contest continued.

To Andrea Doria belongs the honor of freeing his country from the French yoke and restoring republican institutions. This occurred in 1528.

Again conquered during the Napole-



onic wars, it was finally incorporated with the kingdom of Italy.

First among the celebrated names connected with the town stands that of Columbus, and it also has the honor of being the birthplace of Paganini, Verdi, and other musicians and composers, as well as of the Italian patriot Mazzini.

For the number and architectural beauty of its palaces, Genoa has been justly celebrated. Superb courts, noble stairways, and beautiful columns distinguish them. The most noted are the Palazzo Ducale, formerly the residence of the Doges, and the Palazzo Doria, presented to Andrea Doria in 1522. There are also the Balbi, Negroni, Rasso, and many others.

Genoa has some fine churches as well as a number of hospitals and other charitable institutions. Its people combine the three-fold occupations of seamen, tradesmen, and husbandmen. It is especially well known for its manufacture of silk and velvet, and of gold and silver jewelry. Oil, fruit, cheese, rags, etc., are included among its exports.

A short ramble through its streets and a hasty glance at its churches, palaces, and other attractions must conclude this brief sketch.

We may reach it either by sea or land. In the one case perhaps we are rowed ashore, in the other our train rumbles into the station, which partakes most of the characteristics of the usual railroad terminus. Either way, if skies be fair, we are enchanted with lovely glimpses of earth and water. By rail we pass through a succession of tunnels and clefts in the mountains, emerging from which we have a series of exquisite pictures, brief and radiant, with such coloring of purple, gold, blue, green, and violet as seems hopeless for painter's palette to try and imitate.

On arrival we go to a hotel occupying a little narrow passage-way, scarce wider than an alley, so very contracted are many of the Genoese streets. But spite of the brick floor in our bed room, on the third or fourth story, we find, as in other Italian towns, comfortable beds and satisfactory accommodations.

A road along the quay and up the hill, edged by a wall, gives us the same ravishing glimpses of sea and sky, with portions of the town in the nearer distance, and the light-house at the end of the mole like a steeple pointing heavenward.

Through the narrow streets we take our way, past the houses, eight and nine stories in height, to the church of Santa Maria in Carignano, 175 feet above the level of the sea. It was begun in 1515, completed in 1603, in imitation of Bramante's original design for St. Peter's, Rome, and one is especially struck with the fine proportions of the interior. But more interesting than the church itself is the magnificent view from the dome of the town, the harbor, and the sea, the city built on the sides of the hills, the various fortifications, and at the opposite point the light-house.

Here and there we meet with piazzas surrounded by arcades, as in Bologna, and other houses are adorned with frescoes.

The statue erected to Columbus, which is near the railroad station, resembles one of Thorwaldsen's in the Barbarini palace in Rome. On the side of a hill in a niche near the Doria palace stands an immense figure of Hercules.

Proceeding along a street lined with palaces, in which one now and again obtain glimpses of fine stairways and noble courts, we reach the church of the Annunciata, the roof of the interior being elaborately frescoed and gilded.

The Palazzo Reale is the residence of the king when he is in Genoa. The finest of the palaces is now used as a University. As in Venice, the lion is here the emblem, and stands on either side of the flight of steps before us. In Venice it is a winged lion. Here the royal beast occupies a somewhat peculiar position, the fore feet placed lower than the hind, as if descending.

At the Palazzo Reale one is shown through a number of rooms, some with floors of colored marbles, others of inlaid wood. The apartments of the king and queen are open to inspection. They are decorated with pictures, tapestry, and silk hangings, while from a portico built over

arches, is added another to our ever-varying panorama of enchanted views.

The Palazzo Rasso, so called from the red color of the exterior, contains some fine pictures by Van Dyck, and members of the Venetian school. In one (The Christ after Crucifixion) the figure and face resemble Mier, who takes that part in the Ober Ammergau Passion play.

A Judith, by Paul Veronese, gives a most satisfactory rendering of that much-painted subject. That she was not as here shown, a Venetian blonde, nor that she wore her hair decorated with pearls under such circumstances, goes without saying, but the expression is wonderful, and the set lip, the spot of color caused by excitement burning in the cheeks is most true to nature.

The narrow streets, with paving stones and no sidewalks, remind one of Venice. These are crossed by a number of arches, and there are also gates, the Porta Romana and others. Women in black and white veils, and veiled children in white, looking like little brides, with baskets of flowers in their hands, are to be frequently seen going to their first communion.

The Cathedral of St. Lorenzo, Italian Gothic in style, built of striped black and white marble, without and within, was erected in 1100, on the site of an earlier edifice. It has square towers, and the Genoese lions mount guard on either side of the steps. St. Laurence on his grid-iron is seen in bas-relief over the door and the interior shows numerous fine columns and a gilded ceiling.

One of the most celebrated places in Genoa is the Campo Santo, the finest burying-ground in Italy. It consists of an immense quadrangle or hollow square, surrounded by an arched and inclosed gallery. Two fine flights of steps lead up to a central chapel, and as all is of white marble the effect is most impressive. Around the upper tier on the hills are single burial vaults, like little houses, resembling those of Père la Chaise in Paris.

On the outside of the colonnade are

square openings in the wall, in which the coffins are put, the name of the deceased, etc., being inscribed on the slabs which close them. All are hung with wreaths of beads, immortelles, and the like. Within the lower gallery, as well as in that above, is much statuary. Here Italian artists and sculptors have vied with each other in exhibiting their skill. Death-bed scenes in bas-relief, men and women in modern clothes weeping at graves, knocking at the door of tombs, and similar designs. Now and again one is struck by something beautiful, with a touch of supernatural grace, or some suggestion of spiritual comfort, but as a whole the exhibition is not pleasing, and marble seems scarcely the medium for a realistic rendition of modern daily life, however pathetic or tragic it may be. In its general effect, nevertheless, the cemetery is most striking and impressive.

Before leaving Genoa we will take our way among the warehouses and under the archways to see the amazing collection of ship stores. But the most attractive spot, at least to the mind feminine, is the "Strada degli Orefecio," the street of the goldsmiths. Genoa is celebrated for its manufacture of silks, velvets, and other materials, but in nothing has it acquired more reputation than for the gold and silver filigree work of its smiths. Here shop after shop displays its heap of shining ornaments, so delicate, fragile, and exquisite that they seem more like the work of fairy fingers or the freaks of the frost-king than the clumsier efforts of human artificers. Surely none of womankind ever left here without carrying away some silver or golden remembrance of this sort, whose white petals or yellow flowers may serve to recall memories of pleasant days spent in Genoa.

Life, which seems all too long for its sorrows, is far too brief for the full enjoyment of its beautiful pictures of nature and art, its words and deeds of interest, and its charming days of travel and sight-seeing in foreign lands.

## SISTER.

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

IT does not matter where it was. I do not want other people—that is to say, those who were around us—to recognize Sister or myself. It is not likely that she will see this—and I am not sure that she knows my name. Of course, some one may draw her attention to this paper, and she may remember that the name affixed to it is that which I signed at the foot of a document we made out together—namely, a return of deaths. At the foot of this paper our names stood one beneath the other—stand there still, perhaps, in some forgotten bundle of papers at the War Office.

I only hope that she will not see this, for she might consider it a breach of professional etiquette; and I attach great importance to the opinion of this woman, whom I have only seen once in my whole life. Moreover, on that occasion, she was subordinate to me—more or less in the position of a servant.

Suffice it to say, therefore, that it was war-time, and our trade was what the commercial papers call brisk. A war better remembered of the young than of the old, because it was, comparatively speaking, recent. The old fellows seem to remember the old fights better—those fights that were fought when their blood was still young and the vessels thereof unclogged.

It was, by the way, my first campaign, but I was not new to the business of blood; for I am no soldier—only a doctor. My only uniform—my full-parade dress—is a red cross on the arm of an old blue serge jacket—said jacket being much stained with certain dull patches which are better not investigated.

All who have taken part in war—doing the damage or repairing it—know that things are not done in quite the same way when ball-cartridge is served out instead of blank. The correspondents are very fond of reporting that the behavior of the men suggested a parade—which simile it is to be presumed was borne in

upon their fantastic brains by its utter inapplicability. The parade may be suggested before the real work begins—when it is a question of marching away from the landing-stage; but after the work—*our* work—has begun, there is remarkably little resemblance to a review.

We are served with many official papers which we never fill in, because, on the spur of the moment, it is apt to suggest itself that men's lives are more important. We misapply a vast majority of our surgical supplies, because the most important item is usually left behind at headquarters, or at the seaport depot. In fact, we do many things that we should leave undone, and omit to do more which we are expected (officially) to do.

For some reason—presumably the absence of better men—I was sent up to the front before we had been three days at work. Our hospital by the river was not full when I received orders to follow the flying column with two assistants and the appliances of a field-hospital.

Out of this little nucleus sprang the largest depot for sick and wounded that was formed during the campaign. We were within easy reach of headquarters, and I was fortunately allowed a free hand. Thus our establishment in the desert grew daily more important, and finally superseded the hospital at headquarters.

We had a busy time, for the main column had now closed up with the first expeditionary force, and our troops were in touch with the enemy not forty miles away from me.

In the course of time—when the authorities learnt to cease despising the foe, which is a little failing in British military high places—it was deemed expedient to fortify us, and then, in addition to two medical assistants, I was allowed three Government nurses. This last piece of news was not hailed with so much enthusiasm as might have been expected. I am not in favor of bring-

ing women anywhere near the front. They are, for their own sakes and for the peace of minds of others, much better behind. If they are beyond a certain age they break down and have to be sent back at considerable trouble; that is to say, an escort and an ambulance cart, of which latter there are never enough. If they are below the climacteric—ever so little below it—they cause mischief of another description, and the wounded are neglected; for there is no passion of the human heart so cruel and selfish as love.

"I am sorry to hear it," I said to light-hearted little Sammy Fitz-Warner of the Naval Brigade, who brought me the news.

"Sorry to hear it? Gad! I shouldn't be. The place has got a different look about it when there are women-folk around. They are so jolly clever in their ways—worth ten of your red-cross ruffians."

"That is as may be," I answered, breaking open the case of whisky which Sammy had brought up on the carriage of his machine-gun for my private consumption.

He was taking this machine-gun up to the front, and mighty proud he was of it.

"A clever gun," he called it; "an almighty clever gun."

He had ridden alongside of it—sitting on the top of his horse as sailors do—through seventy miles of desert without a halt; watching over it and tending it as he might have watched and tended his mother, or perhaps some other woman.

"Gad! doctor," he exclaimed, kicking out his sturdy legs and contemplating with some satisfaction the yellow hide top-boots which he had bought at the Army and Navy stores. I know the boots well, and—avoid them. "Gad! doctor, you should see that gun on the war-path. Travels as light as a tricycle. And when she begins to talk—my stars! /lick—click—click—click. For all the world like a steam-launch's engine—mowing 'em down all the time. No work for you there. It will be no use you and your stalactites

propping about with skewers for the bullet. Look at the other side, my boy, and you'll find the beauty has just walked through them."

"Soda or plain?" I asked—in parenthesis.

"Soda. I don't like the flavor of dead camel. A big drink, please, I feel as if I were lined with sand-paper."

He slept that night in the little shanty built of mud and roofed chiefly with old palm-mats, which was gracefully called the Head Surgeon's quarters. That is to say, that he partook of such hospitality as I had to offer him.

Sammy and I had met before he had touched a rope or I a scalpel. We hailed from the same part of the country—down Devonshire way; and to a limited extent we knew each other's people; which little phrase has a vast meaning in places where men do congregate.

We turned in pretty early—I on a hospital mattress, he in my bed; but Sam would not go to sleep. He would lie with his arms above his head (which is not an attitude of sleep), and talk about that everlasting gun.

I dozed off to the murmur of his voice expatiating on the extreme cunning of the ejector, and awoke to hear details of the rifling.

We did not talk of home, as do men in books when lying by a camp-fire. Perhaps it was owing to the absence of that picturesque adjunct to a soldier's life. We talked chiefly of the clever gun; and once, just before he fell asleep, Sammy returned to the question of the nurses.

"Yes," he said, "the head saw-bones down there told me to tell you that he had got permission to send you three nurses. Treat 'em kindly, Jack, for my sake. Bless their hearts! They mean well."

Then he fell asleep, and left me thinking of his words, and of the spirit which had prompted them.

I knew really nothing of this man's life, but he seemed singularly happy, with that happiness which only comes when daily existence has a background to it. He spoke habitually of women,

as if he loved them all for the sake of one; and this not being precisely my own position, I was glad when he fell asleep.

The fort was astir next morning at four. The bugler kindly blew a blast into our glassless window which left no doubt about it.

"That means all hands on deck, I take it," said Sam, who was one of the few men capable of good humor before tiffin time.

By six o'clock he was ready to go. It was easy to see what sort of officer this cheery sailor was by the way his men worked.

While they were getting the machine-gun limbered up, Sam came back to my quarters, and took a hasty breakfast.

"Feel a bit down this morning," he said, with a gay smile. "Cheap—very cheap. I hope I am not going to funk it. It is all very well for some of you long-faced fellows, who don't seem to have much to live for, to fight for the love of fighting. I don't want to fight any man; I am too fond of 'em all for that."

I went out after breakfast, and I gave him a leg up on to his very sorry horse, which he sat like a tailor or a sailor. He held the reins like tiller-lines, and indulged in a pleased smile at the effect of the yellow boots.

"No great hand at this sort of thing," he said, with a nod of farewell. "When the beast does anything out of the common, or begins to make heavy weather of it, *I am not*."

He ranged up alongside his beloved gun, and gave the word of command with more dignity than he knew what to do with.

All that day I was employed in arranging quarters for the nurses. To do this I was forced to turn some of our most precious stores out into the open, covering them with a tarpaulin, and in consequence felt all the most assured that my chief was making a great mistake.

At nine o'clock in the evening they arrived, one of the juniors having ridden out in the moonlight to meet them. He reported them completely exhausted; in-

formed me that he had recommended them to go straight to bed; and was altogether more enthusiastic about the matter than I personally or officially cared to see.

He handed me a pencil note from my chief at headquarters, explaining that he had not written me a dispatch because he had nothing but a J pen, with which instrument he could not make himself legible. It struck me that he was suffering from a plethora of assistance, and was anxious to reduce his staff.

I sent my enthusiastic assistant to the nurses' quarters with a message that they were not to report themselves to me until they had a night's rest, and turned in.

At midnight, I was awakened by the orderly, and summoned to the tent of the officer in command. This youth's face was considerably whiter than his linen. He was consulting with his second-in-command, a boy of twenty-two or thereabouts.

A man covered with sand and blood was sitting in a hammock-chair, rubbing his eyes and drinking something out of a tumbler.

"News from the front?" I inquired without ceremony, which hindrance we had long since dispensed with.

"Yes, and bad news."

It certainly was not pleasant hearing. Some one mentioned the word disaster, and we looked at each other with hard, anxious eyes. I thought of the women, and almost decided to send them back before daylight.

In a few moments a fresh man was roused out of his bed, and sent full gallop through the moonlight across the desert to headquarters, and the officer in command began to regain confidence. I think he extracted it from the dispatch-bearer's tumbler. After all, he was not responsible for much. He was merely a connecting link, a point of touch between two greater men.

It was necessary to get my men to work at once, but I gave particular orders to leave the nurses undisturbed. Disaster at the front meant hard work at the rear. We all knew that, and endeavored to make ready for a sudden rush of wounded.



The rush began before daylight. As they came in we saw to them, dressing their wounds and packing them as closely as possible. But the stream was continuous. They never stopped coming; they never gave us a moment's rest.

At six o'clock I gave orders to awaken the nurses and order them to prepare their quarters for the reception of the wounded. At half-past six an Army Hospital Corps man came to me in the ward.

"Shockin' case, sir, just come in," he said. "Officer. Gun busted, sir."

"Take him to my quarters," I said, wiping my instruments on my sleeve.

In a few minutes I followed, and on entering my little room the first thing I saw was a pair of yellow boots.

There was no doubt about the boots and the white duck trousers, and although I could not see the face, I knew that this was Sammy Fitz-Warrener come back again.

A woman—one of the nurses for whom he had pleaded—was bending over the bed with a sponge and a basin of tepid water. As I entered she turned upon me a pair of calmly horror-stricken eyes.

"Oh!" she whispered, meaningly, stepping back to let me approach. I had no time to notice then that she was one of those largely-built women, with perfect skin and fair hair, who make one think of what England must have been before Gallic blood got to be so widely disseminated in the race.

"Please pull down that mat from the window," I said, indicating a temporary blind which I had put up.

She did so promptly, and returned to the bedside, falling into position as it were, awaiting my orders.

I bent over the bed, and I must confess that what I saw there gave me a thrill of horror which will come again at times so long as I live.

I made a sign to Sister to continue her task of sponging away the mud, of which one ingredient was sand.

"Both eyes," she whispered, "are destroyed."

"Not the top of the skull," I said, "you must not touch that:"

For we both knew that our task was without hope.

As I have said, I knew something of Fitz-Warrener's people, and I could not help lingering there, where I could do no good, when I knew that I was wanted elsewhere.

Suddenly his lips moved, and Sister, kneeling down on the floor, bent over him.

I could not hear what he said, but I think she did. I saw her lips frame the whisper "Yes," in reply, and over her face there swept suddenly a look of great tenderness.

After a little pause she rose and came to me.

"Who is he?" she asked.

"Fitz-Warrener, of the Naval Brigade. Do you know him?"

"No, I never heard of him. Of course—it is quite hopeless?"

"Quite."

She returned to her position by the bedside, with one arm laid across his chest.

Presently he began whispering again, and at intervals she answered him. It suddenly occurred to me that, in his unconsciousness, he was mistaking her for some one else, and that she, for some woman's reason, was deceiving him purposely.

In a few moments I was sure of this.

I tried not to look; but I saw it all. I saw his poor blind hands wander over her throat and face, up to her hair.

"What is this?" he muttered quite distinctly, with that tone of self-absorption which characterizes the sayings of an unconscious man. "What is this silly cap?"

His fingers wandered on over the snowy linen until they came to the strings.

As an aspirant to the title of gentleman, I felt like running away—many doctors know this feeling; as a doctor, I could only stay.

His fingers fumbled with the strings. Still Sister bent over the bed. Perhaps she bent an inch or two nearer. One hand was beneath his neck, supporting the poor shattered head.

He slowly drew off the cap, and his fingers crept lovingly over the soft, fair hair.

"Marny," he said, quite clearly, "you've done your hair up, and you're nothing but a little girl, you know—nothing but a little girl."

I could not help watching his fingers, and yet I felt like a man committing sacrilege.

"When I left you," said the brainless voice, "you wore it down your back. You were a little girl—you are a little girl now."

And he slowly drew a hair-pin out. One long lock fell curling to her shoulder. She never looked up, never noticed me, but knelt there like a ministering angel—personating for a time a girl whom we had never seen.

"My little girl," he added, with a low laugh, and drew out another hair-pin.

In a few moments all her hair was about her shoulders. I had never thought that she might be carrying such glory quietly hidden beneath the simple nurse's cap.

"That is better," he said, "that is better."

And he let all the hair-pins fall on the coverlet.

"Now you are my own Marny," he murmured. "Are you not?"

She hesitated one moment.

"Yes, dear," she said, softly, "I am your own Marny."

With her disengaged hand she stroked his blanching cheek. There was a certain science about her touch, as if she had once known something of these matters.

Lovingly and slowly the smoke-grimed fingers passed over the wonderful hair, smoothing it.

Then he grew more daring. He touched her eyes, her gentle cheeks, the quiet strong lips. He slipped to her shoulder, and over the soft folds of her black dress.

"Been gardening?" he asked, coming to the bib of her nursing apron.

It was marvelous how the brain, which

was laid open to the day, retained the consciousness of one subject so long.

"Yes—dear," she whispered.

"Your old apron is all wet!" he said, reproachfully, touching her breast where the blood—his own blood—was slowly drying.

His hand passed on, and as it touched her, I saw her eyes soften into such a wonderful tenderness that I felt as if I were looking on a part of Sister's life which was sacred.

I saw a little movement as if to draw back—then she resolutely held her position. But her eyes were dull with a new pain. I wonder—I have wondered ever since—what memories that poor senseless wreck of a man was arousing in the woman's heart by his wandering touch.

"Marny," he said, "Marny. It was not *too* hard waiting for me?"

"No, dear."

"It will be all right now, Marny. The bad part is all past."

"Yes."

"Marny, you remember—the night—I left—Marny,—I want—no—no, your *lips*."

I knelt suddenly and slipped my hand within his shirt, for I saw something in his face.

As Sister's lips touched his I felt his heart give a great bound within his breast, and then it was still.

When she lifted her face it was as pale as his.

I must say that I felt like crying—a feeling which had not come to me for twenty years. I busied myself purposely with the dead man, and when I had finished my task I turned and found Sister filling in the papers—her cap neatly tied—her golden hair hidden.

I signed the certificate, placing my name beneath hers.

For a moment we stood. Our eyes met, and—we said nothing. She moved toward the door, and I held it open while she passed out.

Two hours later I received orders from the officer in command to send the nurses back to headquarters. Our men were falling back before the enemy.

## MAJOR PENDALLAS.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

ON December 24th, 1880, I was standing in a little American country railway station, in a state of perplexity. Near me, sitting in a chair by the stove, was a young lady, also in a state of perplexity. Facing us both stood the station-master, who had been in a state of perplexity, but was getting out of it.

"Just you wait here ten minutes," he said, "and I'll see what I can do for you," and putting on a fur cap and an ulster, he went out-of-doors.

The state of the case was this: Miss Welden, the lady by the stove, was on her way to join a Christmas party at the house of her uncle, Mr. Dolliver, some seven miles from the station, and I, invited to the same house, had been delighted to meet her on the train. We were good friends, and had studied art together in Paris. When we left the city in a morning train, a little snow was beginning to fall, and as we journeyed northward we found the snowfall heavier and heavier, and we had arrived at this little village of Boynton at three o'clock in the afternoon, an hour behind time.

From Boynton to the Dolliver house we were to go by a stage-coach, but the stage-driver had left more than an hour previously, hurrying away before his ordinary time of starting, for fear the road would be blocked up before he could get to his home, a good twelve miles away, and assuring himself that there would be no passengers for him on such a day.

It was reasonable enough that we should be perplexed, for we could not see, nor at first could the station-master see, how we were to get to our journey's end that day. If we would wait until the next day, he told us, the stage-driver would be back in a sleigh. He said he would be sure to come—for Christmas packages, if not for passengers. But we could not wait until next day. It would be better

to return to the city in the next down train, if, happily, one should come. We could not hope that the Dollivers would send for us, for if they saw the stage pass without stopping, they would be sure we had not come by the train. The station-master was a good man, and did his best to get us out of our trouble. He had doubts about another train coming down that day—it was a branch road, with one track—and he thought it would be a great pity if the Dollivers should be deprived of the company of two of their Christmas guests; a lot of them had come up the day before. Nobody in the village made a business of hiring out vehicles or carrying passengers, but an idea had struck the station-master, and he had gone out to see what he could do with it.

In about a quarter of an hour he returned.

"Well, sir," he said, "there is just one thing you can do. There isn't anybody in this village who will go to Dollivers' to day, for there is no chance of getting back to-night, but the man who keeps the store here, Mr. Peter Chase, has got a horse and sleigh, and if you choose to hire that of him, and do your own driving, I think you can get it, if you are willing to pay him something extra, for he'll have to send a man over to-morrow with the stage-driver to bring it back; and besides, in rough times like these, people always charge something extra."

I put the matter before Miss Welden, and she did not hesitate to say that, rather than take the risk of being obliged to remain in the village, where there were no accommodations for strangers, she would take the risk of letting me drive her to the Dollivers'.

"It is only seven miles," she said, "and if the horse is good enough, I don't see what there is to happen."

I tramped through the snow to Peter Chase's store, and quickly arranged with him for the hire of his horse and sleigh.

"Five dollars may seem a good deal, sir," he said, "for a trip like that, but this is a pretty deep snow, and we all ought to remember that Christmas comes but once a year. I'll have the sleigh round at the station in ten minutes."

In half an hour a little sleigh drawn by a big brown horse came up to the back door of the station.

"I would have been here sooner," said Mr. Chase, "but it was a good while before I could find the bells, and I knowed you wouldn't want to tike a Christmas sleigh-ride without bells."

I did not complain of the delay, although I had been getting dreadfully impatient. The station-master had had a telegram from up the line, stating that a down train with a snow-plow was on its way, and I was very much afraid that Miss Welden would conclude to wait, and take this train back to the city, so without loss of time we packed ourselves in. The Christmas-minded Mr. Chase had brought two heavy fur robes; our valises were packed in behind, the sleigh being of the box variety, and we were ready.

"There is no mistaking the way," said Mr. Chase. "You go straight ahead until you come to the house."

"Which I know perfectly well," added Miss Welden, and away we jingled.

The snow was still falling, but we did not mind that, and now that we had started off, I was glad that Mr. Chase had waited to find the bells. Their merry jingle suited my spirits well. A jolly sleigh-ride with Clara Welden was more enjoyment than I had counted on for this Christmas.

A young man and a young woman, both of lively dispositions, good friends, fellow-workers, and nothing more, are much more likely to have a merry time in a case like this than if they were a pair of lovers, or even if one of them were a lover. True love implies a certain seriousness, and is not infrequently conducive to demureness.

The snow was deep on the road, and sometimes drifted, but the sleigh went through it well enough. The horse, however, probably not a very good traveler on the best of roads, made but slow progress. But although he was an animal of deliberate action, possessing, as Miss Welden thought, an æsthetic turn of mind, which made him object to destroy the virgin smoothness of the snow with his great hoofs, he was strong, and that was the main point. With reason to believe that we should safely reach our journey's end, it did not trouble me that we were making that journey slowly, and my companion appeared to be of my way of thinking. The beauty of the snow-decorated forests, fields, and hills was enough to make our artists' hearts satisfied, even if the horse should decline to do more than walk.

It began to grow dark, and we had not reached the hospitable mansion to which we were bound, but there was a beautiful weirdness in the snow scenes softened by the dusky light, and our hearts and the bells were still merry. But as it grew darker and darker, we both began to wish that we stood in the light and warmth of the Dolliver house. I whipped the horse, who made a few bounds through the snow and then relapsed into his former trot. It was of no use to try to hurry him.

Several times Miss Welden had assured me that she was not in the least anxious, and that she was sure that we should now reach the house in a very short time; I think she was about to say something of the kind again, when suddenly she exclaimed, in a voice that had a ring of hearty cheerfulness in it, very different from her previous expressions of thoughtful encouragement—

"Here it is. Didn't I tell you? We are at the very gate."

Sure enough, there was the gate with a lamp on one of the posts, and there in the midst of its whitened grounds was the house, its windows lighted, and a lamp on the piazza.

When I pulled up to the door I attempted to bound from the sleigh, but my bound was a poor one, for I found

my legs were somewhat stiffened by the cold. As I helped Miss Welden to alight, I could perceive she was not nearly so active as I had generally known her. The door opened before we had time to reach it, and an elderly woman, with a Christmassy look about her, which was absolutely warming, stood in the broad portal.

We stopped on the piazza before entering, stamping and shaking ourselves, for we were two figures of snow.

"Our valises are in the back of the sleigh," I said, and to my surprise my teeth chattered a little as I spoke. "I think the horse will stand until some one takes him."

We then went in. Suddenly Miss Welden stopped, and looked from right to left, and, turning to the good woman, she exclaimed:

"This is not Mr. Dolliver's house?"

"Of course not," said the other, "did you think it was? Major Pendallas lives here."

Miss Welden and I looked at each other in dismay.

"We have made a mistake," I said.

"How much further on is it to the Dolliver place?"

"It isn't further on at all," the woman replied, "it is not on this road at all."

"It is too bad," I said, "they told us at Boynton it was a straight road, and we could not miss it."

"So it is, but three miles below here there is a fork that anybody might mistake, especially at night, with the roads unbroken. But come in and get warm, you must be half frozen. I'll have a man throw a blanket over the horse;" and with this she showed us into a large room with a wood-fire blazing on the hearth. She pushed two chairs before the fire.

"Sit down," she said, "and get a little warm. If I am not mistaken this is Miss Clara Welden. Yes, I thought so. It's been a long time since I have seen you. I am Mrs. Bardsley. I keep house for Major Pendallas. Excuse me for a moment."

"What a grand thing this fire is," said I, "and who is Major Pendallas?"

"I never saw him in my life," said Miss Welden, following my example, and drawing up closer to the fire, "but I have often heard of him. He used to be in the army, I think, and now he has a stock farm, and has all sorts of fine horses and cows. I wonder if he would be willing to send over to my uncle's? I can't bear to think of starting out again in that sleigh and with that horse."

I was glad she did not include the driver in her objections, and said I hoped that the Major would be able to do something for us. But at the time I did not give much thought to the subject, for my whole soul was occupied in revelling in the genial heat. I had had no idea that I was so cold.

In about five minutes the door opened, and a tall, broad-shouldered man, wearing a heavy pea-jacket, and an unmistakable air of being the master of the house, entered the room. He was middle-aged, had side whiskers, and bright blue eyes. We both rose, and with outstretched hand he greeted Miss Welden.

"Delighted to see you," he said, in a hearty tone. "Mrs. Bardsley tells me you have lost your way, but that doesn't matter, I'll make that all right."

Then he turned toward me, and Miss Welden introduced me.

"Ashmead?" he repeated, as he grasped me by the hand.

"Yes," I replied, "Henry G. Ashmead."

As I spoke he gave me a quick look, and seemed about to say something in reference to my name, but he checked himself, and urged us to sit down again.

"What you must do now is to get warm—get warm," he said, and he put two great logs on the fire.

With a few quick questions, and without sitting down, he made himself acquainted with the situation. For a moment he gazed down upon us, and then he said, "The first thing to do, now that you are a little thawed, is to get off your coats and wraps."

"That is hardly worth while," I replied, "for as soon as we are well warmed, we must get on, in some way or other, to the Dolliver house."



"Sir," said Major Pendallas, "there is no Dolliver house for you to-night. Here you are and here you stay. It is three miles back to the main road, and then you would have two miles more to go, and before you reached the Dolliver house there is a long hollow, and at this present moment the snow is probably drifted five feet. If you had taken the right road you most likely would have been in that snow-drift now. I have sleighs and teams enough, and no doubt I could pull you through, but it is blowing now as well as snowing, and I am not going to let a young lady go out into a storm like this, especially when she has had already as much as she is able to stand of that sort of thing. Your bags will be brought in, and your horse put in the stable. Mrs. Bardsley will take charge of Miss Welden. I'll attend to you, sir, and supper will be ready in half an hour," and without waiting for an answer he left the room.

We looked at each other and laughed. "That is just what I hoped he would do," said Miss Welden. "I have had all the sleighing I want for this day."

"Good!" I cried, throwing off my overcoat; "I feared I might have to persuade you."

"That is really absurd," she said; "as if the storm and Major Pendallas were not quite enough."

In five minutes Miss Welden had been carried off by the beaming Mrs. Bardsley, while Major Pendallas conducted me to a bed-room on the ground floor, in which I found a crackling wood fire. The house was a large one, and seemed to be lighted from top to bottom.

We three sat down to a big round supper table, and, as might have been expected, the meal was bountiful, hot, and most grateful and cheery to the two storm-beaten travelers who had eaten nothing since breakfast except an unattractive luncheon on the train.

Our host did most of the talking, and we were well content to let him do it.

"You cannot imagine," he burst out, as soon as we were seated, "how glad I am to have you two people here. I expected to spend this Christmas Eve abso-

lutely alone, and I should have felt that, for I never did anything of the kind before, and from a boy I have thought more of Christmas Eve than of Christmas Day. There is less of a strain in it. On Christmas Day you feel as if you ought to be awfully jolly, because if you don't, you won't have another chance for a year. On Christmas Eve one can be jolly without thinking of it. If there are any shortcomings they can be made up next day. Last year my niece was with me, and we had plenty of company; but now she's married and cleared out, utterly. Gone to Europe with her husband, and intends to stay there. But the storm has been good to me. Let me give you a piece of this chicken, sir, and some butter. This is Christmas butter, especially made from the cream of two cows, both granddaughters of the great Cavalier George."

The Major's anticipation of a truly jolly Christmas Eve was interfered with by Miss Welden, who declared, shortly after nine o'clock, that she was so fatigued by her day's experiences that she would be obliged to bid us good-night. When she had gone, the Major and I each lighted a cigar, and drew up before the big fire in the parlor.

"I can't help being disappointed," said he, "for I intended to get up a lot of games, and have Mrs. Bardsley and her daughter in. They are very respectable people, and at Christmas time we always have them in at the games. But bed is the best place for Miss Welden after what she has pulled through this day. And I am so rejoiced to have you both in the house that I sha'n't grumble. It doesn't matter in the least that when the sun set to-day I had never seen either of you, or you me. I know who you are, and you know who I am, at least Miss Welden knows, and that's enough."

"But you don't know me," I said.

"Indeed I do," he exclaimed, slapping one of his spread-out knees, and leaning toward me. "I know you in the best kind of a way. I have one of your pictures. Now, don't go and say you are not the artist, Henry G. Ashmead."

"I am that man," I replied.

"I didn't doubt it," said the Major, leaning back in his chair, "you look like it. I am a bachelor, sir, and it takes a good deal to keep that sort of a man content and easy in his mind. Pictures and books help a lot in that way, and I make it a point every year to buy a good picture. I got one of yours last fall, and I am very fond of looking at it. Come with me, and I'll show it to you."

The Major then preceded me to a medium-sized room in the front of the house which he called his reading-room.

"It isn't a study," said he, "for I never study; and it isn't a library, for it hasn't books enough for that; but it is as good a room to read in as I know. A fine light, and always cool in summer. There is the picture," and he held up a lamp before one of my large landscapes.

"I thought Burnet owned that," I exclaimed,

"Yes, he did, but he's been hard up lately, and had to sell off part of his collection. I snapped up that as soon as I saw it. There are things in that picture that you seldom see in paintings. That's timothy grass in that meadow, and cut about the end of June would make hay worth about twenty dollars a ton. It's ready to cut now," said he, "and from the looks of the leaves on the trees, and the size of those mullein plants, I should say it was in June that you took it."

"I made my studies in June," I replied.

"Good!" he cried, "I knew it. There's no nonsense about that meadow, such as you would see in most pictures. No bushes and straggling briars, or patches of red clover and orchard grass. I am a straightforward and practical man, and I like a straightforward and practical picture. Of course you couldn't help the daisies, and no more can I in my own meadows. Now, then," said he, "when we were again before the fire, 'you can see for yourself how I know you, and I can tell you that it delights me to have in my house the man who painted that picture. You are a bachelor and so am I, so let's make a bachelor night of it. By next Christmas, I sup-

pose, the young lady will put a veto on bachelor nights."

"Veto," said I, "what do you mean?"

"You will surely be married by next Christmas," he replied.

"Married!" I exclaimed, with a laugh. "We have never thought of being married."

The Major took his cigar from his mouth, put his hands upon his knees, leaned forward, and looked at me.

"Do you mean to say, sir, that you and Miss Welden are not engaged to be married?"

"Not at all," said I, "we have known each other a long time, but we are friends and nothing more."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" cried Major Pendallas, throwing away his cigar and rising abruptly from his chair. Then, standing with his back to the fire, he looked down upon me.

"Now I am disappointed. I surely thought you two were a team, and a fine one. I had made up my mind to it, and now I am set back. I feel as if I were driving a big Percheron and a polo pony. I'm a practical, common-sense man, and I don't mind asking practical, common-sense questions. I have done that all my life, and though I have made a good many people mad it has always been better for me in the end. Now, would you mind telling me if that young woman is engaged to somebody else, or if you are? Don't get angry. If anybody is angry, I ought to be."

I was not in the least offended. There was an impetuous but kindly earnestness about the man which impressed me very agreeably. There are some people whose liberties are pleasant rather than otherwise. The Major was one of those people.

"I am not engaged," I said, with a smile. "and I have no reason to believe that she is."

Major Pendallas thrust his hands into his trouser pockets, strolled to the other end of the large room, and then turning, came back and sat down.

"I believe," said he, "that the man who lives alone does more thinking to

the minute than other people. When she was pouring out the coffee to-night, and you were handing your cup to her, and both of you were laughing about the sugar, I stopped eating and I said to myself, 'That is as perfect a match as I ever saw.' And in regard to human beings it is very seldom that I think that. And now you turn around and tell me that you and she go single."

I could not help laughing at the serious way in which he discussed the subject.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said I, "but Miss Welden and I are not marrying people. For myself, I cannot afford matrimony."

"That's what I once thought," he said, "and for thirty-five years I have regretted that I was foolish enough to think so."

It was plain that my host was a man of nervous temperament. He could not sit still while considering the subject, evidently of deep interest to him. He now rose, folded his arms, and looked at me steadily for fully a minute. As he gazed at me, his eyes seemed to grow brighter and larger. "It was my intention to make a business proposition to you, founded on what you and Miss Welden said about this part of the country, and how much you liked it. I considered it one of the happiest thoughts I had ever had."

"What was it?" I asked, a good deal amused, but careful not to show it. "I shall be glad to hear it, whether I can accept it or not."

"All right," said the Major, seating himself with decision, "you shall have it. I will make the proposition in the common-sense, straightforward manner in which I intended to make it. For over ten months I have been kicking and fuming at being obliged to live here in this lonely house. To-night, I said to myself over and over again, 'What would I give if these two would eat all their meals with me; would come here and live in this house?' And then I said, 'Why shouldn't they? He's a landscape painter, and they would want to live somewhere in the country, and are not likely to find any place more

beautiful than this. Now, perhaps, that's just what they want, and what they are looking for, and the best you can do is to make them the offer without loss of time.' While I was thinking of this, my spirits went up to about a hundred in the shade, but when you told me you were not an engaged couple, down they went, I don't know how far."

"What did you intend to offer?" I asked.

"Offer!" he said, "everything. I intended to put at your disposal, as soon after you married as you pleased, the handsomest room in the house, second floor front, with a beautiful flower garden in summer, directly under the side window. I would have given you the run of this house, reading room, and everything, and made you feel at home; if the lady is a musician, I would have bought a new piano; if you are fond of riding or driving, my stables should have been at your service. I have to pay men to exercise the horses, and it would be a favor to me to have you do some of it. Moreover, I have a carriage house on the other side of my garden, which I do not use, and I would have fitted it up as a studio for you, with a big north light and all conveniences. Then, again, if you would have liked to come here to spend your honeymoon, I would have vacated the place for a month, and let you have it all to yourselves."

"For the accommodations I should have offered you, I should have charged you no more than what your living would cost me. Certainly not over seven dollars a week each. For the rent of my studio, I should have asked you one landscape picture every year."

I was most cheerfully impressed with the project thus laid before me.

"My dear sir," I exclaimed, "you are generous indeed. Will you make me the same offer if I bring some other lady here as my wife?"

"No, sir," cried the Major, striking his knee with his broad hand; "no, sir, I will not. I know all about Miss Welden, and I have formed a great fancy for her. I will run no risks with outside and unknown women."

So saying, he rose abruptly to his feet, walked to a window, raised the shade, and looked out into the night. I remained gazing into the cheerful fire. The enthusiasm of this man had had a powerful effect upon me. I was actually thinking what a delightful thing it would be to marry Miss Welden.

It was not the first time that this thought had come into my mind, but it had always been promptly expelled. As I told my host, I was not a marrying man, at least, I considered that my financial circumstances gave me no right to be one. But now the state of affairs seemed to be entirely changed; so far as pecuniary considerations were concerned, there was no reason why I should not be married to-morrow, and the perception of this fact set me in a glow. The Major now returned to the fire.

"Hello," he cried, "your face looks as if you were getting converted."

"It may be that I am," I said. "You are a powerful preacher."

He stepped quickly toward me, and clapped his hand upon my shoulder.

"Now," he said, "you are in the right road; don't hesitate; don't look to the right or the left; don't stop to consider; don't reason, but go straight ahead, and ask that young woman to be your wife. The fact that you are beginning to feel converted shows that you want her, and indeed I should have a very small opinion of you if you didn't want her. Ask her to-morrow morning; ask her here in this house before you go into that crowd of Dolliver's, where you will have no chance at all. I'll see to it that you have every chance here."

"Major," said I, rising, "I have the greatest mind in the world to do it. You have put before me opportunities which I did not suppose to exist; you have stirred up feelings in me that I thought were long ago conquered and quieted; you have—"

"Now, my dear boy," interrupted the Major, "don't say another word. Go to your room while you are in this mind, go to bed and go to sleep. Don't consider this or that, or any other thing. Keep your mind on the one fact that you are

going to propose to Miss Welden in the morning. Above all, don't think about me. Don't imagine that perhaps I'm not going to suit your fancies. I will give you my word that if I don't suit, or can't make myself suit, I'll clear out. I'll take the risk of all that."

"Very good," said I, "I'll go to my room, for it is past country bed-time, and I'll keep my mind on the subject you have brought up before me."

In my bed-room that night I gave no time to deliberation. Before I bade the Major good-night I had made up my mind to propose to Miss Welden.

I was down-stairs before breakfast the next morning, and I met the Major just coming in from a visit to his stables.

"Merry Christmas," he cried, "and isn't this a glorious day—sun bright and sky clear? But the snow is about a foot deep on the level, and nobody knows how deep in the drifts. I have a Canadian in my employment who walks on snow shoes, and I have sent him across the country to the Dollivers to tell them where you are, and let them know that you will be there in the course of the afternoon. I'll send out some men with a double team of oxen and a snow plow, to break the road, and after luncheon I'll drive you over myself. In the meantime, how are you going to spend the morning, sir?"

I laughed as I gazed into his earnest countenance.

"I am going to try to break a road into the region of matrimony," I replied.

The Major's face shone like the morning sun.

"You're sound as a dollar!" he exclaimed. "After breakfast you two shall have this house to yourselves. I'll carry off Mrs. Bardsley and the rest of them to the Christmas-present business in the big barn. I suppose you can get through in an hour?"

"Oh! yes," I answered, "probably in less time."

The Major was now called off, and I strolled into the reading-room to look again at my picture. The room was full of the morning light, and as I turned to

the wall on which my landscape hung, I stood with eyes and mouth open—the paper on the wall was one designed by Clara Welden. I remembered when she was working on it in her studio. There was a tendril running through it which I had suggested. I clapped my hands, and felt like bursting out with a shout of pure enjoyment, but I restrained myself. The breakfast bell rang, and as I went out I closed the door behind me.

Miss Welden came down refreshed and lovely, and, as we exchanged Christmas salutations, I almost felt guilty in thinking of the conspiracy which we two men had hatched up against her, but I did not in the least swerve from my purpose.

It was about an hour afterward, when Miss Welden and I were sitting before a blazing fire in the parlor, that I declared my love for her, that I asked her to be my wife; and, in the ardor, which increased as I spoke, I told her everything. I laid before her the whole glowing picture which Major Pendallas had painted for me.

When I began to speak, she looked at me in a quizzical way, as if she were amused at the sudden outcropping of my passion, but afterward she began to listen with interest, as if it were due to me to give serious consideration to a matter which I urged so warmly, odd as it might be that I happened to be urging it just then. But when I told her what the Major had been talking about, her face flushed with indignation.

"It is a shame," she exclaimed, "that that man should discuss me in such a way! What right has he to meddle with my affairs, or give advice concerning me? If I can do it, I will leave this house this instant."

"You cannot do it," I said, "and I beg you will restrain your anger, until I explain the case. Major Pendallas takes a great interest in me on account of my work. You remember what he said at breakfast about my picture. He has taken—"

"I don't care anything about his interest in you," she interrupted. "I am thinking about myself. He has no right to take any interest in me—to discuss

me. It is the most unwarrantable thing the most—"

"Please do not say anything more against him," I implored. "I first want you to look at my picture. It is one of the few you have not seen."

"I don't want to see anything he owns," she said, sharply.

"But I beg of you to come and look at this, because I painted it. You may never have another chance, and I very much want you to see it."

She had a kind heart, and, angry as she was, she accompanied me to the reading-room. As we stood before the picture, her eyes wandered away from it and over the wall. Then she turned and looked at me, and I looked at her, but said nothing.

"Do you suppose," she asked, presently, "that he knew I designed this paper?"

"I am positive he does not," I replied, "for if he had known it, he would certainly have mentioned it to me, and beside, it is almost impossible that he should know it."

"It is wonderful," she said, in a softer tone. "What do you make of it?"

"I make this," I replied. "The soul of that man is in sympathy with yours, and with mine. The things we do touch his tastes and his sensibilities. He covers his wall with your paper; and he hangs my picture upon it. He does not know either of us, but his soul is in sympathy with us. I think you can hardly say that he has no right to take an interest in you."

She looked at me and smiled.

"That is all very pretty," she said, "but rather sentimental."

"Not a bit too much so," I exclaimed. "Clara, I think you cannot any longer be angry with our host, and having set him aside, will you not consider me—"

"And consent to be a background to your work?" she asked. There was a bright sparkle in her eye which made me feel justified in gently closing the door.

When Major Pendallas returned from the big barn, where, according to his custom, he had been making Christmas



presents to all his people, he found Clara and me in the parlor. He approached us in a somewhat hesitating way, and as I looked around at him I could see an expression on his countenance which looked like a fear that he had come back before I had gotten through with the business of the morning, or perhaps before I had begun it. But as we both rose to meet him, I still holding Clara's hand, all doubt vanished from his handsome, honest, weather-browned face.

"I know it," he cried, as he looked from one to the other of us, "I know it. You needn't tell me anything," and he stretched out a hand to each of us. "This is a glorious Christmas," he said, "a glorious Christmas." It was plain he wanted to say a good deal, but could not find words, but Clara allowed no embarrassing silence.

"I have been very angry with you, Major," she said, with the kindest of smiles upon her still slightly flushed face. He looked at her inquiringly.

"It was because you were making all sorts of arrangements for me, without my knowing a word about them."

"Oh! that was because he didn't understand about the wall-paper," I said. "If he had known about that—"

"About what?" exclaimed Major Pendallas.

We two laughed, and then we took him into the reading-room. When all was explained to him, he exclaimed—

"Upon my word!" and then, with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his short coat, he turned about, and deliberately gazed upon the four walls of the room.

"Truly," he cried, "I can't take it in. To think that the two years I have been sitting in this room, surrounded by these warm, bright, delicate colors, these flowers of spring, these soft leaves, and these graceful spirals, this general impression of blossomy air, and then to think that you did it—I can't comprehend it. Why, I'll tell you, madam, when I went with my niece to a great city store, where they had thousands of patterns of wall-paper, I picked out this one in ten minutes; and, although there

were a half-dozen others she fancied, I would have none but this for my reading-room. 'It is the flowers and air of spring,' I said, 'and I want to have it always around me.' I thought I liked you, madam, on account of what I had heard of you, and because of looking at you and listening to you; but that wasn't all—no, that wasn't all."

There was a moisture in Clara's eyes as she held out her hand to him.

"It is most marvelous and most charming," I said, "and I can see only one objection to the state of affairs—the picture should have been Clara's, and the background mine."

"Not a bit of it," exclaimed the Major. "The picture can be taken down, it can be stolen—lots of things can happen to it, and it occupies only a little space after all; but that beautiful wall is there, and it is here, and all around us; and here it will stay. It will last out my lifetime, and if any accidents happen to it I've got a lot more of it up-stairs."

A servant now entered with a letter, which had been brought over from the Dollivers' by the man in snow-shoes. It was written to Clara, and she read it to us. Our friends were evidently overjoyed that we had not remained in the city, as they had supposed, and that we would soon be with them. They insisted that Major Pendallas should come over with us and spend the night. They had a large party of friends at the house, and were having a jolly time.

"Oh! I'll go," said the Major; "I intended to go, anyway; but as to jolly times, the times they are having there are no more to compare with what we are having here than an ashman's donkey is fit to run a three-mile heat with my colt Sapling. But we'll help to make them jolly. I'll take over the big silver punch-bowl that I won four years ago, and have not used yet, for I have never had people enough here to make it worth while. We'll christen the bowl on this happy day, and you, madam, shall have the first glass out of it. And now," continued the host, looking from the one to the other, "before we do any more, or say any more, or think of anything else,

I want you to tell me this—are you two going to accept my proposition, and coming to live with me? I don't say anything about winter-time, because that may be asking too much; but in the time of the year you would want to live in the country, anyway?"

"My dear Major," said Clara, "we have been talking about your proposition, and I don't see how we can help accepting it."

"Good," cried the Major, "good, better, best. I remarked before that this is a glorious Christmas, and I repeat the statement. Look you, the sun is beaming out-of-doors almost as brightly as we are beaming in here."

Early in the afternoon the Major drove us over to the Dollivers behind a pair of magnificent Cleveland bays. The grand action and spirit of the powerful animals, fired by the delight of being out-

of-doors on this sparkling winter day would have made Clara tremble, she said, under ordinary circumstances; but with the Major holding the reins she felt as safe as if she were dashing through the white caps with an old Cape Cod skipper at the tiller.

That was a grand old Christmas night at the Dolliver house. Our hostess, who was soon informed of what had happened in the morning, urged that our engagement should be made known, and when the punch-bowl was christened, and the first cupful of the Major's wonderful brew was presented by him to Clara, there was an outburst of congratulation which deeply stirred the hearts of three of us.

"And now," said Major Pendallas, "let us drink the health of the blessed storm of Christmas Eve, eighteen hundred and eighty."

And we drank it.

### THE BUILDER.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

"NOBLE is the builder's task!" hear the chiming hammers say,  
As the walls, four-square and strong, mount up higher day by day.  
Beam by beam and plank by plank, brick by brick and tier by tier,  
So the well-wrought building grows to the master's purpose clear.

"Happy homes for men we build!" so the saw and hammer sing.  
"To these snug and quiet walls love's most sacred altars bring."  
Bless the homes the hammers build! bless, O God! the threshold dear,  
Roof, and hearth, and bed, and board—may the soul of peace dwell here!

Lo, the temple's soaring spire upward reaches toward the blue,  
And the hammer's busy chime, that is higher, grander, too.  
Far above the city's din, in the sweet-aired, sunny height,  
They are praising God full well, building there from morn till night!

High, and strong, and wide, and deep build the useful homes of trade.  
Beat, ye hammers! for man's weal in prosperity is laid.  
Wealth is good, when rightly won; gold is God's when rightly spent,  
And the zeal of industry brings the only sure content.

Noble is the builder's task, yea, and worthy of men's praise.  
For the making of our homes—blessed bournes of all our days  
For the temples where we find surest access, God, to Thee,  
For our palaces of trade, honor to the builder be.

He who crowns our homeless heads with the roof-tree's shelter sweet;  
He who rears the sacred walls where God's children love to meet;  
He who builds the school, the shop, shall not he have meed of praise?  
Humble though my spray of song, let me bind it in his bays!

## AMONG THE FLOWERS.

BY PHEBE WESTCOTT HUMPHREYS.

DECEMBER is decidedly the most trying month of the year to all true flower lovers. Throughout the summer we have been luxuriating in the wealth of bloom; the flowering bulbs of the early spring—many of the sturdy, saucy little beauties peeping out before the snow had disappeared—were followed by the brilliant hardy flowering shrubs blooming through May and June; then all those magnificent Roses; and while we were still admiring these the Lilies began to claim our attention, and by this time the numerous annuals and perennials were many of them at their best. After July, the blooming had become so abundant that it was difficult to decide which plants were most deserving of special culture and admiration. But September brought a change—many of the annuals and perennials seemed to have lost their vigor, the Lilies had disappeared long ago, and of all those flowering shrubs—over forty varieties in all—only the tree *Hydrangea* was blooming.

Still, we had the Dahlias and Asters, and the beds of Sweet Alyssum, Phlox Drummondii, etc., seemed even more determined as the frost began to threaten; and then in October came the gorgeous *Chrysanthemums*.

As one by one the large clumps began to unfold their blossoms, how we watched, and wondered, and admired the beautiful new varieties; and throughout November how the borders, beds, and hedges of *Chrysanthemums*, of infinite varieties of form and color brightened the garden, which would otherwise have looked quite desolate and forlorn, after the winter-blooming plants had been removed to the window-garden and conservatory, and "Jack" had claimed all other blooms outside.

These still continued their grand display until nearly December, in spite of repeated frosts, and now they in turn have disappeared, how we miss them all.

Turn to the window-garden for com-

fort, did you say? Well, there is plenty of work there we will admit, but not so much comfort as far as blooming beauty is concerned, for even the most proud and stately greenhouse plants will have their "sulky spells" at times, and refuse to grow and bloom as they should; and after they have enjoyed the air and sunshine out-of doors all summer, and have been confined once more to their close winter quarters, December seems to them a fitting time to "mope."

The days are so short and the sunshine so scarce now that the bright little Primroses, the never-failing *Rubra-Begonia*, and even the thrifty much-enduring *Geraniums* seem to resent the change; and we repeat that December is decidedly dreary as far as the flowers are concerned.

### NOW FOR WORK.

There is plenty of work to be done among the plants, and who ever knew of a "fit of the blues," no matter how deep the dye, that could not be cured by agreeable, interesting work.

The plants will not require much water now, as they are not making rapid growth; notice, when watering them, whether any have soggy soil, from which the water does not seem to run off readily; if so, you may know that something is wrong with the drainage, and if it does not receive immediate attention you may lose the plant. Withhold water until the soil becomes dry enough for you to turn the plant out of the pot without breaking the ball of earth or disturbing the roots; examine the drainage hole in the bottom of the pot, and you will doubtless find that the earth has been pressed down into it until it was impossible for the water to pass through. Wash the pot inside and out until there is not a suggestion of mold, and fill in with drainage material about half an inch deep; broken crockery will do for this, but cracked bone or oyster shells will be better for the plant; place a few pieces of charcoal

with these, and replace the ball of earth containing the plant, and even if there has been a tendency to mold while the soil was soaked with surplus water, it will soon disappear, and the plants will be as thrifty as ever.



CHINESE NARCISSUS.

Keep the soil stirred about all the plants until it is fine and mellow. No matter how handsome the conservatory, or how well stocked with choice flowers, if the surface of each pot of soil is allowed to become hard and baked, as it will if it does not receive attention, the plants will not flourish as they should.

With a common kitchen fork, it will take but a few minutes to dig about the plants while caring for them in other ways or admiring their beauty, and the few minutes will be well spent; for it is quite as important to keep the soil open and mellow in the winter as in the summer garden. No fertilizer will be required until the flowers have regained their vigor and begin to grow and bloom.

#### CONSERVATORY PESTS.

Oh! what a nuisance they are! the tiny red spider, the green aphis, the aggravating scale, and all the rest of them, providing you allow them to get the best of you. December is the time to watch for them and fight them if necessary, for they prefer to attack the plants when they are at rest, or exhausted from repotting, over-blooming, etc., rather than when they are in a healthy growing condition.

Don't wait until they appear, but ward them off by keeping the plants perfectly clean. No insect will want to find a home on a plant that is syringed and sprayed and sprinkled until life becomes a burden to him; and this thorough syringing, well up among the foliage, will keep the plants free from dust as well as insects, and with the pores thus kept open so that they may breathe freely, they will soon become so healthy and vigorous that they will readily

ward off the little pests.

But if they do appear take them in time; tobacco tea is the most simple and effectual remedy, but it may become necessary to use kerosene emulsion for scale, and if these fail, you will have to resort to sulphur fumigation.

We will not describe these remedies

here, as there will not be space for all the December hints that should be suggested.



DOUBLE NARCISUS.

Don't allow the mention of so many plant enemies to discourage those of you who are just beginning to become interested in the culture of flowers; they are really not so very formidable after all, but this little scare will be timely if it causes you to be thorough in keeping the plants clean.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

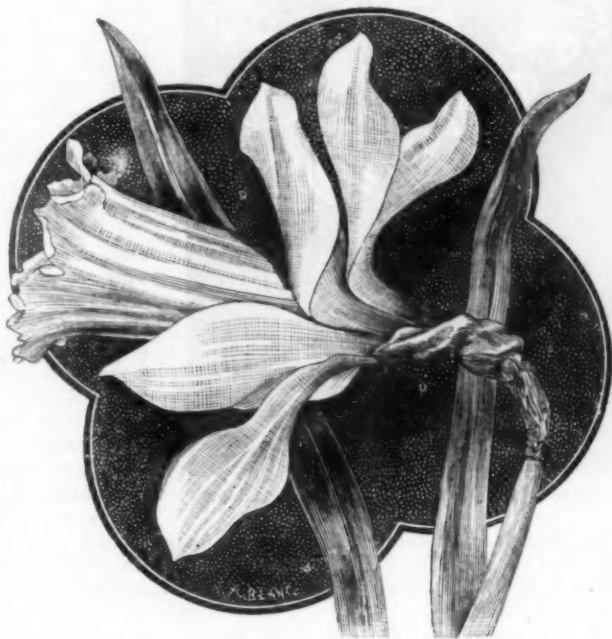
Want a novel idea for a Christmas greeting? of course you do. Then purchase a few bulbs of the Chinese Sacred Lily; from fifteen to twenty-five cents is the cost, and there are dollars' worth of real enjoyment wrapped up beneath their brown coats.

After the small sum is expended for the bulb, the gift may be as simple or expensive as you desire,

but the flowers will be quite as beautiful and dainty and fragrant in the

five-cent glass dish as in a costly *jardiniere*. Fill the dish with pebbles with a few pieces of charcoal mixed with them, make a little hollow in the centre and set the bulb in this and pile the pebbles around it, just enough to keep it in place; now fill the dish or *jardiniere* with water until it touches the bottom of the bulb, and in a surprisingly short time the white roots will begin to reach down into the water and twine among the pebbles; and at the same time the green foliage will push itself up from the dry, brown surface, and you will become fascinated by watching the exceedingly rapid growth from day to day.

Soon the buds will appear, and in about twenty-five days after planting (perhaps less, if everything has been favorable), the first dainty blossom will open and fill the room with its delicious fragrance. Think of it! those of you



NARCISSUS PRINCEPS.

who have "no luck" with flowers, and declare that you "cannot make them



grow ;" just follow these directions, and in less than a month from the time the bulb is "set" you will have a plant with foliage from one to two feet in height, and with three or four flower stalks each bearing from six to ten blossoms.

What daintier Christmas greeting could be sent to a friend than one of these blooming bulbs, with a dry bulb for

ful development, and what an interest and perfect delight the invalid will take in watching it no one can realize who has not been through the experience.

There is no plant so easily cared for; if pieces of charcoal have been placed among the pebbles they will keep the water pure, and all that will be necessary is to pour in a little fresh water occasionally to keep it up to the bottom of the bulb and allow for evaporation.

#### A BULB ROCKERY.

There are many, no doubt, who have not yet planted all their winter-blooming bulbs, for all who are accustomed to this bulb culture know that it is much more satisfactory to plant them at intervals during October, November, and early December, to secure a succession of bloom, instead of starting them all at once early in the fall; especially is this the case with the Narcissus and other bulbs which commence to bloom very soon after planting. For those of you who have bulbs still to be planted, we would mention an odd arrangement to be found in our conservatory each year, that has attracted a great deal of attention.

I described it last year in a floral magazine, but will repeat it for those who are anxious for oddities as well as the regular potted plants in the conservatory. It is a bulb rockery. It is formed in a cheese-box lid and is therefore light enough to be readily moved from place to place as it could not be if a deep bucket or tub was used, and it holds sufficient soil, when banked high in the centre, to allow room for several bulbs. As I had no fancy rocks large enough, I

simply took odd-shaped pieces of rough building-stones and placed them on their corners and edges to make them as irregular and careless looking as possible. A row was placed around the rim of the lid (after arranging for the drainage), and the earth was then filled in, pressing it firmly against the stones. Thus the soil and rocks were packed and banked



BERMUDA EASTER LILY, OR LILIUM HARRISII.

the friend to set in another dish and enjoy from the start, for there is as much pleasure in watching the growth as in the beautiful flowers.

For a sick friend nothing could be more appropriate than this gift; set the bulb only two or three days before Christmas, and it will be ready to present just as it has commenced its wonder-

to the centre with sufficient space for the bulbs between the stones.

Eighteen small bulbs of different varieties (Narcissus, Allium-neapolitanum, and Oxalis) were then planted in irregular fashion, and the little "rockery" was set away in the dark for the bulbs to form roots. When the foliage had begun to sprout, and they were brought out into the conservatory for blooming, I painted the edge of the box-lid white with dashes of gilt over it, and the plain, rough stones were touched here and there with gold and silver and other bright lustrous paints, and the rockery was very pretty before the bulbs began to bloom.

This was started very early this fall, and the Narcissus and Allium foliage is now standing nearly a foot in height, while the flower stalks are pushing themselves upward for blooming, and the graceful Oxalis with its beautiful leaves is drooping prettily among the rocks and over the edge. When the large clusters of Allium blossoms, the fragrant Narcissus, and the dainty pink Oxalis are

all in bloom the rockery will be very handsome.

#### THE BERMUDA EASTER LILY.

Just one more bulb suggestion: It is not too late to start a Bermuda Easter Lily, and how you will regret it next spring if you do not attend to it now. Select a deep pot, and fill it only half full of good rich soil; plant the bulb in this, water thoroughly, and set it in a cool, dark place. When sufficient roots have formed the green sprout will begin to grow, and then it may be brought into the light and gradually accustomed to full sunlight.

As it grows, fill in about the stalk with fine soil, and roots will grow from the sides and hold it firmly in place. If the pot had been filled with soil before the bulb was planted the top growth would have been too heavy for the slender stalk before it reached maturity; but now the bulb will be secure, and able to bear the weight of the large handsome Lilies of which you will be so proud next Easter.

#### FROM HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

YOUR voiceless lips, O Flowers! are living preachers  
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,  
Supply to my fancy numerous teachers  
From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles! that in dewy splendor  
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"  
Oh! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender  
Your love sublime!

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary  
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?  
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,  
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! Angel-like collection!  
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,  
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,  
A second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining  
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,  
My soul would find in flowers of Thy ordaining  
Priests, sermons, shrines.



### THE LITTLE HIGH CHAIR.

BY JOEL BENTON.

"IN an attic deserted, stowed safely away.

A Little High Chair I discovered to-day,  
In a dingy, dark corner, with cobwebs  
o'ergrown—

But, who was its owner, is something  
unknown.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Did its subject tied up then, so proud  
on his throne,

Go out through the world a great power,  
or unknown?

Was the joy that youth promised fulfilled,  
or a snare?

No answer comes back from the Little  
High Chair."

—*Good Housekeeping.*

### MY CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY ADA SIMPSON SHERWOOD.

SNOWBIRDS bringing us thoughts of  
spring

Now when the year is old,  
Happy your little joys to sing

Even in frost and cold,  
Come with your happiest, cheeriest notes

Come in a merry throng,  
Swell out with gladness your tiny throats

To join in my Christmas song.

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Snowflakes, little white feathery things  
Falling so softly down,

Folding the flowers 'neath your tiny  
wings,

Whitening hillsides brown,  
Bring me white thoughts from the  
heavens above,

Dear little fluttering throng;  
Whisper a tender message of love  
To join in my Christmas song.

Bells in the steeple whose loud notes tell  
Tidings of grief or mirth,

Ring! the glad message of joy to tell,  
Echo it 'round the earth;

Ring of the glorious Christmas time,  
Jubilant, loud, and strong,  
Till the bells in my heart ring an an-  
swering chime

To join in my Christmas song.

Angels who sang on that beautiful night  
To the shepherds of Bethlehem,

Where over the manger the star hung  
bright,

Herald of joy to them.

Bring to my heart thy peace and good-  
will,

Banish the evil and wrong.  
Sing the sweet carol of Bethlehem's  
hill

To join in my Christmas song.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN: FROM THE  
RUSSIAN.

THERE was once a King named Kojata. Married for three years to a Queen whom he greatly loved and by whom he was beloved he was yet childless. This was a subject of much distress to him. In the hope of diverting his mind from the contemplation of this source of regret he set off on a visit to the divers provinces of his kingdom. After traveling for several months he turned toward his capital.

One day, fatigued by the heat, he had his tent set up in the open country, intending to await there the coolness of the coming evening. He was thirsty, and not finding any water near him he mounted his horse to go in search of it. At a short distance from his encampment he discovered a limpid spring, on the surface of which a gold cup was floating.

He hurried toward the attractive water, and tried to seize the cup, but it escaped his grasp. He made new attempts, now with the right hand, now with the left; the cup, however, defeated all his efforts to grasp it.

"Wait a bit," he said, "I shall be able to get hold of it presently."

And, seeing the water calm, and the

cup floating motionless upon its surface, he stretched forth both hands to seize it; whereupon the cup vanished from his sight.

"The plaguey thing!" exclaimed Kojata, "I'll give it up, and do without it."

Saying this, he knelt upon the ground and began to drink by dipping his lips in the water. But when his thirst was assuaged and he tried to rise, he felt himself held by the chin, and vainly endeavored to release himself.

"Who is it? who is holding me in this way?" he cried.

Nobody answered; but before him, in the crystal of the spring, he beheld a frightful face, two great eyes as green as emeralds, a large mouth grinning in a strange fashion, and two claws clutching his chin like a pair of iron pincers, from the grip of which he found it impossible to free himself. At length, from the depths of this enchanted spring, an invisible being cried to him:

"All your efforts are useless; you can only recover your liberty on one condition: it is that you will give me the thing about which you know nothing, and which you will find on arriving at your house."

"With pleasure," replied Kojata, thinking that he knew quite well all that his house contained.

"Remember your promise," said the voice of the invisible being, "or you will repent of it."

At these words the claws relaxed their hold. The King remounted his horse, and continued his journey. When he arrived near to his capital all the people

reign—a vain endeavor: ceaselessly he was haunted by the memory of the fatal promise he had given. At every instant, day and night, he trembled lest some one should come and carry off from him his peerless treasure—his only and so-long-desired son.

Little by little, however, the recollection became less tormenting, his fears less acute. His son grew up, and everybody admired his grace and strength; he was loved, too, and universally called "Handsome Milan."

One day, while hunting, he allowed himself to be drawn far away from his companions, in pursuit of a wild animal, and presently found himself alone in the midst of a dense forest, where neither path nor sign of human life was visible. In a sort of clearing, surrounded by pine trees, stood a tall lime tree thickly leaved. Suddenly the foliage of this tree became agitated, and from the bole came forth a strange old man, with green eyes and a round chin. He advanced toward the young huntsman and said:

"Good-day, Prince Milan. I have for a long time been hoping to see you."

"Who are you?" asked the Prince.

"You shall know that later. For the present go back to your father, and tell him to make haste to pay his debt. Good-bye, till we meet again."

The old man disappeared. The Prince returned to the palace and hastened to relate his adventure to the King.

"Oh!" cried the King, pale and trembling. "What a misfortune! My dear son, we must part!"

And, weeping, he told him the terrible promise he had given.

"Do not weep, good father!" replied Milan. "The evil, I am sure, is not irremediable. Have a horse got ready for me, and I will set off—to return speedily, I hope. Tell nobody our secret, least of all my mother, whom it would greatly distress. If in the course of a year you do not see me again it will be because I shall be dead."

Kojata, giving way to his wishes, gave him a fine horse, with golden stirrups, and a good sword. The Queen sob-



"FROM THE BOLE CAME FORTH A STRANGE OLD MAN."

hurried forward to meet him, and made the air ring with their shouts and cries of delight. On the threshold of the palace was the Queen, and near her was a Minister holding in his arms a cradle in which there was a baby—a rosy and superb boy.

The King gave a start on seeing it.

"That," he said, "is the thing about which I knew nothing, and with which I must part!"

And great tears ran down his cheeks. Without revealing to any one the cause of his cruel emotion, he carried the child to his chamber. Afterward he tried to continue his customary mode of life and the pleasant and peaceful course of his



ingly gave him her blessing, and he rode away from the palace.

For three days he rode forward without knowing whither he was going. On the evening of the fourth day he stopped at the foot of a mountain on a silent and desert plain, in the midst of which, shining in the light of the setting sun, a mirror-like lake lay spread.

He approached this mysterious basin, and beheld thirty beautiful ducks bathing and disporting themselves in its liquid waves, and thirty white robes lying upon the shore. The Prince dismounted, and slipped into the midst of a cluster of reeds, taking with him one of the snowy garments spread upon the ground.

A few minutes later, the ducks, having sufficiently enjoyed their bath, returned to the shore to retake possession of their clothes, and immediately transformed themselves. In place of twenty-nine web-footed ducklings appeared nine-and-twenty beautiful young girls, who rapidly dressed themselves and hurried away. The thirtieth, unable to find her white robe, remained in the water, turning from one side to the other, scared, bewildered, weeping and sobbing.

The Prince took pity on her. He put aside the reeds and rose. The poor terrified duck saw him and cried to him:

"Prince Milan, give me my robe. For that good act you shall be rewarded."

The Prince obeyed. He put down the fairy linen on the shore of the lake and then discreetly retired from the spot.

In a moment the metamorphosis was completed; he saw before him, dressed in a white robe, a young girl of matchless beauty. She held her hand out to him, and, lowering her eyes and blushing, said to him, in a gentle tone of voice:

"I thank you for having done what I asked of you. You could not have done anything better for yourself, and I hope that you will be content with me. My name is Wellena. The young girls you saw bathing with me are my sisters. Our father is the enchanter Czernuch, who governs the subterranean world. He is possessed of rich treasures and a large number of castles. For a long while he

has been waiting for you, and is very angry at not seeing you arrive; but have no fear, and follow my advice punctually. When you come in face of this powerful sovereign, cast yourself upon the ground and approach him crawling on your hands and knees. If he stamps his foot with rage, if he threatens you, go still nearer to him. I do not know what he will order you to do, but whatever it may be, I shall be near to assist you. Now let us part."

Giving the ground a tap with her little foot, the earth opened, and the beautiful Wellena and the Prince descended into the subterranean region and entered the palace of Czernuch—a palace constructed entirely of carbuncles, and shining like the sun. Czernuch was seated on his throne. His eyes were as green as the leaves on the trees, and his hands were claws.

Following the instructions of his protectress, Prince Milan threw himself down with his face toward the ground. The terrible magician was in a state of rage. His eyes darted flames, and he gave utterance to such horrible cries that the roof of his palace trembled as if it were going to collapse. The Prince crawled humbly toward him. At length Czernuch burst into a fit of laughter, and cried:

"'Tis well: I shall not be your enemy. But, nevertheless, you must be punished for not having come sooner. To-morrow you shall know my will."

Two servants politely conducted the Prince to the chamber which had been reserved for him; and being fatigued, he immediately went to sleep.



"THE PRINCE SLIPPED INTO THE MIDST OF A CLUSTER OF REEDS."

Next day the enchanter sent for him, and said:

"I want to ascertain what you can do. This evening you must set to work, and during the night you must build me a palace, the roof and walls of marble, and the windows of crystal. Around this palace there must be a large garden, waterfall, and a lake with fish in it. If this work is well executed, I shall be good-natured toward you; if not, you will have your head chopped off."

"Accursed magician!" the Prince said to himself, on returning to his chamber; "he condemns me to death and laughs at me while doing it."

He sat with his head between his hands all day absorbed in the thought of his cruel destiny.

At last evening came, and with its coming a little bee tapped at his window, and said to him:

"Let me in."

He opened the window. The bee transformed itself: Wellena stood before him.

"Good evening," she said; "why are you so downcast?"

"Do you not know that your father has condemned me to death?"

"And what are you going to do?"

"Submit to my fate."

"What an idea! Don't let yourself be so easily conquered. Go to bed, and sleep in peace. To-morrow morning rise early; your palace shall be built; go round it, a hammer in your hand, as if you had just finished constructing it."

The next morning, on rising, Prince Milan beheld the palace completely built. Czernuch examined it minutely, and was astonished by it.

"Ah," he said to the young Prince, you are a skillful artist. I must now try the penetration of your mind. I have thirty daughters. To-morrow they shall be drawn up before you; you shall look at them once, twice, and, the third time, you shall tell me which is the youngest, or you shall have your head chopped off."

"Very good," said the Prince to himself; "that's an agreeable task. Why

at the first glance, I shall recognize Wellena! Nothing could be easier to do."

"It's not so easy as you think," said the little bee. "My sisters and I are so much alike, that my father himself can hardly tell which of us is the oldest and which the youngest. But, so that you may not make any mistake, I will, on your third examination, wear a patch on my right cheek."

The next day the magician's thirty daughters were ranged in a single line. The Prince looked at them attentively, and could not distinguish which of them he loved. He examined them again without lessening his embarrassment. Finally, at the third trial, he perceived on a white cheek a tiny rose-colored patch, and turned toward Czernuch:

"This," he said, "is the youngest of your daughters, the Princess Wellena."

"He's protected by Satan himself!" muttered the magician, grinding his teeth in fury at the defeat he had sustained. "I admit your ability," he said to Prince Milan; "but I must try you once more and in a different fashion. Come back to me at the end of three hours. I will then set fire to a match, and before it is burnt out, you must make me a pair of boots reaching to my knees. Go and get ready for this new piece of work, and return to me at the time I have named."

The Prince retired dispirited. The little bee flew to him.

"How melancholy you appear!" she said.

"Alas! I shall never be able to do what your father demands, and shall have to die."

"No. I love you; I am your affianced bride; we must live or die together. And now, we must fly."

Saying these words she licked the window, the moisture instantly congealing there. Then she took her lover by the hand and led him to the spot where they had descended together into the subterranean region, thence to the margin of the lake where she had first met him. There the Prince found his horse awaiting him. The animal neighed with delight on recognizing his master. The two fugitives seated themselves on his

back, and the gallant steed galloped away with the speed of an arrow.

At the hour appointed the enchanter waited for Prince Milan, and not seeing him arrive, sent a footman in search of him. The door of his chamber was locked, and Wellena had thrown away the key. The servant knocked and delivered the message he was sent to give; the moisture on the window replied, in the tones of Prince Milan's voice: "I'm coming presently." Three times at intervals of several minutes, the footman repeated the summons, and always received the same answer: "I'm coming presently." At last Czernuch cried furiously:

"The wretch is making game of me! Let his door be burst open, and let him be seized, gagged, and brought here to me!"

The door of the Prince's chamber was burst open: nobody was in the room.

"Ah, the scoundrel!" cried the magician, foaming with rage. "He has taken flight. I'll go and arrest the deserters."

A moment afterward, the Princess said:

"I hear the beat of a horse's hoofs."

"We are pursued, and some one is quite near to us," said Prince Milan.

"Woe to us!" exclaimed the young girl, "it is my father. But his power expires at the first church which stands beside his road; he cannot pass that barrier."

A moment later, Czernuch, perceiving a hermit, said to him:

"Reverend father, have you seen a man and a woman go by on horseback?"

"Yes, Prince Milan and the Princess Wellena. They have dismounted to pray in this church."

"Oh! why cannot I wring their necks?" cried the magician, furiously.

He went back to his subterranean kingdom growling, and, to satisfy his anger, had his servants flogged all round.

The two lovers continued their way peaceably, and came to a beautiful city. Prince Milan wished to enter it.

"I beg of you not to stop there," said the young girl. "I have a fatal presentiment as to that city."

"I only want to see it, and then we will continue our journey," replied the Prince.

"Alas! it is easy to enter, but difficult to leave it. But go, since it is your wish. I will wait for you here, changed into a white stone by the wayside. Pray be prudent. The King of this city and the Queen will come forth to meet you—and with them a charming girl. Take care! if you kiss her, you will immediately forget all that has passed between us; and then I shall die of grief. Go; I will wait for you here three days. If, at the end of those three days, you do not return—But go, since it is your wish."

Transformed into a stone she waited



"HE KISSED HER."

as she had said, one day, two days, three days, but Prince Milan did not return.

The fatal prediction had been realized. On entering the city he saw the King, the Queen, and a beautiful young girl advance to meet him. Dazzled by the look, by the smile, by the perfect beauty of this young girl, he kissed her on the cheek; and the memory of his dear Wellena instantly fled from his mind.

"Alas!" cried the poor girl, "he has deserted me. I have nothing more to hope for in the world, and have but to die. I will change myself into a little field flower; I will stay by the wayside, and some passer-by will crush me under his foot."

In a moment the transformation was accomplished.

Along the road plodded an old man who paused to look at the flower, on which a tear glistened like a dew-drop. The flower pleased him. He carefully detached it from the ground, and planted it in a pot, and took delight in tending it, without in the least suspecting the return it would make him. From the day it entered his rustic dwelling-place everything in it was each morning punctually set in order. At meal-times, by an invisible hand, his table was spread with a spotless white cloth, and the nicest food was set before him. He enjoyed all these marvels; but he wished to know to whom he owed them, and how they were brought about. He therefore sought an old sorcerer, who said to him:

"Be awake to-morrow before cock-crow, before the break of day. Look carefully around you, and, wherever you see an object moving, throw a handkerchief over it quickly."

Next morning, on the first ray of sun appearing, the little blue flower quitted her pot and flitted from one side of the room to the other, dusting the room and lighting the fire. The old man rose and threw over her a handkerchief which had been given him by the sorcerer, and in place of the little flower, a beautiful young girl appeared before him.

"Why have you recalled me to life?" she cried. "Prince Milan was to have been my husband, and he has completely forgotten me."

"Prince Milan," replied the old man, "is on the eve of being married; from all parts people are flocking to assist at his wedding."

The faithful Wellena wept bitterly, then, with sudden resolution, dried her eyes, and, in the dress of a peasant girl, went to the city. Entering the palace kitchen and modestly accosting one of the head cooks, she said to him in a gentle tone:

"Will you allow me to make a wedding-cake for Prince Milan?"

The proud and self-sufficient cook was not in the least disposed to accept such a proposal; but when he saw how pretty and graceful this young peasant girl was, he replied to her, politely:

"Yes, my pretty one, you wish it; make a wedding-cake. I'll present it myself to the Prince."

All the guests were seated at table. The head cook advanced with a solemn air, bearing upon a silver dish a cake made in the form of a crown. Everybody admired this piece of pastry, its elegant form, and its golden crust. The Prince, before whom the cook had placed it, cut off a piece, and, from the opening, flew out a pair of turtle-doves, which wheeled in flight about the table, the female dove crying to her companion:

"Don't leave me! don't leave me! or you will forget me, as Prince Milan has forgotten his Wellena!"

At those words the Prince recovered his memory. He rose from his seat and hastened to the door, where he found his betrothed awaiting him.

Under the balcony of the palace stood his faithful horse, pawing the ground with impatience. He leaped into the saddle with his own true bride, and they soon reached the kingdom of Kojata. The King and the Queen received them with tears of joy, and their marriage was celebrated with a splendor never before seen.

#### CROOKED SI'S NEW-YEAR TREE.

BY MABEL GIFFORD.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

"SST-BOY! Boney, ssst-boy! take 'em, Boney, take 'em."

Slowly and painfully old Si Potter shuffled and twisted his poor deformed body over Smollet's hill. If only there was a way to get to the village without going over Smollet's hill, and if there was only a way to get to the village and back without being set upon by a pack of boys as tormenting as hornets! And so thought Boney, an aged, lean, lank, whitey-brown hound, who crept slinking close to his master's heels, taking stealthy glances from side to side as he crept along, stumbling and limping over the rough, frozen ground.

"Yere, Boney, come forards an' take 'em; sstake 'em, Boney, sstake 'em."

Boney cowered closer to the ground with his nose closer to his master's heels.

Poor old master! his clothes were ragged, and they were not clean rags either, his gray beard straggled wildly as also did his hair, looking matted and unkempt, and his little fierce eyes looked out from their tangle of gray, angry and suspicious. "Crooked Si" every one called him; his back was crooked, his arms and his hands were crooked, and his knees knocked together, and below he was the shape of the letter V, and his feet turned in. It was a wonder to every one how he managed to walk at all.

Crooked Si had at last twisted over the top of the hill; he breathed hard and the great drops of moisture stood on his face.

"It's cussed hard work," he grumbled huskily, as he paused for breath and dried his face with his ragged sleeve, casting anxious glances down into the hollow the while.

Two women came up the hill; they were smiling and chatting. The smiles vanished as they saw the grotesque figure at the top of the hill and they looked at him pityingly as they passed by.

Si cast angry glances at them; he was so sensitive about his appearance that he resented any notice that any one took of him. He resented pity, it mortified him; if he saw people talking, he knew they were talking of him; if he caught them smiling, O dear! he knew they were making fun of him, and he went into such a fury. He never smiled; no indeed; he had more manners.

But it is doubtful policy never to smile, and Crooked Si grew so solemn and so ugly that no one liked to go near him, the only mortals able to find any enjoyment in his company being the boys; they had no end of fun tormenting Crooked Si and his dog Boney.

The old man was still glaring angrily after the two women when he heard a child's cry of terror, and turning he saw a little girl looking at him with a face expressive of the greatest fright, and trembling like a leaf in a gale.

It was a sudden turning of the tables for Crooked Si to be called upon to pity some one instead of being pitied. "She's e'en amost dead with the scare o' me,"

he muttered. "Come right along, leetle gal, come right along, I hain't the Old Un, though I do look like him."

The child, with another cry of terror, fled past him, and ran, sobbing, over the hill.

The boys were the only ones who enjoyed the sight of Crooked Si. Down in the hollow they were watching for him to day, skulking behind the tall pines either side the road, like so many Indians. They were always sure to be skulking somewhere between the village and Crooked Si's hut when he was on the road.

The fierce little eyes grew more anxious as the old man neared the hollow, and turned restlessly this way and that, keeping sharp lookout. Boney cowered tremblingly at his master's heels, and with a most lugubrious countenance kept sharp lookout with his poor old eyes.

A wild whoop rent the air. "Here they come; let 'er go; pelt 'em," and sticks, stones, old tin cans and other like missiles fell in a shower about the two helpless old creatures, slowly and painfully making their way over the rough ground.

"Sstake 'em! Boney,sstake 'em!" called Si, in his hoarse whisper.

"Sstake 'em! Boney,sstake 'em!" mocked the boys; "go it Bandy-legs; how's old Bones? Give us a tune; give us 'Yankee Doodle.'"

What was the use of saying "Ssst-boy" to Boney? didn't he know better than to run at those boys and bite them and get arrested and shot as a dangerous animal? Where would Crooked Si be then, with no Boney to protect him?

And what was the use of Crooked Si going into a rage and making faces and "cussin'," the torments? And what was the use of his saying he'd "be cussed afore" he'd "whistle a tune for 'em"? Didn't he know the torments would follow him all the way home and clamor about his hut and give him no peace until he had whistled for them?

Nevertheless Crooked Si always went into a rage and made faces and refused to whistle. Turning about and facing the boys, he said in his deliberate way—the angrier he was the more deliberate his speech—

"Youimps of Satan! you be cussed."



It seemed as if Crooked Si, being unable to express his anger by action, relieved himself by contortions of the face, horrible to see, to the delight of the boys, who hooted and shouted and danced about like wild men.

"Why don't you take one of your size?" cried a scornful voice, and wheeling about, the boys came face to face with Joseph Hartwell, the "new boy," they called him, he having recently moved into town.

Joseph Hartwell lived in the big house on the hill; he was a manly looking boy, a fine scholar, a champion of the playground; he had a valuable collection of minerals and a library that was the envy of every boy in Boynton.

"Cowards," said Joseph, "always tackle little boys and helpless creatures. They don't dare come out in fair play with one of their size."

The boys looked as slinking as Boney, as one after another they walked away. One or two went off whistling with their hands in their pockets, but it was a poor feint, and the rest were too chagrined to pretend anything.

Boney, stiff and lean and lank with much fasting, almost capered for joy, at this sudden turn in affairs, but Crooked Si, still mumbling and mouthing, twisted himself along without so much as a glance at Joseph, who stood regarding the poor deformed creature with greatest sympathy.

"Boys is imps of Satan; g'long, Boney."

"Can I be of any service?" asked Joseph, respectfully.

Crooked Si glared at him. "You can get out o' the track an' let me go home peaceable," he answered, huskily.

Joseph flushed a little at this ungracious answer, and then made another trial. "Do the boys trouble you like this often?"

"What's that to you?" came the hoarse rasping voice again.

"Good-day," said Joseph, and off he went.

"Slick's grease," muttered Si. "Wonder what infernal mischief this fine gentleman's up to."

Joseph stopped at the grocer's on his way through the village and made inquiries about the deformed man.

"Oh! Crooked Si? He's the ugliest old sinner alive; lives in a shanty down in Crossett's woods. Had the rickets when he was a baby and grew all out of shape. Prouder than Lucifer, and mad's a March hare with his kin, 'cause the property was left to them and they were to look out for him as long as he lived. He won't take a cent from them, and the Lord only knows how he scratches enough together to keep the breath of life in his body. He hates hull creation and he hates boys worse'n pizen."

"His father, old parson Potter, gave him a good eddication and wanted to make a parson of him, but he took to cussin' and wouldn't have nothing to do with parsons, and after his father died there was no living with him and he cleared out and moved himself and his books and old Boney into Crossett's woods."

"They do say he got into a rage one day and burned up all his books and made such a heat he came near burning the roof over his head and himself and Boney. Some one happened to be going by and saw a great smoke and looked in. Crooked Si was on the floor all in a heap, half smothered, and Boney was crouched beside him. Oh! he's an ugly critter, and for cussin' he can't be beat."

"I don't know as I much blame him."

"Would he take anything from people who were not relatives?" asked Joseph.

"Some have tried it," said the grocer, grimly; "they got cussed at, and made faces at, and the things thrown at their heads. But they were old friends."

Joseph went home and had a long talk with his mother.

This incident took place the day after Christmas, and the following day all the boys were invited to Joseph Hartwell's to spend the evening. The next day Joseph Hartwell knocked at Crooked Si's door.

"I have come to talk with you and ask your opinion about some things I am interested in," said Joseph, glancing at two good sized books under his arm. "They told me at the store that you have a fine education and I think you may be able to help me."

Crooked Si was taken unaware. He had been pitied and patronized and ridi-

culed and tormented, but never before had any one recognized that he could be of any use in the world. People had always seemed to ignore his education, which had always chafed him, he felt entitled to a certain respect on account of it, and here was a young man paying tribute to his learning and actually asking a favor of him. The amazed man stood squinting at the stranger and allowed the door to swing wide.

Joseph walked in and helped himself to one of the two battered old chairs that, with a box and a table, completed the furnishing of the room. The whole of one side of the dingy, dusty room was given up to the fire place, where a discouraged sort of fire was smoldering. There was a box nailed against the wall, with several shelves, where a few dishes were visible. The cupboard was bare of any sign of food. The room was ceiled with boards dark with time and festooned with cobwebs. Joseph did not like to ask Crooked Si where he slept, and Si did not show him the bunk built into the wall and hidden by the matched boards.

"Now if you will read these paragraphs I have marked—" began Joseph.

"Hain't read a word this six years, can't see readin' no more'n a mole."

"You ought to have some glasses," said Joseph.

"Don't want no glasses; wouldn't wear no glasses if I had a dozen pair."

Recalling what the grocer had told him Joseph surmised the reason of the great bonfire of books. Crooked Si had lost his sight and was too proud to let any one know, and his books tantalized him. Poor lonely old man, denied even the comfort of books!

Joseph spent three hours reading and conversing and left one of his books and two newspapers when he went away. Something like a glow of warmth crept through Crooked Si's shrunken frame, and something like a ghost of a smile flickered into his face as he sat up to the table with the papers spread out before him and traced with one crooked finger the printed lines, muttering what Joseph had read to him.

[CONCLUDED IN JANUARY.]

## HOME CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY AUNT JEAN.

### CHRISTMAS MORNING.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE bells ring clear as bugle note,  
Sweet song is thrilling every throat  
"Tis welcome Christmas morning;  
Oh! never yet was morn so fair,  
Such silent music in the air,  
"Tis merry Christmas morning.

Dear day of all days in the year;  
Dear day of song, good-will, and cheer,  
"Tis golden Christmas morning;  
The Hope, the Faith, the Love that is,  
The Peace, the holy promises,  
"Tis glorious Christmas morning.

### A SEASONABLE HINT.

NO wonder the word hospitality has in all ages secured itself such a fond nestling place in the human breast, for

never is man or woman seen to more advantage than under the aspect of truly cordial host and hostess. Now, there is a great deal of this kind of hospitality in the world, and no end of the happiest recollections of a long lifetime are bound up with delightful experiences of hours, days, and weeks spent in just this sunny atmosphere.

But ought not so essentially generous an idea as this of hospitality to have a still wider and more generous interpretation put on it? No doubt, it is a fine thing to make a guest welcome to fireside, table, arm-chair, and sleeping-room, but is not a great deal more than this essential to picturing the full characteristics of the ideal host and hostess? The essential mark of hospitality is, of course, a quick and delicate perception of the wants of the guest, together with delight in minis-

tering to them. If he is hungry, feed him; if cold, warm him; if sleepy, speed him to bed. But how about entertaining his ideas and sentiments, as well as his senses, and giving these, likewise, a generous welcome? The host or hostess that knows how to bring these finer and shyer visitants out, and smile upon and cheer them as they begin to flow, will not such an one warm and exhilarate the spirits of the sojourner under their roof as no mere blazing fireside can? Indeed, ministering delicately to the senses of the welcomed guest, what is this at best but a kind of preliminary for making him comfortable and setting him at his ease; while the highest and royalist form of hospitality only begins when a bright, sunny welcome is extended to the wisest, wittiest, sweetest, and most charming elements in the man's mind and heart? Perhaps he has no great measure of any of these. Well, then, to bring out the best he has in him and help him to set it in the best light. More than one of the wisest and greatest of men have put it on record that they never yet met any in life from whom they could not learn something. Now, what clear comfort for any poor fool of a fellow like the most of us to have been the guest of one of these Newtons or Bacons, and to have seen the fine smile of satisfaction light up his wonderful face at our actually telling him something new and interesting. We would remember the fact years after we had forgotten whether the bed he gave us was hard or soft, or the turkey tender or tough. Indeed, it can be depended on that no home ever gets the best kind of housewarming until it has become a place to which friends long to flock because they feel that an atmosphere pervades it in which they talk better, laugh more cheerily, revel more freely in their richest sentiments than they can anywhere else. For a welcome after this fashion they will forsake the downiest of couches and the most delicate of viands, and go gladly where, though the fare is scantier, the hospitality toward thought and feeling is a thousand-fold more cordial.

## HOME TANGLES;

## AND HOW TO UNTANGLE THEM.

BY J. S. LLOYD.

THERE is an old saying "the more the pains the greater the gains," and this certainly is a true one in all matters connected with home management.

The good housewife must be a patient, plodding, industrious woman, with a certain amount of native talent, and the words "it will do" should never be heard from her lips. Her whole energy should be devoted to her home and the happiness of her dear ones. She should never work haphazard, but with an orderly effort and regular system, guiding and controlling the whole with quietness and firmness. There are many disturbing elements to which we would draw the attention of the housewife who wishes to be a success. Unpunctuality, muddle, and a bad table are among these. Now, why should meals be unpunctual? Both housekeeper and cook are aware how long a joint, and the vegetables which are to be served with it will take to cook; then why not see that they are put on in time? and save the annoyance which the husband finds in waiting, to say nothing of the hurried cook, who recklessly dishes the vegetables at her master's stern voice, and serves them underdone and uneatable.

One of the great reasons for the lack of punctuality is that servants do not clear up after them as they go, but lay things down one after the other until they have no time or place for anything.

A clear, clean, tidy kitchen is a credit to the housewife, as well as to the servant who works under her; we would recommend it as the foundation-stone of punctuality. Who can work with 10 room to move, and the knowledge that all the collection of things needs washing and putting away? These will never be nearer your hands than when they are carried out from the breakfast-room when the meal is over. Let them be forthwith washed and placed in the cupboard, when there will be room to move and work. The demon of untidiness should be stamped out at once as a de-

stroyer of domestic peace. Happiness and contentment never reside under the same roof with it, rest assured.

Here is a startling assertion for you: When homes are not happy it is undoubtedly *Somebody's fault*. If yours is not so, set to work and try and find out whether you are that somebody. If so, do your utmost by self-examination to ascertain what really is wrong, try and untangle the home tangle, and with courage and perseverance face each difficulty. Having found out the weak spots, make it your solemn duty to try and improve matters. You will find the three great annoyances herein named cause the earliest dissatisfaction in the mind of the husband, and if you do not remedy them they will form outer circles, as when a stone is flung into the water.

Troubles may be the natural portion of man, but assuredly these domestic ones are of our own making, and with care and common sense they can be avoided. Nearly all our sufferings have been the fault of somebody, having been brought on by carelessness, ignorance, or indifference.

The best of women are sadly deficient in common-sense, home management, and what is needful for health in the household, to say nothing of happiness. Both unhappiness and sickness are states and conditions brought on by circumstances over which, in the beginning at any rate, we have control, although it may afterward be beyond our power to prevent either.

Prevention is far better than cure, so let us entreat all housewives who value domestic peace to look well into the root of matters. God meant us to be healthy, not sickly, and for this reason He made laws for His people.

The housewife who desires a happy home must make laws also, and rigidly keep to them.

Let the housewife attend to her house-keeping each morning as early as possible. Examine her stores, see what will be needed during the day, and write out her orders. This is much better than trusting to imperfect memories.

The *menu* for dinner should be left in

black and white for the guidance of the cook, no matter how simple it may be, and she should be encouraged to get everything in readiness for the meal early in the day.

If only a general servant is kept it is, of course, a difficult matter for her to cook and serve, but even this can be accomplished successfully if the mistress will assist a little, and encourage her with kindly words to arrange her cooking so that it is possible to leave it in a condition not to be spoilt. There are general servants who are proud to be able to cook their dinner and serve it well, but these are few and far between, and grow more scarce still as we daily grow nearer the twentieth century.

The housewife is the home cultivator. In her hands the chief elements for making happiness are to be found, and we think she will find no greater, purer happiness than in doing her best to organize her home so that contentment may reign around her, while she is the queen in her own little kingdom.

We all know how many difficulties the housewife has to face, and one of these is too often money, or rather the lack of it. There is bother in making it, in spending it, in saving it, and in losing it. Yes, the difficulty in trying to make ends meet is one which brings the lines of care on the brow of the bread-winner and housewife, too.

Even in this respect much is in your own hands, and the golden rule should never be laid aside—not to indulge in what you know you cannot afford, and not to run into debt.

It is hard work to be the home manager upon small means, but it is work which will endear us to the members of our home circle, if only we will do our utmost, and not mind being ourselves spent in the arduous task. One of the most needful things to be a successful housewife is patience, and a cheerful, even temperament. This is difficult when your household treasures are smashed, your saucepans burnt, and your food spoilt, but ill-temper and harsh words have never yet mended matters.

There is something lovely in the dis-

position of the housewife who is gentle and ready to make excuses, or rather allowances, for the faults of others, and such patience and sweetness will often call forth good qualities which would have remained dormant but for those gentle words. Courtesy at home is one of the greatest sources of domestic happiness. Women in general are very sensitive, and cannot brook the matter-of-course treatment assumed by too many men toward their wives. Women appreciate those attentions which really cost a man so little. The most perfect gentlemen are ever courteous in their homes.

It is, however, not always the man's fault. Some women are so cold they tire out the gentle amenities of their men folks, others are so exacting that they disgust them. Then there is the fussy woman, man's greatest worry of all, who never lets him move without comment or question, and thinks this a sign of affection, when it is nothing of the sort.

A queenly, responsive devotion is quite another thing, and this will be recognized by the patient continuance in striving to please—a courteous, dignified show of affection, the refining influence of which cannot fail to touch the heart of its recipient.

There is no mistaking the love of a true woman. It shines in the home as the sun in the sky, giving brightness around. How different is the home in which the scolding woman dwells, or the slattern, or the irritable, discontented one.

There is also a class of well-meaning women who know nothing of the way to make home comfort. Girls who have not been brought up to be useful, and have no idea of the responsibilities of life. To such, who desire to learn, a few words may not be out of place.

First of all, no home can be comfortable without method. Things which are done at any time during the day never will be properly done. There should be a stated hour for all work to be performed, and enough time allowed by the mistress to do it in satisfactorily.

Another golden rule is a place for

everything, and everything in its place. There is nothing more pleasant to a man than to return to a nice, clean, orderly home when his work is done. Even during the hours of business he will look forward to his home-coming with a glad heart, and not remain away from it one hour longer than is necessary.

It is very easy to drift into untidiness, but it is a thousand pities to do so.

It is best to put away everything as soon as you have done with it, and your clothes will last as long again if neatly folded and put in their proper places as soon as they are taken off, instead of being thrown down on beds and chairs until a convenient season arrives for a general clear-up.

With the hope that these few words may assist the perplexed housewife a little to untangle any troubles arising in the home, and begging each one to remember what home brightness and home comfort mean to husband and children this short glimpse into domestic matters must end.

Never forget that woman's work is to comfort and to elevate.

Woman's home-work is really a *science*, as is domestic economy.

"Woman's work, her glorious right,  
Nought to do with rule and might;  
Like the heaven, 'tis I ween  
Raising all, itself unseen."

#### SOMETHING BORROWED ABOUT LEMONS.

THEY ARE AS USEFUL AS TART AND AS VALUABLE AS FRAGRANT.

DO you want to know the name of one of the best all-around household doctors and certainly the cheapest that can be found in any country?

It is Dr. Lemon. Yes, an ordinary, sour, yellow lemon, which you can buy at any grocery for a few cents.

Here are some of the things Dr. Lemon will do for you if you give him the chance:

Squeeze him into a glass of water every morning, and drink him with very little sugar. He will keep your stomach in the best of order, and never let Mr. Dyspepsia, whom he hates cordially, get into it.



If you have dark hair, and it seems to be falling out, cut off a slice of the doctor and rub him on your scalp. He will stop that little trouble promptly.

Squeeze him into a quart of milk and he will give you a mixture to rub on your face night and morning and get a complexion like a princess.

Pour him into an equal quantity of glycerine, and rub your hands with the mixture before going to bed. If you don't mind sleeping with gloves on that is better still, and helps the doctor considerably in the task of whitening your hands. In the morning wash your hands thoroughly in warm water and apply the doctor again pure, but only a few drops of him this time. You must not keep this up too long, or your hands will show such a dazzling whiteness as to make all the other young ladies in the vicinity jealous.

If you have a bad headache cut Dr. Lemon into slices and rub these along your temples. The pain will not be long disappearing—or at least in growing easier to bear.

If a bee or an insect stings you clap a few drops of the doctor on to the spot and you will find yourself the better for it.

If you have a troublesome corn the doctor can be again put to good account by rubbing him on the toe after you have taken a hot bath, and cut away as much as possible of the troublesome intruder.

Besides all this the doctor is always ready to sacrifice himself in the cause of Russian tea—slice him in without sugar—or in the preparation of old-fashioned lemonade, than which no drink is more wholesome.

Altogether Dr. Lemon is an individual few people can afford to get along without.

## EVENING WITH THE POETS.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S  
NATIVITY.

BY JOHN MILTON.

THIS is the month and this the happy morn  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King  
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing.  
That He our deadly forfeit should release  
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

\* \* \* \* \*

Say, heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain  
To welcome Him to this His new abode,  
Now while the heav'n by the sun's team untrod  
Hath took no print of the approaching light  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squad-  
rons bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road  
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet:  
Oh! run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;  
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the angel choir  
From out His sacred altar touch'd with hallowed  
fire.

## MESSIAH.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

A VIRGIN shall conceive, a virgin bear a Son!  
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,  
Whose sacred root with fragrance fills the skies;

Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move  
And on its top descends the mystic dove,  
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour  
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!  
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid  
From storms a shelter and from heat a shade.  
All crimes shall cease and ancient fraud shall fail,  
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;  
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
And white-robed Innocence from Heaven descend,  
Swift fly the years and rise th' expected morn!  
Oh! spring to light auspicious Babe, be born!  
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring  
With all the incense of the breathing spring:  
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,  
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:  
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,  
And Carmel's flowing top perfumes the skies!  
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;  
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:  
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,  
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.  
Lo! earth receives Him from the bending skies!  
Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise,  
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;  
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!  
The Saviour comes; by ancient bards foretold:  
Hear Him, ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!  
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day;  
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:  
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
And leap exultant like the bounding roe.  
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear  
From ev'ry face He wipes off ev'ry tear.

## CHRISTMAS TIME.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HEAP on more wood! the wind is chill;  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

And will our Christmas sires of old  
Loved when the year its course had rolled  
And brought blithe Christmas back again,  
With all his hospitable train,  
Domestic and religious rite  
Gave honor to the holy night:  
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;  
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;  
That only night, in all the year,  
Saw the stole'd Priest the chalice rear.  
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;  
The hall was dressed with holly green;  
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,  
To gather in the mistletoe.  
Then opened wide the baron's hall  
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;  
Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
And Ceremony doffed his pride.  
The heir, with roses in his shoes  
That night might village partner choose;  
The lord, undergating, share  
The vulgar game of "post and pair"  
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight  
And general voice, the happy night  
That to the cottage, as the crown,  
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
Went roaring up the chimney wide;  
The huge hall table's oaken face,  
Scrubbed till it shone the day to grace;  
Bore then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the 'squire and lord.  
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,  
By old blue-coated serving-man;  
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high  
Crested with bays and rosemary.  
Well saw the green-garbed ranger tell  
How, when, and where the monster fell;  
What dogs before his death he tore  
And all the baiting of the boar.  
The wassail round, in good brown bowls  
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.  
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by  
Plum porridge stood, and Christmas pie;  
Nor failed old Scotland to produce  
At such high-tide her savory goose.  
Then came the merry-maskers in  
And carols roared with blithesome din;  
If unmelodious was the song,  
It was a hearty note, and strong.  
Who lists may in their mumming see  
Traces of ancient mystery;  
White skirts supplied the masquerade,  
And smutted cheeks the visors made;  
But, oh! what maskers richly dight  
Can boast of bosoms half so light!  
England was merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.

'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year.

## A CHRISTMAS CARMEN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,  
The chorus of voices, the claspings of hands;  
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the  
morn,  
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born:  
With glad jubilations  
Bring hope to the nations.  
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun:  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

Sing the bridal of nations with chorals of love,  
Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the dove,  
Till the hearts of the people keep time in accord,  
And the voice of the world is the voice of the  
Lord!

Clasp hands of the nations  
In strong gratulations:  
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

Blow, bugles of battles, the marches of peace;  
East, West, North, and South let the long quarrel  
cease;

Sing the song of great joy that the angels began;  
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man!  
Hark! joining in chorus

The heavens bend o'er us!  
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

## THE CRICKETS.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

PIPE, little minstrels of the waning year,  
In gentle concert pipe!  
Pipe the warm noons; the mellow harvest near;  
The apples dropping ripe.

The tempered sunshine and the softened shade;  
The trill of lonely bird;  
The sweet, sad hush on Nature's gladness laid;  
The sounds through silence heard!

Pipe tenderly the passing of the year;  
The summer's brief reprieve;  
The dry husk rustling round the yellow ear;  
The chill of morn and eve!

Pipe the untroubled trouble of the year;  
Pipe low the painless pain;  
Pipe your unceasing melancholy cheer;  
The year is in the wane.



EDITED BY ELIZABETH LEWIS REED.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Miss E. L. Reed, Editor Woman's World, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, 532 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We desire to call the attention of our subscribers to the *clear* notice regarding the ordering of dress patterns published in our Fashion supplement. We have been much annoyed by people writing to us instead of to McCall & Co. for patterns, and are obliged to inform you that if you wish patterns you *must send to them*, as we are too busy to attend to such orders. Also, we supply no patterns, except McCall & Co.'s.—Ed. W. W.

#### FASHION NOTES.

##### FASHION'S CAPRICES.

##### HARMONY BETWEEN CERTAIN COLORS AND COMPLEXIONS—CREATING FASHIONS—COMING AND PRESENT COLORS.

IN selecting the gown that enhances her charms a woman studies her hair, eyes, and complexion, but, more than all, her complexion, especially in this country, where a sallown tinge is the curse of the climate and the vengeance of dyspepsia. With the exception of a clear hunter's green, the color is very unbecoming to a pale brunette, whose skin requires warmth and life given to it by the surroundings. Reddish brown is thus warming, while yellow brown is not, and the dark blue should be a clear navy known as matelot.

Black is not attractive upon a pale brunette unless it is lit up with cardinal or rose pink. A bright cardinal is more to the point than a crimson, but brick reds are not improving to any yet-discovered complexion. If the skin is clear, a medium yellow and rose pink are both becoming, but not with a sallowness pervading.

Cream is becoming in soft silk or woolen goods, but a dead white-cotton dress is very trying to any brunette, even when it is softened with lace and ribbons.

A florid complexion should wear only the deepest red shades; purple is good, also black, and yellow rather than a deeper tone, but crimson must be passed if the rosy brunette wishes to be dressed becomingly.

A flaxen-haired or drab blonde needs warmth, and for this reason deep, coppery reds, reddish brown, pinkish gray, some shades of orange, deep navy blue, pinkish lavender, or mauve are appropriate, as well as pale blue, light green, and cream, if the skin is clear. Black is very becoming to this type, also a pale pink and the new willow greens. If blessed with a rosy flush, each tone should be of a more delicate shade and less warm tints of the same color may be selected, as a bluish or steel gray in place of a pinkish gray.

The new Russian blue will be a stylish addition to the list of colors suitable for this style of blonde.

The red-haired blonde usually has a clear, delicate complexion, and for this reason can wear many colors that a sallown skin would forbid—light blue, the palest of green, ivory white, lavender, delicate straw color, black, Russian, and navy blue, clear and slate gray, seal brown, beige, fawn, mode and bottle green. Even a brownish copper may be worn by a red-haired belle, unless she is very florid, in which case cold colors must be worn in order to tone down any trace of coarseness, which is apt to creep in with a high color and auburn hair.

A brune blonde, having a clear complexion, is the most fortunate of women, as she can wear any color and usually looks well in everything, especially if blessed with pretty features as well as a charming complexion.

Fig. 1 illustrates a long coat, suitable

for traveling or storm wear, and made of cravenette serge, Irish frieze, cheviot, etc., with a finish of handsome pearl buttons. It is double-breasted, has a rolled collar, two slit pockets and full sleeves; the back is loose and held to

first shade of the pinkish purple, or very purplish pink cast, is gaining favor rapidly since the milliners have evinced a desire to cultivate it. Golden brown, beige, and clear red shades are generally regarded as perfectly safe for next season.



Fig. 1.

the figure at the waist-line by a short, pointed belt, buttoned on.

#### COMING COLORS.

Our Paris correspondent sends us this week a large selection of choice and advanced shades that give the key-note for next season, and, indeed, for the fall of 1893. The violet shades are well represented, and the bishop's purple, called *évêque*, seems to be highly thought of for present and future use.

Navy blue is firmly rooted for at least a year; emerald is good, and the François

Judic, a reddish heliotrope, deeper and clearer purples, electric blue, and four shades of tan having a golden cast are marked out for spring. A line of purples, from a medium heliotrope to a deep royal shade, claim attention, as purple has been neglected for many years, though rich in appearance in velvet, silk, and woolen materials, and becoming alike to blonde and brunette, the latter wearing the reddish shades of this color, sacred to kings and bishops.

Magenta reds are showing up now and then, and are being worn in Paris, but

our manufacturers seem rather shy of adding it to their future collections. The foreshadowings for green favor both a leaf and yellow cast, and one dark shade like the thick glossy leaf of a wax begonia, which combines with tan, gray, white, and lighter green, and is also seen with a pale mauve. Three or four grenat shades have a tinge of terra-cotta, though

and one shrimp. Advices from Paris say that no one shade rages to the exclusion of all others, as the season is thus far marked by the modistes, milliners, and manufacturers using a larger range of colors than usual, and the same liberality of mind, it is thought, will prevail in the spring of 1893.

Figs. 2-3. The fashionable round ef-



Figs. 2 and 3.

it is barely discernible. In a line of exquisite samples of light-weight ladies'-cloths we find seven browns, ten dark blues, six reds, three floxine shades, six purplish shades, and four greens.

Among some silk samples sent from the choicest Parisian houses, we note three shades of old rose, four reds, three of beige, two electric, and three navy blues, four purplish tones, three greens

fect is well shown in these two figures, the first of which has on a dress of poplin cord, with a round, double-breasted front, having large revers opening over a full plastron and soft collar of silk; broad Empire belt to correspond, and sleeves of the balloon puff, tiny ruffle, and close part below.

The second figure has a round, diagonal waist fitted slightly below the waist



line, with a rolled collar, jabot revers, balloon sleeves buttoning at the wrists and a deep shoulder ruffle or epaulet falling over the top of the sleeves. Plastron and high collar of contrasting silk.

#### CREATING FASHIONS.

Fashions seem the embodiment of several agencies that are almost invisible, generally capricious, and often startling in their results. They are usually the joint product of two factors. First, the



Fig. 4.

cunning modiste, who invents, adapts, or revives some notable departure from existing style; and second, the graceful, dashing wearer by whom the new idea is, so to speak, to be published to the world. This important personage may be an *élégante* of society, a celebrity of the boards, or a notoriety from the *demi-monde* who gives to an idea the *cachet* which makes it the fashion.

A new material, an old picture or a print in a time-yellowed book may give the first idea of what afterward becomes

an "artistic" toilette, it remains for the wearer, usually an actress, to supply the other half of the seal or hall-mark that makes it current all over the world of fashion. Thus the two are necessary for the development of the "creation."

Just now the Watteau and Empire ideals are having a friendly strife, but in the end, whichever school has the most charming woman to carry out its plans will reign supreme. Fashion has been called "a part of our being, vivified by art, nourished by a thousand sources, constantly rejuvenated by new blood, and served by millions of willing hands and brains."

#### EMPIRE GOWNS.

The Empire toilettes which are now occasionally seen are looked on with curiosity and interest, as they have a very elegant appearance. A dress of *réseada* cloth, with Turkish trimming and embroidery in gold and in the softest tints, has a bodice of heliotrope velvet, which, being shortened above and below, is very small and closed at the back by a single bow. The form of the coming fashion is undoubtedly seen in this costume.

The short puffy sleeves and the girdle waist remind one of the Louis XIII style. Combinations of colors are now seen in bright shades which would hardly have found acceptance a short time ago.

A dress of cheviot is trimmed with a small puff of colored velvet at the border of the skirt, the same trimming being on the bodice and sleeves. This costume is very dressy, although it is hardly justifiable in principle; but fashion cares little for principle, and adopts whatever is most novel for the time.

Fig. 4 shows a neat dress for a miss of twelve to fifteen years, which may be of plain or figured goods, with contrasting silk lining the revers, velvet ribbon or cord gimp for the trimming and fancy buttons on the cuffs; plastron of surah. Round waist buttoning in the back, full sleeves, jabot revers, rolled collar, and slightly full skirt.

#### BLACK EFFECTS.

Black grounds are frequently met with, especially of satin, with green, red, yellow

or the new purplish shade, "eminence," for small figures, as fashionable figures and stripes are small. A good quality of surah is always admissible for a house dress or combination, and the glacé surahs answer for gowns, combinations, tea jackets, tea gowns, fronts, linings, and petticoats. They may be called glacé, incandescent or changeable, but the effect remains the same elusive change.

MILLINERY NEWS,  
FROM ABROAD AND AT HOME—SHADES—NEW  
BOWS, ORNAMENTS, ETC.

Fashion is abandoning the small form in hats, which in many cases was not very "dressy," and is adopting medium-sized and large but low forms. Round felt hats, with soft, broad and small stiff brim; the top half-high, in natural width, looking very much like the top of a man's hat flattened slightly in front.

A hat with stiff brim, the bending of which reminds one of Rembrandt styles, but with less boldness of form, has the brim raised at the back and touching the half-high angular top. This hat, with the brim lowered on the left side, seems to be the favorite form for fall.

A hat after the sailor form, of medium size, is another competitor for favor this fall. The brim is steep, gradually lessening at the sides and rises wider at the back, either plain or as three-dented bavolet. The crown is a pure sailor shape, but about half an inch higher than usual.

An original combination of toque and bolero is seen in a large round hat, the head of which rises like a man's silk hat, but one-quarter the height, stiff to a sharp edge. The lower border of the head falls in light waves over the ears, and is bordered by a bolero brim equally wide on all sides. This hat, which is very dressy, has a slight indentation in front, caused by the side bends, into which the hair is seen.

A felt hat with masculine round crown of the usual height has a round steep brim which forms wavy folds in front and ends at the back in an inch-wide runner with five folds.

Felt hats are trimmed with ribbon and velvet plain and double-faced satin, faille

Française alone and with fancy ribbons. The most favored widths in ribbon are Nos. 16 and 20, and for the Alsatian bows Nos. 30 and 60 are used. Satin and velvet are much used for tie bands.

Although felt hats are likely to be much worn, the leading milliners prefer velvet hats, and these will be worn more than ever, as velvet can now be had at prices which bring the two nearer together, and the difference in cost is more than compensated for by the greater beauty of the velvet hat.

Among the new shades is "évêque,"



Fig. 5.

the bluish heliotrope color of a bishop's robe. Other leading colors are light cardinals, browns, marine blue, and moss green. Changeable velvet and Scotch effects in velvet are also well taken.

In feathers the Prince of Wales arrangement meets with success; heron, half-length Amazons, and fancy feathers following on the list of favorites. But feathers are always seen in combination with velvet and ribbon, which latter form a password, as it were, for the season.

Jet, too, is much used, either as galloons or clasps, and knots of all sizes,

of jet alone or in conjunction with metal and green stones, are seen.

Faille ribbons with satin back, and the same with colored Turkish designs, and also with satin and velvet stripes; serge armure, with narrow and wide satin stripes; broad faille, in three colors—bronze, blue and mode, and rose, bronze and moss green—are among the ribbon novelties; but the favorites are plain and changeable velvet ribbon, with satin and changeable back.

Fig. 5 represents a favorite shape for young ladies of fancy braided felt, with a velvet rose resting upon the hair. On the front there is a large Alsatian bow of double-faced satin ribbon, with two ostrich tips and antennæ to give the much-to-be-desired broad appearance that is now noticeable in all of the trimmings.

Fig. 6 represents a medium-sized poke shape of dark green felt, edged with a



Fig. 6.

band of black feathers and trimmed with a bunch to correspond in front, aigrettes mingling with the tips. Green satin ribbon trims the back and sides of the shape.

#### JOTTINGS OF THE SEASON.

Long piece velvet loops standing side-wise on the brim, pointed toward the front, with a large buckle of jet, gilt,

steel, or a mixture of metals, and fancy feathers or tips in front are the first features that seem to strike one in the new trimmed hats.

Then comes the array of colors, as a fawnish beige hat, with dark green velvet and a fancy Alsatian bow of wings showing brown, green, beige, and pinkish colorings, and a gilt buckle.

Immense bows of piece velvet held by a large knot and buckle in the centre give the low, broad effect to hats, while the feathers in front or over the crown add the now necessary height. Dark and light velvet is selling well to all millinery houses, as it goes with everything.

Gray felt shapes trimmed with green are among the very striking models; also golden brown intermixed with jet, as only a French trimmer can do it. Purely gray designs are not often seen when compared to brown and black.

The purplish shade "eminence" and a brilliant red, "pivoine," are selected for dressy toques decorated with buckles, whips, long Mephisto ornaments or antennæ of jet. The latter shade makes a lovely evening hat.

Large black hats trimmed entirely in black will be worn alike by matrons and young ladies, blondes and brunettes; they are bent to suit the wearer's face, or may be curved permanently upward toward the back, with a coquettish dip in front to remove any look of regularity.

Black, brown, green, and navy will probably be strong characteristics in the season's hats, with red touches to brighten up much that is dull, and any number of gilt and jet ornaments.

An Alsatian bow in fine jet is quite a novelty; other bows are of fancy wings having osprey and a bird of Paradise head in the centre.

Among the beaded and feather ornaments there are Mephistos, whips, quills, aigrettes, sprays, pins, butterflies, Alsatian bows, knots, leaves, piquets, insects, wings, Prince of Wales plumes, pompons, bunches of ostrich tips, etc.

#### MILLINERY JOTTINGS.

Many of the stylish hats are trimmed with a large Alsatian bow on the left side

in place of the front, which makes them more becoming to a round or full face.

Two very pretty aigrettes, arranged in bunches of six, are slender stems having at the head a diamond in iridescent bits of feathers; the other is round, about an inch in diameter, of a deep old rose on



Fig. 7.

the outside and shading to a pale pink toward the centre, where golden spangles glitter.

Strips of braided felt and cord about an inch wide are used as an outside facing, to tie around the crown, form loops of, and several strips sewed together are made into a crown.

Traveling hats of rough camel's hair are very stylish, also those of cloth like the dress with rows of stitching.

A few tinted and changeable tips are seen, but not many. Black tips are very prominent, also green and brilliant red effects. Fancy effects in ostrich tips are selling well, but not the plain three-feather bunches.

Plush caps for children are only in moderate demand; also silk hats, owing to the boom in white embroidered goods and glacé silks trimmed with plush beaver.

A heavy black silk guipure brim has a full velvet crown and a trimming of the lace in the shape of an Alsatian bow held by a jet buckle.

White felt hats are trimmed generally with black tips and jet ornaments.

Even large buckles are made in the shape of a large flat bow; others have an edging of feathers, with jet, steel, or Rhinestone inner edge.

Fig. 7 is of gray felt, with fancy-edged ribbon and feathers for a trimming. Finely-corded velvet is used for a wide facing, and the capote is bent in front, somewhat in the Marie Antoinette style.

#### HOME DECORATIONS AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

##### SOME CHRISTMAS BAGS.

BY ELIZABETH LEWIS REED.

JUST about this time every one begins to grow very busy preparing for Christmas, and purse and ingenuity alike are taxed for something new and lovely in the way of gifts. There are many people, of course, who don't feel able to spend much money at such a time, yet who desire to remember in some manner their friends, and if these will give a



Fig. 1. A Spool Bag.

little time and thought to the preparation of their gifts the results will be surprising to themselves.

Among the many dainty and acceptable gifts that can be so evolved are the hundred and one bags which form such an important part in the paraphernalia of

every household. Letter bags, bags for work, or papers, all have a place and find a use.

Something entirely new and very dainty is a work-bag made out of four of the willow furniture whips to be purchased at almost any store for a few cents, a little cheap silk, and a few yards of ribbon. Paint the whips with white enamel, giving them two coats, and touch here and there with gold paint. When

form convenient receptacles for buttons, spools, etc. Illustration 1 gives an idea of this pretty and inexpensive gift.

A powder-and-puff bag makes a lovely gift for a young girl. Take a circle of velvet or silk seventeen inches in diameter, and line it with a circle of chamois three inches smaller, stitched upon the outer covering of the bag, with two rows of stitching a third of an inch apart. Face the margin with silk contrasting prettily with the outside, and draw the circle into a bag with cord and tassels. Put a down puff and some toilet powder inside, and it will prove a welcome gift to the recipient.

A slipper bag is also a pleasing gift. For it you require one-half yard of velvet or plush and one-half yard of silk of the same or a contrasting color. Divide the velvet into two strips of nine inches each, and embroider the monogram of the owner in one strip and a pretty design in the other, fasten one strip of velvet to each end of the strip of silk and line the whole with some durable lining. When lined turn on the wrong side and sew the edges together, except a space in the middle of the long side seam, which should be left open for a sufficient distance to allow the slippers to be slipped in without difficulty. A pair of silver or brass rings, attached to each other by a short chain, are used to hold the bag together and afford a means for hanging it up when not in use.

Another beautiful, but more elaborate and expensive bag is illustration 2—on velvet. The foundation which forms at the same time the lining of the bag requires one-half yard of colored surah the same width. The sides are sewn together with seam and fell. One selvage is turned in three inches deep at the upper edge of the bag, and sewn out as a run three-quarters inch wide for strings, the other is gathered and drawn in tight over a small card-board round covered with silk. About one and three-quarter yards of colored crêpe are required for the outside of the bag goffered with a machine, the selvages giving the upper and lower edge. The fullness is gathered over a thread of silk three inches from



Fig. 2. A Very Dainty Bag.

dry fasten them together in pairs, crossed in such a way that the wide parts will serve to support and hold in place the bag. Bows of violet ribbon conceal the places where the whips are joined together, and a slender strip of wood also painted white holds them the desired distance apart. The bag, of pretty but inexpensive silk (a white ground sprinkled with violets), is then made and fastened into place, after being fitted up with inner pockets that



the first, and this is repeated after about thirteen and one-half by fourteen inches, as also at the lower edge. The plaits are then sewn to a round, slipped over the foundation and fastened on as seen in illustration 2. The six ribbon velvet bands are ornamented with a scorched pattern, yet this may be changed for an embroidery in cross stitch, and so forth, if preferred.

A pretty and simple bag to hold a parlor duster is made of a large silk handkerchief. Fold first envelope wise, turning the points back so that they just touch the edges of the smaller square thus formed. Sew the seams together from the corners of the square around to the place where the corners are turned back, and trim these with a fall of soft lace. Around the square thus left open in the middle run a casing, and insert a ribbon by which the bag may be drawn up. Although there is little work on this bag it would be hard to find a prettier one for the purpose.

Illustration 3 is another simple and inexpensive bag, both useful and attractive.

WORK BAG WITH CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

The embroidery on the model bag was worked on ficelle canvas—that is, canvas made of yellow string, but may be changed for basket or java canvas, if preferred. A piece fourteen inches large is required. When the embroidery, to be worked with Berlin or tapestry wool, is completed, a loop fringe is set on at the side edges of the canvas; this being made of a stripe of the latter six and one-quarter inches wide and fourteen long. The threads are drawn out in the length, leaving one-half inch of the stuff at the edge, the two firm edges are laid over each other and fastened to the sides of the embroidery which are now plaited together close; rosettes of narrow corded silk ribbon one-half inch wide, consisting of fourteen loops one and one half and

two inches long, are set on inside the fringe. A bag of moss-green cashmere is put on at the upper edge of the embroidery, and requires a piece nineteen inches wide and nine and one-half long, hemmed at the upper edge for strings. The plaited strings for carrying the bag are eleven inches long, and made of three strands each composed of sixteen threads of the canvas drawn out.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MOLLIE P.—Wide puffed sleeves are quite fashionable. Yes, you can purchase silk flouncing by the yard.



Fig. 3. Canvas Bag—Convenient and Pretty.

MISS PRIM.—You will be likely to find gloves the color you wish, for gloves of all colors and shades are to be bought this season.

VIOLET N. S.—Charles Dickens is the author of *David Copperfield*. Yes, I have read it and think you will enjoy it very much.

MRS. CHARLES C.—I cannot answer your questions here as you need more explanation than can be given in such limited space.

ELISE Z.—I would not cut your little son's hair if it curls so prettily as you say, and the color is lovely; wait until he is older.



#### WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

This is a question that should come home to each of us at the closing of the year.

Have we made any one happier, better, stronger, richer than they were, including ourselves, or have we only wasted the year of 1892 in living.

If we cannot look back to some one or more little acts of kindness to others done each month, each week, each day, yes, *every* day, then I am afraid the year has been wasted.

Speaking for the Magazine and its publishers we think the year has not been wasted, and judging from the thousands of kind and grateful letters we receive at this season of the year we believe most of our subscribers agree with us. What have we done? Well, to begin with, we have given you *more* good reading for less money than we ever did before.

We have instructed you how to take care of your flowers, through Mr. Rexford. We have helped you to help each other, through Aunt Jean. We have given you the latest fashion ideas, hints for the household, and carefully answered all your numerous questions in the *Woman's World*.

We have given you the opportunity of getting all the patterns a family should need during a year, through McCall & Co., which arrangements we continue for 1893.

We have given you an illustrated article each month on the subject most likely to be of greatest interest to the largest number of our readers.

We have given you a series of articles on the World's Fair that has not been equalled by any publication in America, so good, in fact, that the great dailies of New York city have copied them entire, illustrations and all, nearly every time.

We have given you three first-class se-

rials that you could not get the equal of for less than \$1.00 to \$1.50 each.

We have given you so many short stories that we cannot take time to count them, and by the very best and brightest living Americans as well as several translated from other languages for your especial benefit.

We have given the girls and boys as many good things each month as they usually find in a Magazine of their own.

But over and above all this we have given you a Magazine that you need never be ashamed of—one that is taken and read by some of the best and brightest people of the country—one that is always pure, true, and helpful—one that you can take up and read aloud to your children and friends without fear—one that if it has not helped you and brightened some dark days of the past year has at least done so for many others. We think, therefore, that we can look back on our year's work just ended, and feel that, while we have not accomplished all we had intended to do, we have done so much better than we promised you to do that all of us can feel satisfied.

We therefore wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and hope to continue to be friends during 1893.

#### OUR NOVEMBER NUMBER.

Several thousand of our subscribers did not receive their November Magazine until long after the first of the month.

This was caused by a stupid blunder on the part of a certain post-office official (we will not mention names or places) who thought he knew more than he did, and detained a large number of Magazines without authority. The matter was at once set right when brought to our notice and will not occur again.

PUBLISHER'S PAGE.

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VOL. LXII.—78.

THE YELLOW LABEL.

Please examine your name and the date on the little "yellow label" and see if your subscription has expired or does with this month. We sincerely hope you will renew it promptly, and as an inducement to do so, we make a special offer of our Souvenir Spoon, good until December 20th, but don't wait until the last day or you may not get them in time for Christmas. Almost any of your neighbors will join you if you tell them about it in time.

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To any subscriber who will renew their subscription and send one new name with \$2.00 on or before the 20TH OF DECEMBER, we will send two spoons or one to each, or six spoons for a renewal and four new names at \$1.00 each. See page 3.

For the use of those whose subscription expire this month we inclosed last month a convenient form of Subscription Blank for their use in remitting the amount for renewal. Fill out the blank, inclose the amount, fold and seal the gummed edges, and return to us for another year's subscription.

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Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.



BY ANNA WHITTIER WENDELL.

#### CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE WEE FOLKS.

BLESS the children! what stacks of juvenile books crowd the reviewer's tables now-a-days. We hastily cut the twine on the large express package bearing the name D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, and out tumbles little books, big books, and middle-sized books all tricked out in holiday attire. We stoop to rescue one that slides over the arm of our chair, and lo! with a thrill of welcome we note that the *Five Little Peppers*—that we felt such an interest in when Margaret Sidney first wrote about them—are "*Grown Up*." Here are pictures of Jasper and Polly—young man and woman now—"Mamsie" and Dr. Fisher and pretty Phronsie, all as we knew them, save for the few years that have been laid upon each. How the girls will revel in this, we think; and then, before we know it, we are revelling in it ourselves just as though we had nothing else to do. We are recalled rather unceremoniously by *Our Little Men and Women* dropping suddenly upon our knees. This volume of illustrated poems and stories has no notion of keeping in the background, and no wonder, for the children love it with its birds and beasts, flowers and little people.

This is the small folks' jubilee time, so we finger almost tenderly the bound volume of *Babyland* which the editors of *Wide Awake* carefully compile; and we smile appreciatively as we turn over the pages of Mrs. G. R. Alden's *Pansy*. It is such a pretty book with riotous bunches of great yellow and purple Pansies on the outside, which bear a fanciful resemblance to the pure little faces met with between covers.

*Jack Brereton's Three Months' Service*, by Maria McIntosh Cox, is familiar to every boy who reads *Wide Awake*, but it is something to have it for his book shelf in a bound copy. No boy can read it without honoring the little hero, and feeling now and then a lump in his throat of which he need not be ashamed. Another book for boys is the latest of the *Pine Cone Stories*, by Willis Boyd Allen. It is called *Gulf and Glacier*, and is a tale of travel and adventure taken by Tom, Kitty, and Bess Percival, "Pet" Sibley, Randolph Burton, and Fred Seacomb. All these jolly young people, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Percival, go to Alaska and back, by way of Yellowstone, within the space of seven weeks. That they have a good time, every girl and boy who reads it will find out.

Surely, D. Lothrop & Co. haven't sent us any more? Yes, by St. Nicholas, as we give the pile a final fingering we come upon one other, *The Pot of Gold, and other Stories*, by Mary E. Wilkens. Now the pot of gold is supposed to lie at

one end of the rainbow, and a certain little maid goes forth to find it, but finds, instead, that contentment is better than riches. This little book is made up of the homely fairy stories so dear to the average child's heart.

Scribner's and Lee & Shepard include in their packages of elegant holiday books three notably good ones for the children, and, indeed, we ourselves almost seize with avidity upon Frank R. Stockton's celebrated *Clocks of Rondaine* (Scribner's). This and the other stories contained in the volume are written with Mr. Stockton's mesmeric charm which is sure to enthrall the child bookworm. This is hardly an advisable state of things with most books, but Mr. Stockton makes subtle points as he goes along which transports the child into a healthy atmosphere of mental stimulus, and the best of company.

From the same publishers come that much-talked-of book, *Giovanni and the Other; or, Children who have made stories*, by Mrs. Frances Hodson Burnett. For the most part the book is autobiographical. Many of the little waifs who pass through its pages the author has known and felt a personal interest in. Here and there are found the touches that made "*Fontleroy*," but they are only here and there. Mr. Birch, who illustrates most of Mrs. Burnett's work, has moved his artist's wand over *Giovanni* with the usual result. *Baron Trump's Marvelous Underground Journey*, written by Ingersoll Lockwood, illustrated by Charles Howard Johnson, and published by Lee & Shepard, will delight the child heart that has a leaning toward queer and adventurous happenings. Little Baron and his dog Bulger are not unknown to Mr. Lockwood's admirers, and those of their friends who follow them through the uncanny wanderings narrated in this book will be thankful, though not surprised, to find that they live to tell of them clasped to the paternal and maternal bosoms.

#### ELEGANT GIFT BOOKS.

When we come to talk about Christmas books for ourselves our thoughts naturally turn on the illustrated volumes that are unusually beautiful in design and coloring this year. Foremost among the favorites whose artistic skill has been fully manifest in previous works, notably, *In a Fair Country*, *Nature's Hallelujah*, *Message of the Blue Bird*, etc., etc., ranks Miss Irene E. Jerome. Her new volume, *Sun Prints in Sky Tints* (Lee & Shepard), as intimated in the title, is entirely unique. The pages are printed in a delicious shade of blue by which the lights and shadows are unexpectedly brought out. There are thirty

or more exquisite sketches in perfect harmony with the poems or bit of prose selected to accompany them, which evince not only artistic power, but poetical understanding.

Miss Jerome has the rare gift of *suggestion*; her studies of meadow and mountain, woodland and lake, lonely forest roads, bird and plant life, flowers and grasses all tend to illustrate the conception of the poet, or the thought of the prose-writer.

Maud Humphrey's *Ivorines* are exquisite little gift books. Among the very choicest published this year by Lee & Shepard is a *Mountain Anthem* or, in other words, the *Beatitudes in Rhythmic Echoes*, by William C. Richards, author of the 23d Psalm. This, and Payne's "Home Sweet Home," are to the reviewer's mind the most to be desired; though Tennyson's "Bells," or any of the hymns or poems, accompanied by Miss Humphrey's designs, are sufficiently beautiful to tempt the Christmas shopper. No gift could be more appropriate and comforting to a "shut-in" than one of these little books.

New Englanders will be particularly pleased with the work of Mr. Clifton Johnson, who has written and illustrated a book entitled, *The New England Country*. (Lee & Shepard.) It is a perfectly delightful book, portraying, as it does, by camera, brush, pencil, and pen New England life in every phase. The changing seasons, the rugged hills, the tumbling streams, the winding roadways, the villages and little farms, with the social and domestic life of the earlier and later days. The reading matter is divided into four parts under the headings: "Old Times on a New England Farm," "The New England of To-Day," "New England as the Traveler Sees It," and "Camping Among the New England Hills." As author Mr. Johnson deals with his subject no less truly than as artist.

But the loveliest, as well as subtlest bit of drawing that has found its way to this table are the twenty-five charcoal sketches with which Zulma De Lacy Steele has given a new significance to the poem written by her mother, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, entitled, *The Fallow Field*. It is, if we may use the term, an artistic tid-bit. A fallow field will never again be merely a useless tract of land to those who study jointly the poem and matchless drawings. It will rather fix itself in the mind as a near view of the interior life. It has been said that this poem of Mrs. Dorr's was purely ideal—that it suggests what words cannot adequately express. The reader who is born with the power of poetic perception *feels* what the lines convey, and yet might find it difficult to frame for it what poets in former times called an "argument." The thought and the scene are in the spiritual world. Her daughter, then, is her interpreter, showing analogous phases in the world of nature, corresponding to the subtle ideas of the poem. This real gem is also from the house of Lee & Shepard.

Why rake up an old story, *The Three Normandy Inns*, by Anna Bowman Dodd? simply because we have something to impart concerning it. The publishers, Lovell, Coryell & Co., New

York, have gone to press with a handsome five-dollar edition, with colored illustrations of this extremely interesting work. One can readily imagine the additions the coloring will make in the volume. The picturesque Norman women with their scant gowns and hideous high caps making quaint patches of brightness against the gray walls and stuccoed homes of "Villerville," and one can still more readily picture how the sun's uprising and down-setting over the sea, which it alternately converts into liquid gold, ruby, and opal, might be set to wonderful harmonies by the artist who could follow the vivid word-painting of the author.

The very name of Thomas Nelson Page stirs the public heart to sympathetic throbs, for straightway a vision of the negro of the Old South in all his guilelessness and devotion rises before us just as he came from the hand of his Creator. *Marse Chan*, republished in Christmas book form by Scribner's, is an incident taken from the late war, and in Mr. Page's own inimitable way he shows the negro's almost idolatrous love for a kind master. In this case a young Confederate soldier, who is the hero of the tale. The Captain's love-story that "Sam" relates is said to be fashioned after the following: but pathetic as are the true incidents the simplicity and fervor of the old negro's recital render the fiction far more touching than the reality: In the autumn of 1880 a friend of Mr. Page showed him a letter which had been taken from the pocket of a dead private of a Georgia regiment. It was from his sweetheart, and was very badly written. She told him of her love, and expressed sorrow for her bad treatment of him. She declared that she had loved him all the time, and indeed since they had gone to school together, when he used to be so good to her. Finally she said that if he would get a furlough and come home she would marry him. There was a postscript scrawled across the blue Confederate paper to the effect that he must not come without a furlough, for if he didn't "come honorable" she would not marry him. The poor fellow got his furlough at Malvern Hill or Fair Oaks by a bullet. Mr. Page was so touched by the incident that he went to his law office and began to write *Marse Chan*, which he finished in a few evenings. Soon after the publication of *Marse Chan* Mr. Page began to receive letters about it, and since then he has received them from every part of America and even from Europe.

*Silhouettes of American Life*, by Rebecca Harding Davis, is a series of sketches collected into book form by Scribner's after having appeared from time to time in the Magazine. Perhaps it were truer to use the term studies in place of sketch for "At the Station," "Anne," "An Ignoble Martyr," and "The Yares of the Black Mountains" are faithful pictures of character and environments. Most of the scenes are laid in the mountains of the Carolinas, and nothing can exceed the truthfulness of description or the art with which the simplicity of certain characters are shown. "At the Station" is the most beautiful and pathetic of the collection, though "Anne" and "An Ignoble Martyr" are wonderfully ex-



pressive of the longings and idiosyncrasies of the human heart.

One of the most noted publications of the year is the illustrated edition of George William Curtis's *Prue and I*, which Harper & Brothers have ready for immediate issue. The story itself was first published more than a quarter of a century ago, and has long been recognized as an American classic. It is now issued in a form befitting its unrivalled literary excellence. The new edition contains one hundred illustrations from drawings by Albert E. Sterner. The introduction is a *fac simile* reproduction of Mr. Curtis's manuscript, and the printing and binding are all that could be desired. A limited *edition de luxe* of the work is

also published, bound in vellum and containing an etched frontispiece by Mr. Sterner.

Announcement is made by the National Book Company of the publication of a line of fiction, to be known as the "Railway Series," comprising successful novels by prominent authors of the day.

The *Century Magazine* has taken up the Bible and Science controversy. In the November *Century*, Professor Charles W. Shields, of Princeton, answered the question "Does the Bible contain Scientific Errors?" with an emphatic *no*.

Professor Shield's article is followed by one in the December *Century* on "The Effect of Scientific Study upon Religious Beliefs."

## PRESS AND LETTER CLIPPINGS.

### ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE.

This month **ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE** celebrates its fortieth birthday, and accordingly the October issue publishes an illustrated history of the Magazine from its beginning, under charge of T. S. Arthur, to its present management. Portraits of contributors are introduced in profusion. "Leontia," edited by Mr. W. F. Jackson, is a strange romance, from a manuscript, which was found under peculiar circumstances in a ruined city of Central America, written in the Maya language. Miss Mary Angela Dickens, daughter of the great novelist, and Julian Hawthorne contribute stories to the **ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE**. Eleanor Caldwell is the author of "The Man With a Hoe," a tragedy of Barblon suggested by Millet's painting of that name.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

The October issue of **ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE** celebrates the fortieth anniversary of its birth. The leading article is an illustrated history of the Magazine from Mr. Arthur's time to the present. Illustrations include the press-rooms, bindery, offices, etc., while the history is an exhaustive record of the Magazine's birth and growth. Photographs and sketches of many contributors, past and present, are included. Mr. Reed is rapidly advancing his Magazine to the front ranks of American periodical literature, and he has found in Miss Wendell an invaluable assistant.—*Philadelphia Press*.

An admirable portrait of the founder, T. S. Arthur, is the frontispiece of **ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE** for October, a very suitable embellishment for, and introduction to "A History of a Magazine," which follows, illustrated with the pleasant and thoughtful faces of well-known contributors to its pages. **ARTHUR'S** was never more prosperous and popular than it is now, while it is an example of the success which must attend magazine publishing when conducted on business principles combined with sound judgment, ability, and enterprise.—*Philadelphia Commercial List*.

One of the curios of literature appears in the anniversary number of **ARTHUR'S**. It is a manuscript found in a ruined city in Central America, written in the old Maya language, placed in the hands of a priest (Juan Diaz, Isabol, Guatemala) by a dying Indian, one of his flock, who certified to the wonderful circumstances surrounding it. Father Diaz had it translated, and was so impressed with its weird significance that he sent a verbatim copy to Mr. Walter Fernandez Jackson, "to do with it as you will." Mr. Jackson has, with great care and ability, edited and given to the literary world a story passing strange.—*Young Men's Journal*.

**ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE**, the new management of which has doubled its circulation in a year, is always full of interesting matter. The features at the present time include a story by Miss Dickens, several short stories by American authors, and the editorial departments. Among the regular contributors are Julian Hawthorne, W. S. Walsh, Melville Phillips, Henry Russell Wray, R. E. A. Dorr, and other literary lights. **ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE** is published in Philadelphia, and at a price which is absurdly small.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

**ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE** has arrived and is an excellent number. The history of the Magazine from the

beginning, with a notice of all the contributors and their pictures, is very interesting. There is a story of old Mexico, which is a great deal above the average, a strange, weird tale, full of wonderful situations and powerful descriptions.—*The Charlestown Courier*.

**ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE** for November can hardly be called a Thanksgiving number, though its Girls' and Boys' Department contains a seasonable story. The frontispiece is a double portrait of John G. Whittier and Alfred Tennyson, and the editorial refers to the two silenced singers in a few strong sentences. The World's Fair articles are continued, and the humorous sketch, "Damaged Pies at a Bargain," by Samuel Merrill, cannot fail to interest journalists. Deserving sketches will be found in the stories: "The Sin in Miss Anne Webster's Bonnet," "Waiting," and "Breaking the Record." An article on "Chatterton," by M. Corbet Seymour, is also noticeable. In her critical notices of current literature, Miss Anna Whittier Wendell is as sound in her judgment as she is felicitous in her phrase.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Good stories, good articles, and good fashion and home papers characterize the **ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE**. The papers on the Exposition of 1893 are being widely read.—*West Medway Gazette*.

ST. LOUIS, November 9th, 1892.

**ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.**

GENTS.—Our advertisement in your monthly paid us better the past year than any other Eastern publication in proportion to its cost. We were actually surprised at the number of replies received. Sincerely yours,

ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE CO.

Per T. J. GILMORE, Manager.

SEYMOUR, CONN., November 2d, 1892.

**ARTHUR PUBLISHING CO.**

SIRS—I wish to say just a word in praise of your Magazine before I speak of business. I have taken the Magazine ever since I have had a home of my own, over six years, and it seems as though I could not keep house without it. I have found so many good hints and helps in it. It is truly a Home Magazine, and you are doing a grand work in offering it at so low a price as to be within the reach of almost every family.

MRS. N. A. HALL.

NEW YORK, May 3d, 1892.

MESSRS. T. S. ARTHUR & SONS.—I enclose you postal card for \$1.50 to pay my subscription for year from May, 1892, to May, 1893. My wife has obtained two of McCall's patterns through your orders in the Magazine and likes them very much. You are all the time giving a "helping hand" to the poor overworked housekeepers. I like your "Home" Department very much. "May your shadow never grow less."

Yours truly,

ALLAN NAPIER,

526 Broadway, N. Y.

WEST BEND, IOWA, July 12th, 1892.

**ARTHUR PUBLISHING CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

Enclosed find draft for \$1.00 for which please send your incomparable Magazine to the address of Mrs. L. Sly, West Bend, Iowa. A magazine so cheap as yours, which contains so much high-grade reading matter deserves a million subscribers. Respectfully,

D. H. WILLIAMSON.

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**AYER'S Sarsaparilla**, and you will be certain to secure good health. This is the Superior Medicine



— the best blood-purifier. It searches out the poisons of **SCROFULA** in the system and expels them harmlessly through the proper channels. It makes food nourishing, work pleasant, sleep refreshing, and life enjoyable. It helps digestion, regulates the heart, liver, and kidneys, strengthens the nerves, gives firmness to the muscles, and (as many have testified) "makes a new man"

of the person using it. You could not send to anyone suffering from a blood disease a more acceptable Christmas present than a package of

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

**Has cured others, will cure you**

### WHAT TO DO

When your child is seized in the night with croup, cough, sore throat, or any other sudden pulmonary affection, need not cause you a moment's delay or anxiety, if you are provided with that sure and prompt remedy,

### Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.



#### A HOPELESS CASE.

Lawyer—"From your story I am convinced you are innocent. Now, have you any wealthy friends?"

Prisoner—"No."

"Belong to any secret society?"

"No."

"Church?"

"No."

"Political Club?"

"No."

"God help you!"—*Puck*.

#### WANTED—AN OFFICE BOY.

We're willing he should loaf or chew, talk back or steal or fight, smoke any brand of cigarette from morning until night. We'll give him all the time he wants for reading, sleep or play, but we WON'T put up with a single note of TA-RA-RA-B—M-DE-AV.—*Article in Advertising.*

Mr. B.—"What are you laughing about, Jennie?"

Mrs. B.—"I was just thinking what a fool you looked when you proposed to me."

Mr. B. (sighing)—"Yes; and I was just as big a fool as I looked."—*Life*.

Johnny, aged four, and Harry, aged five, had been left at home with their sister, mother having gone out. When bed-time came they wanted to stay up for mother, and it was hard work to get them to bed. Harry maintained a stolid indifference, but Johnny cried lustily. Their sister listened at the bottom of the stairs, hoping that they would soon be good. At last Johnny stopped, and the listener heard him say: "You cry, Harry. I'm tired."—*Waverly*.

"William," said she, severely, "how many more times are you going to ask me to marry you?"

"Clara," said he, "I can't answer that question, but I think I'll not bother you much longer. One of the other three girls I'm proposing to shows signs of weakening."—*Snap*.

Ode to Columbus—The discovery of America.  
—*Town Topics.*

The harp that once through Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay's halls

The soul of music shed,  
Must soon hang silent on the walls,  
Or we will all be dead.—*Puck*.

#### A GOOD TITLE.

Author (to friend, who has just finished reading his MS.)—"Can you suggest a title for my story? Something appropriate."

His Friend—"Well, judging by the way the characters are killed off in the last chapter, I think 'The Undertakers' Paradise' would be as appropriate as any."—*Life*.

Chappy—"What's the mattah, deah boy?"

Cholly—"Nothing much—b'wain fever."

"Why, good heavens—that's fatal."

"Usually, deah boy, but" (superiorly) "the doctor said there was no danger with such a physique as I have."—*Tit Bits*.

"Well, doctor, what do you say to my compositions?" asked the musician.

"What do I say to them?" said the critic.

"Well, they will be played when Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner, etc., are forgotten."

"Really?"

"Yes, but not before."—*New Era*.

An Oklahoma farmer says he has taught ducks to live in hot water and lay boiled eggs, because his wife is a politician and can't find time to get him a simple breakfast. It is in such emergencies that men learn of their power over the lower animals.—*Buffalo Inquirer*.

#### TO BE SURE!

Roger (with youthful self-approval)—"Papa, that strange boy over there asked me to let him ride my bicycle, while I was playing tennis; I told him no, not much."

His Father (anxious to impress a lesson)—"Well, my boy, that was scarcely generous. The good Samaritan wouldn't have acted in that way."

Roger—"Oh! the good Samaritan was safe enough. He knew the fellow wasn't going to get up and run away with his mule."—*Texas Siftings*.

#### TOO STRONG A RESEMBLANCE.

Photographer—"Now try to look like yourself. (Noting the effect)—Well, er, h—m; try to look like somebody else."—*Life*.

#### AFFORDING FACILITIES.

"Stranger—"Want a good item?"

City Editor—"Why, yes."

Stranger—"Well, I'm just going home unexpectedly with two friends and a set of poker chips, and I thought perhaps you'd like to have your war-correspondent see my wife receive us."

—*Judge*.

IF YOU ARE TROUBLED WITH THAT

**Full Feeling After Eating**

YOU HAVE AN INDICATION OF

**INDIGESTION.****CHEW****Adams' Pepsin****Tutti-Frutti**TEN OR FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER EACH  
MEAL, AND IT WILL AFFORD  
YOU RELIEF.

YOU SHOULD TRY IT.

**A WORD TO THE WISE.**CERTAIN ADVERTISEMENTS  
FROM TRADE RIVALS,

who fear the phenomenal success of

**Van Houten's  
Cocoa**in America, contain innuendoes against it, and appeal to the  
authority ofDr. SYDNEY RINGER, *Professor of Medicine at University College, London, Author of the Standard "Handbook of Therapeutics."*This eminent physician ACTUALLY writes as  
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"From the careful analyses of Professor ATTFIELD and others, I am satisfied that Messrs. VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is in no way injurious to health, and that it is decidedly more nutritious than other Cocoas.—It is certainly 'Pure' and highly digestible."

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"The false reflection on VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is thus effectually repelled and the very authority cited to injure it, has thereby been prompted to give it a very handsome testimonial."

**"IMPROVEMENT THE ORDER OF THE AGE."****The Smith Premier Typewriter****IS THE BEST.**

Permanent Alignment, Steel Rocker Bars, Interchangeable Platens, Type-cleaning Device, Duplex Ribbon Movement, Ease of Touch, Mechanical Locking-Device Preventing Mistakes, Single Scale, Ball Bearings, Shifting Cylinder, Shift-key abolished, etc. The best constructed Machine on the market.

Send for circular or see the Machine in operation.

**THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.,**

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**Opera and  
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The standard makers only.**Lorgnettes and  
Chatelaine Cases.**We shall make prices very low  
during the holiday season.**BONSCHUR & HOLMES,**

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The publishers guarantee every advertiser herein, and will refund any money lost through the fault of any of them.

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of Purity"

Is the **ONLY** Table Water bottled with its own natural gas just as it flows from the spring. It is **Positively Pure**, as it flows up through 192 feet of Solid Rock and is not exposed to the air until opened for use.

## Sparkling Palatable

### SARATOGA KISSINGEN GINGER ALE

Is made from the **Positively Pure** Saratoga Kissingen Water, without exposure to the air; and like it, contains **NO** manufactured Carbonic Acid Gas.

**BOTH SOLD EVERYWHERE. IN BOTTLES ONLY.**

Saratoga Kissingen Spring Co., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

4

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*Magazine for one year.*

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## A MAGAZINE FOR PARENTS

Childhood covers a field not hitherto occupied. It is addressed to PARENTS, and endeavors to inculcate the most advanced ideas in regard to the moral, intellectual, and physical development of children. It is believed that there are a very large number of parents who desire to give their children the advantages of the best training, but who, defectively trained themselves, do not know how to secure the ends desired. Childhood will attempt to be the guide of such, and by presenting the subject in all its phases, by means of short, well-written contributions, to supply information which cannot be found elsewhere.

Parents and teachers who desire to do the best possible for the children committed to their care, will appreciate the help this magazine gives them.

Published monthly at ten cents a number—one dollar a year.

## A MAGAZINE FOR PARENTS

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The general opinion is that **Wrinkles** don't come out easily. Your's don't perhaps, but we have discovered—oh, no, it's not soap: nor face wash—*its blood*, New Blood.

Compare old and new

# GODEY'S

and it will remind you of "before and after taking." When you have set ladies' styles for *62 years* you can plead as good excuse for wrinkles—*we've* done with them.

Our "blood cure" will surprise you when you see the

## NEW WRINKLES—

(In a different sense.)

### Completed Novels

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of living society leaders of our principal cities—practically, these society leaders are showing women *how to dress* even as to color.

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# American Gardening

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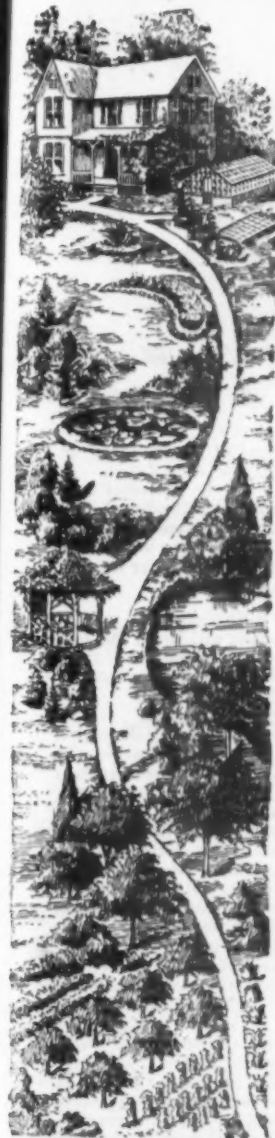
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After numerous plans from various well-known architects had been submitted, and carefully considered, the officials of the road finally selected the plans of Furness, Evans & Co., of Philadelphia.

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It will extend to Market Street, occupying all of the ground south of the present station between Market Street and the present station, extending west on Market Street over Fifteenth Street, and sixty feet beyond.

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The main entrance for outgoing passengers will be at the corner of Broad and Market Streets, and will be semicircular and imposing in design, another entrance will be on Filbert Street, west of Broad, and a score or more of great arched en-

trances will line the front of the building on Broad Street.

All of these entrances will be protected by a glass-covered arcade or awning, extending the entire length, and covering the pavements on the Broad and Market Streets facades, which in inclement weather will form ample shelter for outgoing or incoming passengers.

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The Ladies' World is a mammoth illustrated magazine, each issue comprising 20 or more large pages, including a handsome cover, and is devoted to stories, poems, ladies' fancy work, artistic needlework, home decoration, housekeeping, fashions, hygiene, juvenile reading, etiquette, etc. It is one of the best and most popular of ladies' magazines, having a circulation of over 200,000. Its publishers, wishing to introduce it into thousands of homes where it is not already taken, now make the following unprecedented offer: Upon receipt of only



18 Cents in postage stamps, we will send The Ladies' World for Three Months, and to every subscriber we will also send Free and post-paid, our new Perfection Stamping Outfit, containing a great variety of new patterns, as follows: 1 Ornamented Alphabet, 1½ in. high; 1 Script Alphabet by in. high; 1 Spray of Daisies, 4 x 5 in.; 1 Dancing Girl, 4 x 7 in.; 1 Bunch of Violets, 4 x 5 in.; 1 Half Wreath of Wild Roses and Wreath, 7 x 10 in.; 1 Flying Bird, 4 x 4½ in.; 1 Bunch of Pansies, 4 x 4 in.; 1 Peacock, 4½ x 6 in.; 1 Beaded Border for Flosset Ribb, 1½ x 5 in.; 1 Beaded Border for Dress, 3 x 7 in.; 1 Border for Table Cover, 3 x 7 in.; 1 Border for Pillow Shams, 3½ x 6 in.; 1 Bunch of Buttercups, 3 x 5 in.; 1 Wild Rose and Bush, 3 x 5 in.; 1 Design for Cushion, 4 x 6 in.; 1 Design for Napkins, 4 x 6 in.; 1 Design for Lunch Cloth, 4 x 6 in., and 25 other beautiful designs, making in all 41 artistic patterns and two complete alphabets, perforated on the best quality of Bond or Parchment Paper, which can be used indefinitely without injury. With each Outfit we send Free our Book of Complete Instructions for doing stamping, also instructions for making Blue, Black and White Powder and distributor. The patterns contained in this Outfit would cost over Two Dollars if purchased singly at retail, yet we send the whole free to anyone sending 18 cents for a three months' subscription to our charming magazine. Five subscriptions and 5 Outfits will be sent for 75 cts. Do not miss this chance! Satisfaction guaranteed. As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher in New York. Address: S. H. MOORE & CO., 97 Park Place, New York.

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To any subscribers who will renew their subscription, and send one new name with \$2.00 on or before the 20th of December, we will send two spoons; or, one to each; or six spoons for a renewal and four new names at \$1.00 each. See page 3.

### HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THAT?

Have you ever noticed, when you're buying berries by the peck,  
That those on top are large and ripe, without a spot or speck;  
While those beneath are small and green—not worth the looking at,  
And altogether worthless—have you ever noticed that?  
Have you ever noticed in the summer when the days are cold  
The ice-man leaves a larger chunk than what your box will hold;  
But when the days are scorching hot and nearly fry your fat,  
He leaves the merest trifle—have you ever noticed that?  
Have you ever noticed that the man who's always telling you  
About the wondrous things he's done, and what he's going to do  
Is loading at the present time—his purse is busted flat,  
And "won't you loan a liver!"—have you ever noticed that?—From Sense and Nonsense.

## A "YARD OF POPPIES" FREE TO ALL!

It is an exact reproduction of the Oil Painting, showing over 40 Poppies in all their attractive colors. It is a yardlong, and nine inches wide. Price, \$1. We give this "Yard of Poppies" FREE to all with the DECEMBER, Holiday Number, of INGALLS' MAGAZINE. Price 95c. Sold at News Stands or sent by mail.

### INGALLS' HOME MAGAZINE

Is a Text Book of FANCY WORK, PAINTING, ART and HOME DECORATION. Send 25 cts. (stamps taken) for this December, Holiday Number, and get the "Yard of Poppies" FREE. Address J. F. Ingalls, Lynn, Mass., Box 50

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THE WEEKLY SUN is pre-eminently a paper for the family. It is thoroughly clean, and from first to last page may be read aloud in any circle with perfect confidence. While no effort is made to exploit crime of any kind, the news of important crimes is not suppressed, but is set forth with sobriety and decency, with all regards to the facts. Sensationalism is no part of THE WEEKLY SUN's programme, but a conscientious endeavor to set forth such parts of the news of the day as appeal to the greatest number of its readers.

THE WEEKLY SUN devotes much space to the doings of Congress. It gives to its readers each week the latest news about the army and navy, in which Americans are taking increased interest.

A feature of THE WEEKLY SUN is its department "Cream of the Telegraph," wherein the less important events of the day are set forth succinctly; this department alone furnishes news matter sufficient to stock the average weekly paper.

The stories in THE WEEKLY SUN are by the best authors: Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus"), Conan Doyle, Rider Haggard, Clark Russell, and other well-known novelists, have contributed and will contribute to its columns. The appearance of THE WEEKLY SUN is better than that of any of its competitors; its type is clear, its paper excellent; its "make-up" is in the hands of skilled men; so that it is impossible to excel, or even to equal it in any way whatever. In editing, in its departments, in its news, it is by far the best weekly newspaper published.

THE WEEKLY SUN and ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE, one year, postpaid to any address in the United States or Canada, for \$1.25. Send all orders to

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This water is bottled JUST AS IT FLOWS FROM THE EARTH AND SOLD IN BOTTLES ONLY. EVERY BOTTLE is put UP AT THE SPRING, therefore consumers can be assured that what they receive is the PURE MINERAL SPRING WATER.

THE MANITOU MINERAL WATER CO., Manitou, Col.



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## The Peruvian Blue Lily.

An elegant plant for growing in the parlor—produces an enormous head of dark blue star-shaped flowers, sometimes two feet in circumference, blooms shortly after planting and may be grown in water if desired. One of the most valuable bulbs lately introduced. Just ready to bloom now.

**FINE BULBS BY MAIL FOR 20C.,  
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*A Winter Garden for 50 Cents.*

For only 50 cents we send free by mail 30 (thirty) fine bulbs ready to grow and bloom at once, consisting of many sorts such as Iris, Squills, Oxalis, Gladioli (early blooming), Cyclamen, Trileleias, etc. Could not be bought elsewhere for \$1.00; we send all for 50 cents, or 12 for 25 cents, 5 for 10 cents. Catalogue of **RARE BULBS, CURIOUS CACTI**, etc., free.

*Hardy Mitreflower (Cyclamen)* fine foliage, elegant flowers, blooms very freely. Large bulbs, 15 cts., 4 for 50 cts.

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Mail 7c. stamp for sealed instructions how to enlarge your bust 5 inches, by using "Emma's Bust Developer." Guaranteed. 14 page illustrated catalogue for 6 cents. Address EMMA TOILET RAZAR, 222 Tremont Street, BOSTON, MASS. Mention this paper.

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 5 months' treatment. I now feel like a new being. His and pains all gone. Will cheerfully reply to inquiries with stamp inclosed.  
**PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL.**  
 Harmless. No Starving. Send 6c in stamps for particulars to  
**DR. G. W. F. SNYDER, 27 VICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO.**

Jack—"When she declined me I threw the engagement ring away in a rage." Tom—"What do you mean?" Jack—"Well, I put it in my pocket; that's where my rage was. She was rich."

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Patterns, 100 Crazy Stitches, Stamping and Embroidery Alphabet, Instructions for making Tissue Paper Flowers, Orna, Mats and other Decorations. We will send all the above together with our Manual, containing instructions for crocheting, embroidering, stamping, etc., also numerous designs for making useful and ornamental household articles, such as Pillow Shams, Glove Boxes, Work Boxes, Hanging Baskets, Table Cover, etc., to every one sending 12 cts. for 6 months subscription to our handsome Monthly Journal, containing stories of Love, Adventure and Travel, by able and distinguished authors, Household, Table-stalls and Fashion Department, together with other useful miscellany, handsomely illustrated and carefully edited. Remember all for 12c. Address, The Home Circle Publishing Co., 606-608 N. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

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For 30 Days. Wish to introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS and at the same time extend our business and make new customers, we have decided to make this Special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph, Tintype, Ambrotype or Daguerrotype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address all mail to THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO., Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit \$100 to anyone sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bona fide.

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The time is fast approaching when chapped lips, chapped hands and rough skin generally, caused by the angry and cold blasts of Winter, will be felt by male and female.

To remove and prevent the annoyance of same, apply Helmbold's Jelly of Glycerine and Rose, this to be done immediately after washing the hands or face, before the skin is dry, the effect is magical, softening the skin immediately.

Gentlemen will find it invaluable after shaving.

This Jelly, for purity of ingredients, surpasses all other made, having stood the test for many years in all climates.

"Imitations of it are many."

"Equal—none."

Sold by all reliable druggists, also at Wanamaker's Grand Depot, Strawbridge & Clothier, etc., or sent by mail, 25 cents.

**A. L. Helmbold,**

P. O. Box 883.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Kitty—"How came you to be sitting in the window with Charley Baddeman when the Republican torch-light procession went by? I thought he was a Democrat." Bessie—"So he is; but it was great fun. He held my hand all the time so that I couldn't applaud."

**GRAY HAIR RESTORED** to youthful color by Dr. Hays' Hair Restorer, Removes dandruff, Itch, Itch, etc. Send to London Supply Co. 608 Eway, N. Y. FREE

**GOOD SALARY GUARANTEED** to ladies willing to do writing for me at their homes. Address me in own handwriting with stamped envelope. MISS EDNA L. SMITH, Box 300, SOUTH BEND, IND. Employer of the FAMOUS OLIVER WATER for the Complicated.

**YOUR NAME on** LOVELLY CARDS, 1 BIRD, 1 LEAF, 1 PATENT FOUR-FAIR FOR, 1 FOUNTAIN, 1 BIRD, 1 ALBINO, 10 ALBINO PARROTS, with the Name and Popular Monthly, WATSON BIRKING, THREE MONTHS FOR 10c. BIRD CARD CO., CLINTONVILLE, OHIO.

**LADY --- AGENTS** Wanted for something new. Every lady buys one. We supply agents with goods and they pay us when sold. Send for illustrated circulars and terms. Valon Manufacturing Co., No. 2 West 14th St., N. Y. City.

## BOUCHET'S TOOTH POWDER

Contains no Chalk, no Grit, no Acid.

It cleans the Teeth, sweetens the Breath, and hardens the Gums. Sent by mail for 50 cents, postal note or money order.

**BOUCHET CO., Fenton, Mich.**

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### What are the Essential Requirements of a Desirable Investment of Money?

- 1st. It should provide **Absolute Safety.**
- 2d. It should be **Non-Speculative.**
- 3d. It should have a well-defined **Earning Capacity.**

## The Nantahala Marble and Talc Company

offers an opportunity for the investment of money, which meets all above requirements. The property consists of **8,000 Acres** of land in Swain County,

**North Carolina,** and is mainly valuable for the inexhaustible deposits of high grade Marble, Talc, Slate and Timber. Every 2 shares secures a lot, four shares two lots, ten shares five lots, and so on.

**Safe, Solid, Sure.**

Do not be surprised to see Nantahala stock pay **25 per cent.** Dividends in two years. Address for Prospectus, etc., **A. J. McBRIDE,** 10 Gate City Bank Building, ATLANTA, GA. or Bennett Building, New York.

If you want an interest, do not delay. Work has already begun, and the giving of a lot with each two shares may be withdrawn at any time.

## Read This! **6½% 50 Yrs.**

### Absolutely Safe Investment.

Quarterly Dividends. Can be Sold at any time.

Address for particulars, **Geo. Leonard, 246 Washington St., Boston, Mass.**

## CREAT FALLS, MONTANA.

We have some Real Estate deals paying 10 per cent. net, that are bargains. Write for particulars and references before investing elsewhere.

**BAKER & COLLETT, Real Estate Brokers.**

## MOTHERS

who read "Baby" regularly every month are saved no end of trouble, for it contains everything that a mother ought to know about the care of infants. Fifty cents a year is all it costs. If you have not yet seen a copy one will be mailed you free on request to the

**BABY PUBLISHING COMPANY,**  
1440 Broadway, New York.

Baby and Arthur's Home Magazine postpaid one year for \$1.25.

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# A Piano

## On Trial

### WE PAY FREIGHT

If you do not keep it.

We think you will keep it.

It pleases everybody.

It is an honest piano.

It is the WING Piano.

Worth looking at. So is the price.

Whatever piano you buy, there are piano secrets you ought to know. Our free book tells them. Send a postal card for it. It may help you.

ESTABLISHED 1868

**WING & SON, 245 Broadway, New York**

**ANCHOR BOXES.** The Toy of Toys. Beautiful blocks. Free catalogue on application. F. Ad. Richter, 17 Warren St., N. Y.

### WINTER TOURS TO CALIFORNIA, FLORIDA, AND OTHER POINTS OF INTEREST.

SOME idea of the amount of traveling done by Americans as a people, and the comfort and luxury at their command, is gathered from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's announcement of its personally-conducted tours for 1893.

First comes a series to the Golden Gate, starting from New York, Philadelphia, and Harrisburg, February 8th, March 2d, and March 29th, 1893. Tourists will travel by superbly-appointed special trains of Pullman drawing-room, sleeping, dining, smoking, and observation cars, under the supervision of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon.

Next in importance comes a series of five to Florida—January 31st, February 14th and 28th, March 14th and 28th. The first four admit of two whole weeks in the sunny South, while tickets for the fifth tour are good to return by regular trains until May 30th, 1893.

They will be conducted on the same general principles, and maintained at that high standard manifested on all Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours. For information and detailed itineraries now being prepared, apply to Ticket Agents or Tourists Agents, 849 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; or 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.



# Pears' Soap

The bodily organs have their habits; they go by habit.

Health is a set of good habits of stomach, heart, nerve, etc.

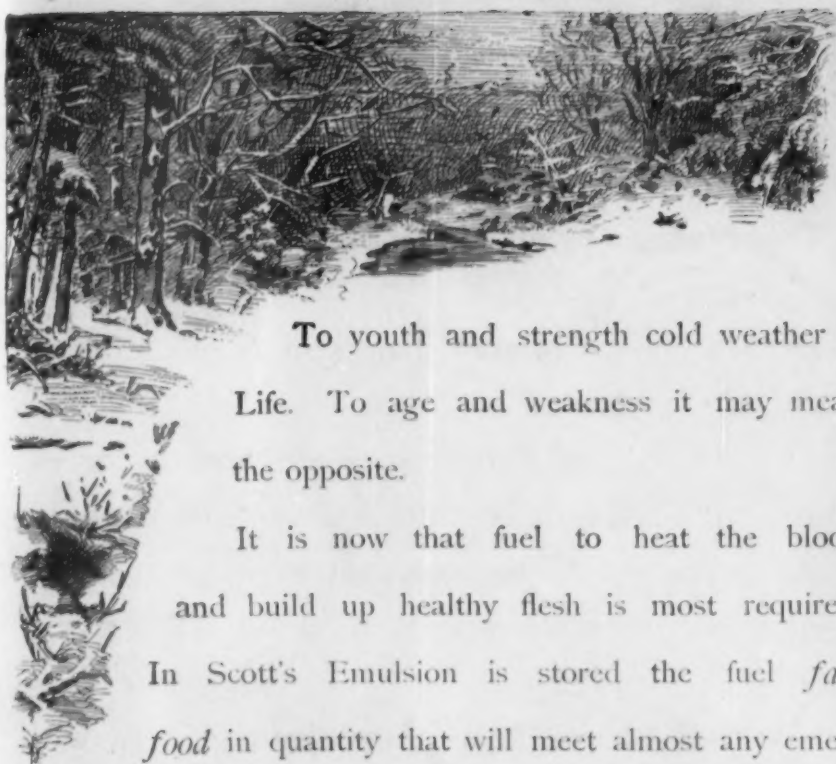
The skin has its duties; it covers and drains us. There are millions of little sewers in it. The drainage ought to be free. It is no great tax to keep it so; then the skin is in good habit every way.

Civilized people keep their drainage free with soap and water, Pears' Soap and water—it has no alkali in it—alkali burns and shrivels the skin, uncovers us, makes us rough and red and tender.

To keep this drainage free is to keep the skin soft and beautiful. Nature and health delight in beauty.

We go by habit; every part of us does the same.

Good food and activity, sleep and Pears' Soap—what more can the animal want, man, woman, child or baby!



To youth and strength cold weather is Life. To age and weakness it may mean the opposite.

It is now that fuel to heat the blood and build up healthy flesh is most required. In Scott's Emulsion is stored the fuel *fat-food* in quantity that will meet almost any emergency of weakness. At no time of year are results of flesh and strength from its use more marked—at no time of year is the need of both so apparent where weakness takes its rise in troubles of a pulmonary character.

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## SCOTT'S EMULSION,

a union of pure Norwegian Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of lime and soda, is *fat-food* partly digested chemically, and rendered almost as palatable as milk. It overcomes waste of tissue from any cause, but is notably successful in treatment of Consumption, Scrofula and kindred diseases where loss of flesh is most rapid and alarming.

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PREPARED BY SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

The publishers guarantee every advertiser herein, and will refund any money lost through the fault of any of them.

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